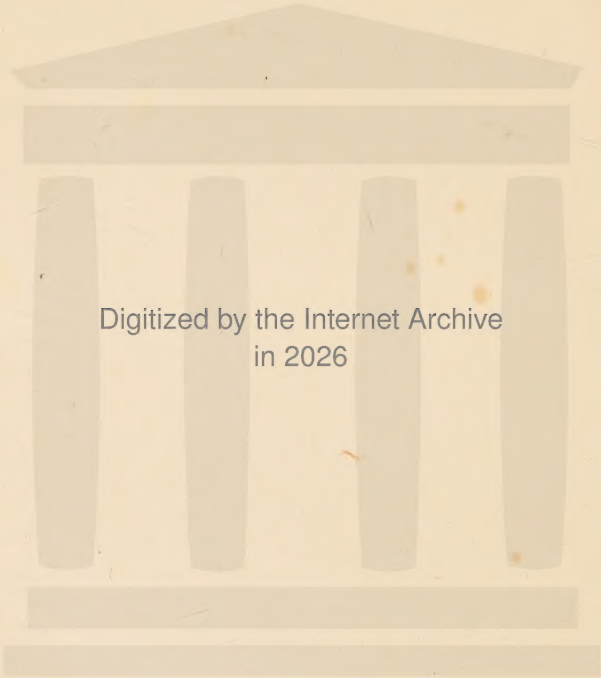
The Home and Country Readers

Book IV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THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

BOOK FOUR

The Home and Country Readers

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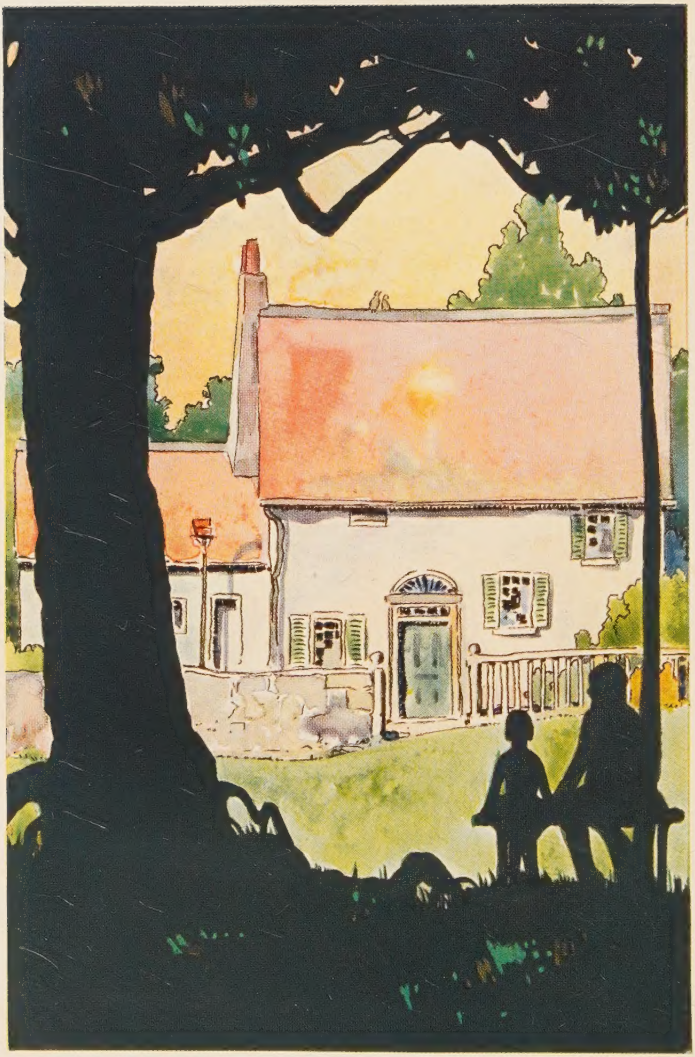

THE ROOFTREE

THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY

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WITH A FOREWORD BY

DR. FRANK E. SPAULDING

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

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1918

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FOREWORD

The presentation of a collection of special literature such as that contained in the Home and Country Readers would be opportune at any time; it is doubly opportune just now. The need of educating and intensifying an appreciation of the home as a universal institution absolutely essential to the well-being of individuals and the soundness of our national life; the need of a re-birth of devotion, of resolute determination such as once enveloped and established at untold sacrifice those principles of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, and human progress which are the very foundation of our democracy; these needs are more clearly and adequately recognized to-day than they have been at any time in a generation. To meet these needs the Home and Country Readers are admirably adapted.

Appreciation of Home and Country requires the education of the heart. The feelings must be aroused, the emotions must be stirred, the will must be challenged, in support of the ideals of Home and Country. Such is the peculiar function of the literature of inspiration that these books present. This literature, which forms the larger part of the collection, finds appropriate accompaniment in the highest book of the series in several selections of practical information by foremost authorities on the building, furnishing, managing, and hygiene of the home.

I foresee a double service that these books may render. They may be used advantageously in grammar grades, in intermediate or junior high schools; in pre-vocational and vocational schools; in short, in any type of school enrolling boys and girls of ten to sixteen years of age: but they may also be used with equal advantage in schools and classes whose function it is to instruct adult foreigners. It is, indeed, important that our adult foreign residents acquire literacy; but it is far more important that they be taught to appreciate, to espouse, to support loyally the ideals of the nation that is affording them a livelihood, protection, and priceless advantages and opportunities.

The long, varied, and always eminently successful experience that the author of the collection and compiler of the literature of these Readers has enjoyed; her own keen and loyal appreciation of Home and Country that she here presents; her pedagogic wisdom and instructional skill, give ample assurance concerning all important details of gradation, arrangement, and presentation.

FRANK E. SPAULDING.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL, 1918.

PREFACE

The purpose of the Home and Country Reader, Book IV, is to quicken and intensify a love and an appreciation of Home and of America by presenting to the pupils:

(*a*) Interesting and significant stories by famous authors.

(*b*) Inspirational selections by leading Americans of to-day upon American Ideals.

(*c*) Poems that describe home, country, nature and humanity with insight and charm.

(*d*) Authoritative articles upon home-making, written by expert home-makers and authors especially qualified to assist in promoting the welfare of the household.

One of the most hopeful signs of modern times is the quickening of an American spirit that is intensely loyal, having abounding hope and faith in American institutions, and that yet is very humble in view of the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of America in the great world family.

The strongest of America's bulwarks is the American Home. It is the Home also that is a beacon light shining serenely and steadily in the midst of the fog and vapors caused by doubts, perplexities and questionings.

It is the hope of the compiler of this series of Home and Country Readers that by presenting Home and America through the word pictures of writers who can charm and stimulate, American boys and girls may be led to feel a greater reverence for their home and country and a greater desire to render them good service.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GRATEFUL acknowledgment for encouragement and help in preparing this work is due to Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. James R. McDonald, Educational Manager for Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company, Miss Mabel C. Bragg, Assistant Superintendent of Schools at Newton, Massachusetts, and a number of experts in household economics who have generously allowed the use of valuable articles on home-making and household management.

The following copyrighted selections contained in this book are used through special arrangement with Little, Brown and Company: "Pleasant Meadows", from "Little Women", Louisa M. Alcott; "The Housekeeper", from "The Silver Crown", Laura E. Richards; "Aunt Jane's Album", and "Aunt Jane's Rose", from "Aunt Jane of Kentucky", Eliza Calvert Hall; "The Mortgage on Ingle-Nook", from "Firelight Stories", Louise Chandler Moulton; "Lefty Finds a Cousin", from "The Three Things", Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "A Christmas Prelude", from "A Daughter of the Rich", Mary E. Waller; "The Tulip", from "Poems" by Emily Dickinson; "Hector's Farewell", from Homer's Iliad, Prentiss Cummings; "When Roland Blew his Horn", from "With Spurs of Gold", Frances N. Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk; "Frederick of Warsaw", from "Boys who Became Famous Men", Harriet Pearl Skinner; "France Consecrated to War", from "The Spirit of France", and "The Football Game", from "The Varmint", both by Owen Johnson.

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Thanks are also due to Mr. John Alcott for consent to the use of the charming stories by Louisa M. Alcott which contribute so materially to the excellence of this collection.

CONTENTS

BOOK IV

		PAGE
FOREWORD	*Frank E. Spaulding*	5
PREFACE		7
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS		9
AMERICA RESURGENT	*Wendell Phillips Stafford*	16
THE AMERICAN IDEAL	*Woodrow Wilson*	17

HOME-MAKING AND HOME LIFE

THE ROOFTREE	*Charles Wagner*	19
PLEASANT MEADOWS	*Louisa M. Alcott*	24
THE HOUSE	*Sam Walter Foss*	33
A HEALTHFUL HOME	*S. Maria Elliott*	34
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS	*Henri-Frédéric Amiel*	39
A HOME OF CHARACTER	*John H. Newson*	40
THE HOUSEKEEPER	*Laura E. Richards*	43
THE FIRE OF HOME		45
HOME-KEEPING *versus* HOUSEKEEPING	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	46
THE OLD HOME	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	51
COLORING AND FURNISHING IN THE HOME	*Isabel Bevier*	52
CONCENTRATE	*Lord Northcliffe*	58
AUNT JANE'S ALBUM	*Eliza Calvert Hall*	59
LOYAL HEARTS	*Madeline S. Bridges*	65
THE COST OF CLEANLINESS	*Ellen H. Richards*	66
THE HUMAN MIRACLE	*Phillips Brooks*	72
WORK — A SONG OF TRIUMPH	*Angela Morgan*	73
THE MORTGAGE ON INGLE-NOOK	*Louise Chandler Moulton*	75
HAPPINESS	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	91
THE DAUGHTER	*Lyman Abbott*	92

		PAGE
Economy in Home Management	*Bertha M. Terrill*	95
Living Beyond Our Means	*Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.*	103
Just a Job	*Edgar A. Guest*	107
This Day	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	108
The Micawbers Decide to Emigrate (Dramatization)	*Charles Dickens*	109
Running the Home	*Martha Bruère*	116
A Comedy of Errors	*From the French*	121
Ode to My Infant Son	*Thomas Hood*	126
A Song of Books	*Sir John Lubbock*	128
A Child's Remembrance of His Mother	*Pierre Loti*	132
The Mother	*Alfred Tennyson*	136
Kinship	*Angela Morgan*	137
Conquerors	*Angela Morgan*	138
A Christmas Prelude	*Mary E. Waller*	139
A Prayer	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	150
The Gift	*Grace Coolidge*	151
"Give Love"	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	154
High Aim and Low Aim	*Robert Browning*	154
The Cricket on the Hearth	*Charles Dickens*	155
Golden Rules	*Charles Dickens*	163

FAMOUS HOMES IN LITERATURE

The Home of Ellen	*Sir Walter Scott*	167
The Home of Cedric the Saxon	*Sir Walter Scott*	168
The Home of Circe	*Homer*	170
The Coverley Household	*Joseph Addison*	172
The Stuff of Paradise	*Edward Markham*	173
The Home of Katrina van Tassel	*Washington Irving*	174
Brook Farm	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	176
The Alhambra by Moonlight	*Washington Irving*	178
Evening Brings Us Home	*John Oxenham*	180
Evening	*William Cowper*	181
Homes of Famous American Authors	*Theodore Wolfe*	182
The Craigie House		182
Elmwood		184

		PAGE
The Old Manse		186
The Home of Emerson		190
Whittier's Home		193
READINESS	*James Russell Lowell*	196

MORAL COURAGE IN WAR

THE PROP	*Mary E. Wilkins Freeman*	199
UPLIFT THROUGH EFFORT	*Henry D. Thoreau*	219
LEFTY FINDS A COUSIN	*Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews*	220
FRIENDSHIP	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	227

OUTDOOR LIFE

ON HIKING IN THESE UNITED STATES	*Dallas Lore Sharp*	231
THE NATURE-LOVER	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	236
THE SEA	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	237
THE TULIP	*Emily Dickinson*	237
AUNT JANE'S ROSE	*Eliza Calvert Hall*	238
SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE	*Sidney Lanier*	243
ART OUT OF DOORS	*Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer*	245
THE VIOLET	*Jane Taylor*	251
MAKING A GARDEN OF SMALL FRUITS	*F. F. Rockwell*	252
THE LITTLE GARDEN	*Amy Lowell*	256
GOODBYE, PROUD WORLD	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	257
THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD	*Joseph Addison*	257
UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE	*William Wordsworth*	258

A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH FACT AND FANCY

WHEN ROLAND BLEW HIS HORN	*Francis N. Greene* and *Dolly Williams Kirk*	261
NOBILITY	*James Russell Lowell*	272
THE BELLS	*Edgar Allan Poe*	273
FRÉDÉRIC OF WARSAW	*Harriet Pearl Skinner*	275
HECTOR'S FAREWELL	*Homer*	283

AMERICAN IDEALS

		PAGE
America's War and America's Opportunity	*A. Lawrence Lowell*	289
The Unfurling of the Flag — 1917	*Clara Endicott Sears*	294
The Springs of National Action	*Newton D. Baker*	296
Be Strong	*Maltbie Davenport Babcock*	298
President Wilson on War Economies	*Woodrow Wilson*	299
Song of the Fleet	*Frank L. Stanton*	304
The National Heart	*J. G. Holland*	305
Your Lad, and My Lad	*Randall Parrish*	308
Chant of Loyalty	*Elias Lieberman*	309
American Ideals	*William I. Hull*	311
The American Boy	*Theodore Roosevelt*	315
Our Honored Dead	*Henry Ward Beecher*	316
Foundation Stones of Good Citizenship		317
Character		317
Education		320
The Vocation		322
The Building of a City	*Nicholas Vachel Lindsay*	324
Opportunity	*John James Ingalls*	325
Americanism	*Albert J. Beveridge*	326
The Football Game	*Owen Johnson*	329
Tired of Kings	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	335
The Battle of the Marne	*René Viviani*	336
The Melting-Pot	*Israel Zangwill*	340
France Consecrated to War	*Owen Johnson*	341
The Coming of the Americans	*William Allen Knight*	350
A Prophecy	*Alfred Tennyson*	352
Rouge Bouquet	*Joyce Kilmer*	353
America the Beautiful	*Katherine Lee Bates*	355
Notes		357

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Rooftree	*Frontispiece in Color*
"The invalids improved rapidly"	24
The Housekeeper	44
"Give your friend a bit of your home life"	48
"The quilts were piled on every chair"	60
"Here was her design, half made already"	90
Father and Daughter	94
"No way to treat dishwater!"	116
"She brought in a ray of sunlight"	132
"Presents!" cried Maria Ann	144
The Alhambra by Moonlight	178
Lefty Finds a Cousin	224
"Out into a fresh, new, different place"	234
Making a Garden of Small Fruits	252
"Goodbye, proud world!"	256
The National Heart	306
The Building of a City	324

AMERICA RESURGENT

She is risen from the dead!
Loose the tongue and lift the head;
  Let the sons of light rejoice,
She has heard the challenge clear;
She has answered, "I am here";
  She has made the stainless choice.

Bound with iron and with gold —
But her limbs they could not hold
  When the word of words was spoken;
Freedom calls —
The prison walls
  Tumble, and the bolts are broken!

Hail her! She is ours again —
Hope and heart of harassed men
  And the tyrants' doom and terror.
Send abroad the old alarms;
Call to arms, to arms, to arms,
  Hands of doubt and feet of error!

Cheer her! She is free at last,
With her back upon the past,
  With her feet upon the bars;
Hosts of freedom sorely pressed,
Lo, a light is in the west
  And a helmet full of stars!

— *Wendell Phillips Stafford.*

THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

BOOK IV

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

The final test of the validity, the strength, the irresistible force of the American ideal has come. The rest of the world must be made to realize from this time on just what America stands for, and when that happy time comes when peace shall reign again and America shall take part in the undisturbed and unclouded counsels of the world, it will be realized that the promises of the fathers, the ideals of the men who thought nothing of their lives in comparison with their ideals, will have been vindicated, and the world will say: "America promised to hold this light of liberty and right up for the guidance of our feet, and behold she has redeemed her promise. Her men, her leaders, her rank and file, are pure of heart; they have purged their hearts of selfish ambition and they have said to all mankind: 'Men and brethren, let us live together in righteousness and in the peace which springeth only from the soil of righteousness itself.'"

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

HOME-MAKING AND HOME LIFE

THE ROOFTREE

I cross with emotion the threshold of the home, its very name is so full of suggestion and memories.

The roof is primarily a shelter. Cold and heat, all the inclemencies of sky and enemies of earth, urge man to build it and protect it. He who lacks this refuge lacks everything, and to picture in a word the depths of want, we say of a man that he is homeless. Would you have, on the contrary, a perfect picture of the happiness of civilized life, you may find it in a family circle, unbroken, old and young together, under the protecting roof, around a cheerful fire where the evening meal is singing in the kettle.

But the roof is something besides a shelter; it is a centre of stability. If man had no need of it for cover and defence, he would still feel driven to find somewhere in the wide earth a corner of his own, to attach himself to some familiar spot. True, life is a journey, and we are all on a pilgrimage; but every one of us is in search of a country. The most intrepid traveller, the most indefatigable explorer, cannot exist and be always under way. When distance has lost its enchantment, and his ardor for adventure has cooled, when he has braved dangers and looked upon wonders, desire wakens in his heart to find a resting-place. The more countries and men and things he has seen, the

greater becomes his thirst for a fixed abode, for peace and the affections of a home. The Wandering Jew himself sighs for but one thing: to make a halt, and that forever.

A sure refuge, a rallying-point whither all a man's ways lead him back — the rooftree is this; but it is other than this, and more; it is one of the material forms in which our spiritual nature manifests and interprets itself. Man has need of creating a world in his own image, to help him keep his base, remain faithful to himself; and his dwelling is this world in miniature.

Nothing else speaks so surely and so eloquently of that inner tribunal we call conscience as does our abode; from the rudest and most primitive shelter to the perfectly appointed house, every habitation reveals the soul of its inhabitant. The lines of roof and walls, the contour of windows, the ornamentation of the façade, the style and arrangement of furnishings and pictures, the "den," the cookery, even to the flower growing in the window — it all bears the human stamp. What a man is, what his ideals are and his life, such is his home. Every civilization, every epoch of history, has had its characteristic dwelling-place, a faithful epitome of its social state; building has ever been an act of faith and a declaration of principles.

Man builds his house upon the foundation which inspires in him the greatest confidence, with the materials that seem to offer the best assurance; and he knows how to make it the symbol of his spirit, to give it the physiognomy of his taste, the fashion of his will. His dwelling is garnished with his virtue, warmed with

his tenderness, stained with his impurity; there his kindness smiles and his ill-humor grumbles. One man's house is like the lair of a beast, grim and inhospitable; another's is inviting and home-like, even to the guest of a day or the stranger within its gates. In some dwellings one breathes an incense, as of the spirit; they are like sanctuaries: in others everything suggests worldly interests, calculation, the fierce strife for possession; you sense the turmoil of the market-place or the frenzy of the exchange. Elsewhere, no sooner across the threshold than a studious atmosphere envelops you; every corner exhales an indefinable spirit of revery and thought, of which even the most obtuse visitor is sensible. Numerous interiors make us think of restaurants and hotels, even of railway stations; in others there comes involuntarily to the mind this passage from Job: "The hypocrite buildeth his house like a spider's web"; for everything combines to allure, to entrap and to tempt.

This spirit of places is felt and responded to through many channels, and it is so intensely real that it still manifests itself even where man has no control over the outward form of his dwelling. Take at random a dozen homes on the same corridor of a great tenement-house of the poorer quarters. They are identical in size, plan, and exposure, yet how marked and how very strange the contrasts! In no two do we breathe the same atmosphere, and so different are the impressions everywhere received, that we might be crossing frontiers or passing from continent to continent. It is simply that a room, even a prison cell, takes on the aspect of its tenant. The same gloves on different

hands, the same costumes on different women, are transformed by differences of figure, mind and culture; and the same walls, housing different people, produce totally different effects.

For all these reasons, the dwelling-place is one of the most important matters in human life. It somehow involves our destiny, and cannot be a thing of indifference. In those intimate visions where our imagination creates an ideal world, we build our home. To make it real, to dwell some day among our household gods in a corner all our own, however unpretentious, who of us does not aspire to this? The small shop-keeper behind his counter, in the close air of a narrow street, bears courageously the burden of the day. He is thinking of the home, modest and tranquil, where he hopes to end his days, forgetful of business and its cares, of the big books and their maddening figures; and his dream bears him up. The day laborer, economical and steady, sacrifices amusement and denies himself the most legitimate comforts, to add to his savings and his chances of some day possessing a modest little home. Nearly every one has his dwelling all planned, and frequently installs himself there in spirit; and it is the most human thing in the world.

There are classes of men to whom nothing is lacking of what goes to make up the external trappings of a residence. Civilization has heaped their hands with treasure, given them comfort, room, peace, everything necessary to the setting up of this material home. But they possess it only to desert it. Parents and children go each his own way, and the family dissolves.

Elsewhere the contrary happens. I know a bridge in Paris where every day you may find a woman selling soup at two sous a plate. Her stand consists of three or four planks and an umbrella-like awning, and it would be hard to imagine a less convenient place for a family reunion. No matter! Under this precarious shelter, open to all the winds of heaven, there gather every evening, around a smoky torch, all the children, some of them studying their lessons, and the father, resting after the toil of the day. These people have the spirit of family, and that is the essential thing. This spirit it is that must be saved, nourished, strengthened; and it is tenacious, strikes root in the most ungracious soil.

In certain maritime countries where the fishermen are very religious, each takes an image of his patron saint for the figurehead of his bark. When the sea shatters their little fleet on the reefs it is counted the best of omens if, among the wreckage, the carved image of the saint be rescued; and when better times come and the barks are rebuilt, the saint again holds the place of honor. It is a practice of deep wisdom and simple piety, the spirit of which we should do well to make our own.

The materialistic age in which we live has shattered the old-time setting wherein family life used to develop, but at least let us save the wreckage, and, above all, the saint, the family spirit; though our home be buffeted like the fishermen's barks, and as vagrant as the vans of the gypsies.

— *Charles Wagner.*

PLEASANT MEADOWS

The invalids improved rapidly, and Mr. March began to talk of returning early in the new year. Beth was soon able to lie on the study sofa all day, amusing herself with the well-beloved cats, at first, and, in time, with doll's sewing, which had fallen sadly behindhand. Her once active limbs were so stiff and feeble that Jo took her a daily airing about the house in her strong arms. Meg cheerfully blackened and burned her white hands cooking delicate messes for "the dear"; while Amy, a loyal slave of the ring, celebrated her return by giving away as many of her treasures as she could prevail on her sisters to accept.

As Christmas approached, the usual mysteries began to haunt the house, and Jo frequently convulsed the family by proposing utterly impossible or magnificently absurd ceremonies, in honor of this unusually merry Christmas. Laurie was equally impracticable, and would have had bonfires, sky-rockets, and triumphal arches, if he had had his own way. After many skirmishes and snubbings, the ambitious pair were considered effectually quenched, and went about with forlorn faces, which were rather belied by explosions of laughter when the two got together.

Several days of unusually mild weather fitly ushered in a splendid Christmas Day. Hannah "felt in her bones" that it was going to be an unusually fine day, and she proved herself a true prophetess, for everybody and everything seemed bound to produce a grand success. To begin with, Mr. March wrote

"THE INVALIDS IMPROVED RAPIDLY"

that he should soon be with them; then Beth felt uncommonly well that morning, and, being dressed in her mother's gift, — a soft crimson merino wrapper, — was borne in triumph to the window to behold the offering of Jo and Laurie. The Unquenchables had done their best to be worthy of the name, for, like elves, they had worked by night, and conjured up a comical surprise. Out in the garden stood a stately snow-maiden, crowned with holly, bearing a basket of fruit and flowers in one hand, a great roll of new music in the other, a perfect rainbow of an afghan round her chilly shoulders, and a Christmas carol issuing from her lips, on a pink paper streamer:

THE JUNGFRAU TO BETH

God bless you, dear Queen Bess!
  May nothing you dismay,
But health and peace and happiness
  Be yours, this Christmas Day.

Here's fruit to feed our busy bee,
  And flowers for her nose;
Here's music for her pianee,
  An afghan for her toes.

A portrait of Joanna, see,
  By Raphael No. 2,
Who labored with great industry
  To make it fair and true.

Accept a ribbon red, I beg,
  For Madam Purrer's tail;
And ice-cream made by lovely Peg, —
  A Mont Blanc in a pail.

Their dearest love my makers laid
Within my breast of snow;
Accept it, and the Alpine maid,
From Laurie and from Jo.

How Beth laughed when she saw it, how Laurie ran up and down to bring in the gifts, and what ridiculous speeches Jo made as she presented them!

"I'm so full of happiness that, if father was only here, I couldn't hold one drop more," said Beth, quite sighing with contentment as Jo carried her off to the study to rest after the excitement, and to refresh herself with some of the delicious grapes the "Jungfrau" had sent her.

"So am I," added Jo, slapping the pocket wherein reposed the long-desired "Undine and Sintram."

"I'm sure I am," echoed Amy, poring over the engraved copy of the Madonna and Child, which her mother had given her, in a pretty frame.

"Of course I am!" cried Meg, smoothing the silvery folds of her first silk dress; for Mr. Laurence had insisted on giving it.

"How can *I* be otherwise?" said Mrs. March gratefully, as her eyes went from her husband's letter to Beth's smiling face, and her hand caressed the brooch made of gray and golden chestnut and dark brown hair, which the girls had just fastened on her breast.

Now and then, in this workaday world, things do happen in the delightful story-book fashion, and what a comfort that is! Half an hour after all had said they were so happy they could only hold one drop more, the drop came. Laurie opened the parlor door

and popped his head in very quietly. He might just as well have turned a somersault and uttered an Indian war-whoop; for his face was so full of suppressed excitement and his voice so treacherously joyful that every one jumped up, though he only said, in a queer, breathless voice, "Here's another Christmas present for the March family."

Before the words were well out of his mouth, he was whisked away somehow, and in his place appeared a tall man, muffled up to the eyes, leaning on the arm of another tall man, who tried to say something and couldn't. Of course there was a general stampede; and for several minutes they all seemed to lose their wits, for the strangest things were done, and no one said a word. Mr. March became invisible in the embrace of four pairs of loving arms; Jo disgraced herself by nearly fainting away, and had to be doctored by Laurie in the china-closet; Mr. Brooke kissed Meg entirely by mistake, as he somewhat incoherently explained; and Amy, the dignified, tumbled over a stool, and, never stopping to get up, hugged and cried over her father's boots in the most touching manner. Mrs. March was the first to recover herself, and held up her hand with a warning, "Hush! remember Beth!"

But it was too late; the study door flew open, the little red wrapper appeared on the threshold, — joy put strength into the feeble limbs, — and Beth ran straight into her father's arms. Never mind what happened just after that; for the full hearts overflowed, washing away the bitterness of the past, and leaving only the sweetness of the present.

It was not at all romantic, but a hearty laugh set everybody straight again, for Hannah was discovered behind the door, sobbing over the fat turkey, which she had forgotten to put down when she rushed up from the kitchen. As the laugh subsided, Mrs. March began to thank Mr. Brooke for his faithful care of her husband, at which Mr. Brooke suddenly remembered that Mr. March needed rest, and, seizing Laurie, he precipitately retired. Then the two invalids were ordered to repose, which they did, by both sitting in one big chair, and talking hard.

Mr. March told how he had longed to surprise them, and how, when the fine weather came, he had been allowed by his doctor to take advantage of it; how devoted Brooke had been, and how he was altogether a most estimable and upright young man. Why Mr. March paused a minute just there, and, after a glance at Meg, who was violently poking the fire, looked at his wife with an inquiring lift of the eyebrows, I leave you to imagine; also why Mrs. March gently nodded her head, and asked, rather abruptly, if he wouldn't have something to eat. Jo saw and understood the look; and she stalked grimly away to get wine and beef tea, muttering to herself, as she slammed the door, "I hate estimable young men with brown eyes!"

There never *was* such a Christmas dinner as they had that day. The fat turkey was a sight to behold, when Hannah sent him up, stuffed, browned, and decorated; so was the plum-pudding, which quite melted in one's mouth; likewise the jellies, in which Amy revelled like a fly in a honey-pot. Everything turned out well, which was a mercy, Hannah said; "For my mind was

that flustered, mum, that it's a merrycle I didn't roast the pudding, and stuff the turkey with raisins, let alone bilin' of it in a cloth."

Mr. Laurence and his grandson dined with them, also Mr. Brooke, — at whom Jo glowered darkly, to Laurie's infinite amusement. Two easy-chairs stood side by side at the head of the table, in which sat Beth and her father, feasting modestly on chicken and a little fruit. They drank healths, told stories, sang songs, "reminisced", as the old folks say, and had a thoroughly good time. A sleigh-ride had been planned, but the girls would not leave their father; so the guests departed early, and, as twilight gathered, the happy family sat together round the fire.

"Just a year ago we were groaning over the dismal Christmas we expected to have. Do you remember?" asked Jo, breaking a short pause which had followed a long conversation about many things.

"Rather a pleasant year on the whole!" said Meg, smiling at the fire, and congratulating herself on having treated Mr. Brooke with dignity.

"I think it's been a pretty hard one," observed Amy, watching the light shine on her ring, with thoughtful eyes.

"I'm glad it's over, because we've got you back," whispered Beth, who sat on her father's knee.

"Rather a rough road for you to travel, my little pilgrims, especially the latter part of it. But you have got on bravely; and I think the burdens are in a fair way to tumble off very soon," said Mr. March, looking with fatherly satisfaction at the four young faces gathered round him.

"How do you know? Did mother tell you?" asked Jo.

"Not much; straws show which way the wind blows, and I've made several discoveries to-day.'

"Oh, tell us what they are!" cried Meg, who sat beside him.

"Here is one"; and taking up the hand which lay on the arm of his chair, he pointed to the roughened fore-finger, a burn on the back, and two or three little hard spots on the palm. "I remember a time when this hand was white and smooth, and your first care was to keep it so. It was very pretty then, but to me it is much prettier now, — for in these seeming blemishes I read a little history. A burnt-offering has been made of vanity; this hardened palm has earned something better than blisters; and I'm sure the sewing done by these pricked fingers will last a long time, so much good-will went into the stitches. Meg, my dear, I value the womanly skill which keeps home happy more than white hands or fashionable accomplishments. I'm proud to shake this good, industrious little hand, and hope I shall not soon be asked to give it away."

If Meg had wanted a reward for hours of patient labor, she received it in the hearty pressure of her father's hand and the approving smile he gave her.

"What about Jo? Please say something nice; for she has tried so hard, and been so very, very good to me," said Beth, in her father's ear.

He laughed, and looked across at the tall girl who sat opposite, with an unusually mild expression in her brown face.

"In spite of the curly crop, I don't see the 'son Jo' whom I left a year ago," said Mr. March. "I see a young lady who pins her collar straight, laces her boots neatly and neither whistles, talks slang, nor lies on the rug as she used to do. Her face is rather thin and pale, just now, with watching and anxiety; but I like to look at it, for it has grown gentler, and her voice is lower; she doesn't bounce, but moves quietly, and takes care of a certain little person in a motherly way which delights me. I rather miss my wild girl; but if I get a strong, helpful, tender-hearted woman in her place, I shall feel quite satisfied. I don't know whether the shearing sobered our black sheep, but I do know that in all Washington I couldn't find anything beautiful enough to be bought with the five-and-twenty dollars which my good girl sent me."

Jo's keen eyes were rather dim for a minute, and her thin face grew rosy in the firelight, as she received her father's praise, feeling that she did deserve a portion of it.

"Now Beth," said Amy, longing for her turn, but ready to wait.

"There's so little of her, I'm afraid to say much, for fear she will slip away altogether, though she is not so shy as she used to be," began their father cheerfully; but recollecting how nearly he *had* lost her, he held her close, saying tenderly, with her cheek against his own, "I've got you safe, my Beth, and I'll keep you so, please God."

After a minute's silence, he looked down at Amy, who sat on the cricket at his feet, and said, with a caress of the shining hair:

"I observed that Amy took drumsticks at dinner, ran errands for her mother all the afternoon, gave Meg her place to-night, and has waited on every one with patience and good-humor. I also observe that she does not fret much nor look in the glass, and has not even mentioned a very pretty ring which she wears; so I conclude that she has learned to think of other people more and of herself less, and has decided to try and mold her character as carefully as she molds her little clay figures. I am glad of this; for though I should be very proud of a graceful statue made by her, I shall be infinitely prouder of a lovable daughter, with a talent for making life beautiful to herself and others."

"What are you thinking of, Beth?" asked Jo, when Amy had thanked her father and told about her ring.

"I read in 'Pilgrim's Progress' to-day, how, after many troubles, Christian and Hopeful came to a pleasant green meadow, where lilies bloomed all the year round, and there they rested happily, as we do now, before they went on to their journey's end," answered Beth; adding, as she slipped out of her father's arms, and went slowly to the instrument: "It's singing time now, and I want to be in my old place. I'll try to sing the song of the shepherd-boy which the Pilgrims heard. I made the music for father, because he likes the verses."

So, sitting at the dear little piano, Beth softly touched the keys, and, in the sweet voice they had never thought to hear again, sung to her own accompaniment the quaint hymn, which was a singularly fitting song for her:

He that is down need fear no fall,
  He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much;
And, Lord! contentment still I crave
  Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to them a burden is,
  That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age!

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

THE HOUSE

When first the builder builds him a house
  'Tis naught but a wooden box, —
A thing of lumber, boards, and planks,
  Of shingles, beams, and blocks;
And when 'tis built 'tis still a box,
  A box to the very minute
Some honest fellow takes the house
  And puts a woman in it.
Then, though it has no gabled front, no turret, tower, or dome,
Then is the builder justified, the box becomes a home.

— *Sam Walter Foss.*

A HEALTHFUL HOME

Few of us are so fortunate as to live in houses built for us. The many have to live in houses or apartments built for no one in particular, and to make them into homes. In any case, location is the first thing to be considered. The character of the neighborhood; nearness to business, schools, churches or social centres; the means and cost of conveyance thereto, are all determining factors in the selection; but from the health standpoint, air and sunlight are to be chiefly considered. In general, Dampness, Darkness and Dirt may be looked upon as the modern Fates. When these are constantly present, the thread of life will as surely be snipped in two as if Atropos the Inevitable held the shears.

Ideally every house should have an entire daily bath of sun-dried air — air which has been acted upon and possibly sterilized by the sun's rays.

In city blocks, shadowed by large buildings, this is impossible.

Buildings too near together, high and close-foliaged trees in large numbers, or sometimes high hills, either keep off much air or interfere with the circulation which would keep it pure. Air in spaces too narrow, or wrongly situated to admit direct sunshine, is less healthful than that which the sun has penetrated.

The site, or plot of land under a house, must be free from anything which would pollute the air about or in the house, either with gases or solid particles, visible or invisible.

It must also be dry, for it has aptly been said that houses should not have "wet feet."

First, then, all loam and top soil must be removed from the site because it might contain disease germs or organic matter which in decomposing would furnish unhealthful gases.

A dry site is dependent upon thorough drainage, either natural or artificial. Natural drainage depends upon the character of the soil and its slope.

A damp house is often caused by many near thick-foliaged trees which prevent the access of direct sunlight to all parts of roof, walls and foundation, and which retain much moisture on their leaves after rain and prevent a free circulation of air around the house. This retards evaporation and consequent drying of the soil. Such conditions also tend to rapid deterioration of the house itself.

A few high trees are allowable to protect the roof from the excessive heat of the summer sun, while lower ones at a greater distance may furnish protection and not interfere with the daily sun-bath and air-bath which every house needs.

Overhanging eaves or wide-roofed verandas sometimes shut out the life-giving sunshine and make certain rooms damp and unhealthful.

Too few windows, or those wrongly placed, may keep out the health-giving sunshine and air. Blinds kept closed for fear of faded furnishings, windows not opened sufficiently often or long enough to insure a complete change of air, shades drawn for similar reasons — all these conditions may tend to keep a house unhealthful because of darkness and dampness.

The healthful site must therefore be not only of safe soil, but thoroughly drained from water, either by the natural soil and slope of the land, or by artificial means. A gravelly soil on a slope usually drains itself well, but more often it is necessary to supplement natural drainage by artificial drains. These may be of different kinds, but the best and cheapest in the end is the agricultural drain tile. This is used for general land drainage and also for the especial drainage of the house site.

These tiles are made in different shapes of porous terra cotta. They are laid in short lengths with open joints; that is, the sections simply butt against each other without being joined with cement or mortar. They are about two feet long. Although the pipes are porous, most of the water enters at the open joints. A pipe of small diameter with many joints will drain a large area.

If the land adjoining is effectually drained, the site may not need a special system, but in most cases it is safer to have this.

Country houses often need to be drained for some distance back; with city houses attention is generally paid to the site alone, because of the general municipal drains.

Where a house stands near the bottom of a hill it may be necessary to have a cemented gutter along one, two, or three sides to carry away the wash from severe showers or spring freshets. This water should not be allowed to soak into the ground against the foundation unless this is absolutely damp-proof. It may be necessary to lay the drain only along those

sides of the cellar from which water flows toward the house.

In all cases the drains must incline toward the outlet, so that they may empty at a lower level than the cellar and to prevent any danger of a back-flow of water or soil. The outlet should be protected from the entrance of small animals. Rats sometimes make their way along these pipes, entering the building through holes gnawed by them, or through the joints.

As these drains are for clear water only, not sewage, they may safely empty into a water course. Where there is a separate sewer for rain-water, it may also receive the water from land drainage.

The properly constructed cellar, used for reasonable purposes and carefully cared for, will be clean, light and airy, therefore dry and healthful.

As sunshine is a prime factor in all health conditions, the sanitary house will have all it can get. We have seen how this should govern the exterior conditions. It should, as well, govern the interior arrangements.

The ideal house has sun in every room for a portion of every day, both summer and winter. This is impossible on city streets, and a house can be healthful without this extreme. But the sun-plan of every house should approach as near to this ideal as possible.

Living-rooms should be placed in the best positions for sunshine and dry air. Stairways and halls may occupy the less favorable positions.

Rooms too small cannot be healthfully supplied with air; too large rooms are likely to be dark. Neither does vertical space assure good ventilation, for it is

difficult to break up the "inverted lake of bad air" which gathers above the windows.

Rooms should be so related to each other, and to the doors and windows, as to allow cross-ventilation and diffused light. Time and energy should not be wasted by the separation of closely related parts. The kitchen stove, sink and pantry are active partners and have daily dealings with the dining-room and store-closets.

While the ideal kitchen has no waste heat, most kitchens with northwestern exposure will be warm enough at any season, and, with windows on two sides, will be light and airy.

Sleeping-rooms, above all, should have sunshine. Bathrooms, also, should have at least one window, preferably on the sunny side.

Stairways and closets should not be too large, nor more numerous than needed. They are expensive in construction, difficult to ventilate, and are temptations to that accumulation of fabrics and "goods" which tends towards bad air, stored dust and insects. For the same expense a light, airy store-room or attic might increase healthful conditions.

The finish of the house is usually determined from the factors of fashion, looks and expense. A hospital is a place where present disease is to be cured, and sanitary principles should control every detail, for little assistance can be expected from the patients. A home should prevent diseased conditions. Fortunately in essentials the principles of sanitation, æsthetics and economy are not opposed.

From bacteriology we have learned that dust is

everywhere, is composed of disagreeable, irritating, dead particles and living plants, and is capable of spoiling our possessions and causing in us disease more or less violent. Sanitation seeks to prevent as many of these conditions as possible.

Parts of the house which cannot be renewed often without great expense should therefore be adapted in material, form and finish to the prevention and removal of dust.

Here are a few index-fingers pointing along these two roads — prevention and removal:

Rough surfaces and sharp angles catch and hold dust. Light colors show dirt; they are more likely to be kept clean.

Absorbent surfaces store dust, moisture and impure air. Small cracks, crevices and angles are difficult to clean. Plane polished surfaces are usually smooth, need cleaning less often, and require much less labor when dirty. Horizontal surfaces catch the most dust; let them, then, when possible, be non-absorbent, smooth and polished. A housewife's capital is the sum of her strength, time and money.

— *S. Maria Elliott.*

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Health is the first of all liberties, and happiness gives us the energy which is the basis of health.

— *Henri-Frédéric Amiel.*

A HOME OF CHARACTER

What kind of a home shall I build? Owning a little farm of five, ten or fifteen acres is a dream which flits through the minds of many a city man, chained to a desk, while his soul longs for the open. If you have a steady income, are sure of your position and want some stirring exercise, then get a little farm. Otherwise it would be better to consider the small house in the suburb as the best alternative.

By far the larger number of people, however, will find it to their convenience to live in the city. What kind of home shall I build? This is the problem which faces the home-builder. Roughly speaking there are four kinds of material from which to build, — wood, brick, stone and cement. In some houses they are all present. In all there are usually two employed. Undoubtedly for the small house, costing less than $5000, wood is still the cheapest material that can be used.

If a wooden house is honestly built, it is a good investment. Good honest lumber, properly dried, must go into it. Too many houses are being built to sell — not to live in.

Brick makes a very attractive material with which to build. Common brick is now seldom used for building. Shale brick makes a good material, and a very attractive dwelling can be erected from the large blocks used for paving streets and rural highways. Field stone or rubble, when attractively set in cement, makes one of the most picturesque dwellings imaginable. Charming touches may be added to a frame

building by the use of field stone for porch, pillars or entrances. Field stone must be set by competent men, however, who understand putting it together and properly "pointing" it up.

The most modern of building materials, and one which seems destined to become almost universal in the course of a few years, is concrete. Cement blocks, for various reasons, have never been very popular. They absorb dampness too easily and are but a cheap imitation of stone. Cement, however, is gradually adapting itself to the needs of the builder. Cement stucco makes an exceedingly attractive finish; on cheap houses it is applied directly to metal lath. The stucco is first made thoroughly waterproof with a compound, then tinted the desired color. It is durable and economical. In remodelling farmhouses it is a type of construction which should carefully be considered, as the wire lath and the cement are fireproof.

Inexpensive homes are the order of the day. Without doubt a very large number of the houses now built range in cost between $1000 and $4000. Not much of a home can be built for permanent occupancy for less than $1000. A very comfortable home indeed can be provided for $4000.

Lumber comes in certain lengths and sizes, and the dimensions of the rooms should necessarily be governed by these lengths and sizes to avoid waste of material.

With good plans, and a competent, honest contractor, it is not necessary, as a rule, to employ an architect to superintend the erection of an inexpensive house. The owner should look after the work and see that it is properly done.

There is probably no operation in your life which needs more careful consideration than that of building your own home. Be sure that the design meets your requirements; have the plans prepared by a competent architect; use local materials in stock design and in the best grade you can afford; employ a good contractor; see that he builds according to plans and specifications, and your home will be a source of pride and endless satisfaction to you.

The grounds and buildings of a suburban or country home, carefully planned, will be an unfailing source of pleasure to the owner and to his appreciative neighbors. The existence of one beautiful place, however modest, will stimulate the owners of adjoining properties in transforming a whole neighborhood.

There is an air of refinement about the Colonial style of house that cannot be found in any other. A Colonial house can be small and inexpensive, however, and be just as attractive as one built along more expensive lines.

The bungalow age is here. Encyclopædias say that "bungalow" means a Bengalese house, that is, a home built like those of India; but to the modern house-builder it means a house that suggests comfort and hospitality at a moderate cost.

"We figure to ourselves,
The thing we like; and then we build it up,
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand, —
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound Fancy runs her bark ashore."

— *John H. Newson.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER

One day Love went to and fro in his house, looked from door and window, and had no rest.

"I am weary," he said, "of this little house. Strait are the walls of it, and narrow the windows, and from them always the same things to see. I must be free, I must fly, or of what use are my wings?"

So he took his red robe about him and flew out, leaving door and window streaming wide to the cold wind.

But when he was gone came one in a little gown of green (green for hope, Sweetheart; green for hope!) and entered the house, and shut door and window; swept the hearth clean and mended the fire, and then set herself down and sang, and minded her seam. Ever when the flame burned low she built it up, and now and then she looked out of the window to see if any one were coming, but mostly she sat and sang, and kept the house tidy and warm.

Now by and by Love was weary with flying hither and yon; cold he was, too, and night coming on; and as the dusk fell, he saw a light shining bright on the edge of the wold.

"Where there is light there will be warmth!" said Love; and he flew near, and saw that it was his own little house.

"Oh, what keeps my house alight?" cried Love.

He opened the door, and the air came warm to greet him.

"Oh, who keeps my house warm?" cried Love.

And he looked and saw one gowned in green (green for hope, Sweetheart; oh, green for hope!) mending the fire, and singing as she worked.

"Who are you who keep my house?" asked Love.

"Kindness is my name!" said the little housekeeper.

"Outside it is cold and empty," said Love, "and the wind blows over the waste; may I come in and warm me by the fire?"

"Oh, and welcome!" said Kindness. "It is for you I kept it."

"My red robe is torn and draggled," said Love. "May I wrap me in the gown you are making?"

"Oh, and welcome!" said Kindness. "It is for you it was making, and now it is finished."

Love bent over the fire and warmed his poor cold hands.

"Oh!" he cried; "now that I am back in my house I would never leave it again. But what of my wings, lest they put the flight in me once more?"

"Suppose I clip them," said Kindness, "with my little scissors?"

"How are your scissors called, Dear?"

"Peace-and-Comfort is their name," said Kindness.

So Kindness clipped the wings of Love; and this one swept the hearth, and that one mended the fire, and all went well while they kept the house together.

— *Laura E. Richards.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER

THE FIRE OF HOME

I hear them tell of far-off climes, —
And treasures grand they hold —
Of minster walls where stained light falls
On canvas rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast,
But ah! how can I roam?
My task, I know, to spin and sew,
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds;
Of words that move mankind;
How willing hands in other lands
Bring light to poor and blind.
I dare not toil in lands afar,
I fear to cross the foam;
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,
And light the fire of home?

My husband comes as shadows fall,
With him my girl and boy;
His loving word, so gladly heard,
Hath never base alloy;
From new-plowed meadows, fresh and brown,
I catch the scent of loam;
Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire of Home.

HOME-KEEPING *VERSUS* HOUSEKEEPING

There are many women who know how to keep a house, but there are but few that know how to keep a home. To keep a house may seem a complicated affair, but it is a thing that may be learned; it lies in the region of the material, in the region of weight, measure, color, and the positive forces of life. To keep a home lies not merely in the sphere of all these, but it takes in the intellectual, the social, the spiritual, the immortal.

A dwelling, rented or owned by a man, in which his own wife keeps house, is not always or of course a home. What is it, then, that makes a home? All men and women have the indefinite knowledge of what they want and long for when that word is spoken. "Home!" sighs the disconsolate bachelor, tired of boarding-house fare and buttonless shirts. "Home!" says the wanderer in foreign lands, and thinks of mother's love, of wife and sister and child. Nay, the word has in it a higher meaning, hallowed by religion; and when the Christian would express the highest of his hopes for a better life, he speaks of his home beyond the grave. The word home has in it the elements of love, rest, permanency, and liberty; but besides these it has in it the idea of an education by which all that is purest within us is developed into nobler forms, fit for a higher life. The little child by the home fireside was taken on the Master's knee when he would explain to his disciples the mysteries of the kingdom.

Of so great dignity and worth is this holy and sacred

thing, that the power to create a home ought to be ranked above all creative faculties. The sculptor who brings out the breathing statue from cold marble, the painter who warms the canvas into a deathless glow of beauty, the architect who built cathedrals and hung the world-like dome of St. Peter's in mid-air, is not to be compared, in sanctity and worthiness, to the humblest artist who, out of the poor materials afforded by this shifting, changing, selfish world, creates the secure Eden of a home.

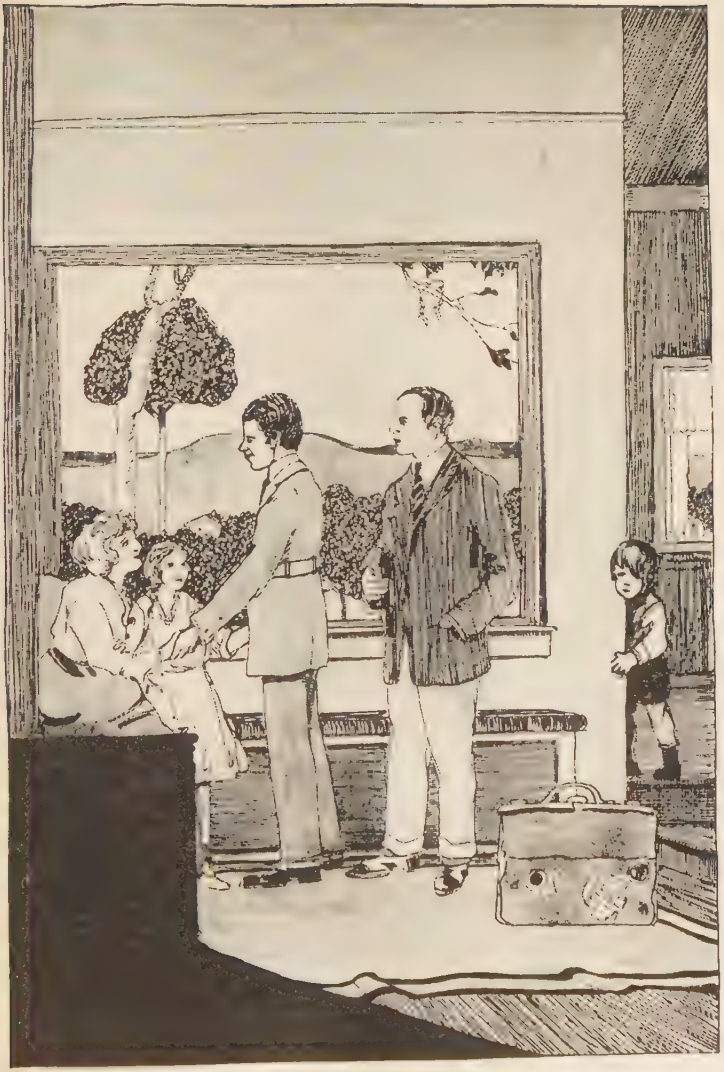
A true home should be called the noblest work of art possible to human creatures, inasmuch as it is the very image chosen to represent the last and highest rest of the soul, the consummation of man's blessedness.

The home-education is incomplete unless it include the idea of hospitality and charity. Hospitality is a Biblical and apostolic virtue, and not so often recommended in Holy Writ without reason. Hospitality is much neglected in America for the very reasons touched upon above. We have received our ideas of propriety and elegance of living from old countries, where labor is cheap, where domestic service is a well-understood, permanent occupation, adopted cheerfully for life, and where of course there is such a subdivision of labor as insures great thoroughness in all its branches. We are ashamed or afraid to conform honestly and hardily to a state of things purely American.

We have not yet learned that dinners with circuitous courses and divers other Continental and English refinements, well enough in their way, cannot be ac-

complished in families with two or three untrained servants, without an expense of care and anxiety which makes them heart-withering to the delicate wife and too severe a trial to occur often. America is the land of subdivided fortunes, of a general average of wealth and comfort, and there ought to be, therefore, an understanding in the social basis far more simple than in the Old World.

Many families of small fortunes know this, — they are quietly living so, — but they have not the steadiness to share their daily average living with a friend, a traveller, or guest, just as the Arab shares his tent and the Indian his bowl of succotash. They cannot have company, they say. Why? Because it is such a fuss to get out the best things, and then to put them back again. But why get out the best things? Why not give your friend, what he would like a thousand times better, a bit of your average home life, a seat at any time at your board, a seat at your fire? If he sees that there is a handle off your teacup, and that there is a crack across one of your plates, he only thinks, with a sigh of relief, "Well, mine aren't the only things that meet with accidents," and he feels nearer to you ever after; he will let you come to his table and see the cracks in his teacups, and you will condole with each other on the transient nature of earthly possessions. If it become apparent in these entirely undressed rehearsals that your children are sometimes disorderly, and that your cook sometimes overdoes the meat, and that your second girl sometimes is awkward in waiting, or has forgotten a table propriety, your friend only feels, "Ah, well! other



"GIVE YOUR FRIEND A BIT OF YOUR HOME LIFE"

people have trials as well as I," and he thinks, if you come to see him, he shall feel easy with you.

"Having company" is an expense that may always be felt; but easy daily hospitality, the plate always on your table for a friend, is an expense that appears on no account-book, and a pleasure that is daily and constant.

A man who has any heart in him values a genuine little bit of home more than anything else you can give him. He can get French cooking at a restaurant; he can buy expensive wines at first-class hotels, if he wants them; but the traveller, though ever so rich and ever so well served at home, is, after all, nothing but a man as you are, and he is craving something that doesn't seem like a hotel — some bit of real, genuine heart life. Perhaps he would like better than anything to show you the last photograph of his wife, or to read to you the great, round-hand letter of his ten-year-old which he has got to-day. He is ready to cry when he thinks of it.

In this mood he goes to see you, hoping for something like home, and you first receive him in a parlor opened only on state occasions, and which has been circumstantially and exactly furnished, as the upholsterer assures you, as every other parlor of the kind in the city is furnished. You treat him to a dinner got up for the occasion, with hired waiters, — a dinner which has taken Mrs. Smilax a week to prepare for, and will take her a week to recover from, — for which the baby has been snubbed and turned off, to his loud indignation, and your young four-year-old sent to his aunts. Your traveller eats your dinner, and finds it

inferior, as a work of art, to other dinners, — a poor imitation. He goes away and criticizes; you hear of it, and resolve never to invite a foreigner again. But if you had given him a little of your heart, a little home warmth and feeling, — if you had shown him your baby, and let him romp with your four-year-old and eat a genuine dinner with you, — would he have been false to that? Not so likely. He wanted something real and human, — you gave him a bad dress-rehearsal, and dress-rehearsals always provoke criticism.

Besides hospitality, there is, in a true home, a mission of charity. It is a just law which regulates the possession of great or beautiful works of art in the Old World, that they shall in some sense be considered the property of all who can appreciate. Fine grounds have hours when the public may be admitted, — pictures and statues may be shown to visitors; and this is a noble charity. In the same manner the fortunate individuals who have achieved the greatest of all human works of art should employ it as a sacred charity. How many, morally wearied, wandering, disabled, are healed and comforted by the warmth of a true home! When a mother has sent her son to the temptations of a distant city, what news is so glad to her heart as that he has found some quiet family where he visits often and is made to feel at home? How many young men have good women saved from temptation and shipwreck by drawing them often to the sheltered corner by the fireside! The poor artist, — the wandering genius who has lost his way in this world, and stumbles like a child among hard realities,

— the many men and women who, while they have houses, have no homes, — see from afar, in their distant, bleak life-journey, the light of a true home fire, and, if made welcome there, warm their stiffened limbs and go forth stronger to their pilgrimage.

Let those who have accomplished this beautiful and perfect work of divine art be liberal of its influence. Let them not seek to bolt the doors and draw the curtains; for they know not, and will never know till the future life, of the good they may do by the ministration of this great charity of home.

— *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE OLD HOME

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back:
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farmhouse like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

COLORING AND FURNISHING IN THE HOME

The quantity and quality of light which enters the room will prove a potent factor in selecting its color scheme. A room with a southern or western exposure is likely to be well supplied with brightness and sunshine and needs to have its brightness modified by cool blues or greens, so a west dining-room in red will seem too warm most of the year, while a sunless north room needs the yellow and gold to be brought to it in the colors of its walls and draperies. Golden browns and rich reds have their place in such rooms.

One more principle is of universal application in the consideration of color effects. It is known as the principle of gradation. According to it the strongest tones of color belong at the base. In a room the floor serves as the base in any scheme of decoration. The floor covering, therefore, should carry the strongest tones, the walls should represent the next lighter tone, and the ceiling the last step in the gradation. This does not imply any fixed line of demarcation for the varying tones. It is rather the statement of a general relation that is to be maintained among the various parts. The floors, walls and ceiling should sustain a certain relation to each other, while they are the setting for the furnishings. The application of this principle forbids the use of light gray paint for the floor with deep blue walls and ceiling, though blue and gray in some combinations might be most desirable.

The law of appropriateness if practiced would remove many things from our homes; the spider-web

tidies that protect nothing, the bric-a-brac from the sitting-room mantel that must be dusted every day, the meaningless pictures, the very light and delicately upholstered chair from the sitting-room, the pitcher that will not pour from the dining-room. It would exchange this rubbish for one beautiful picture, or a comfortable chair, or a table that will hold something and thus add simplicity and comfort to the house.

Rooms must be considered not only as individual rooms but in their relation to the other parts of the house, if one would have the house a harmonious whole. To this end, sharp contrasts in size of rooms, color and furnishings are to be avoided. One should not be ushered from a bright green parlor with handsome mahogany furniture to a dull and faded sitting-room with the cast-off and worn-out parlor furniture. Such contrasts show that emphasis is put upon display rather than comfort in the house. Bright green is rarely, if ever, a suitable color for a wall, and half-worn, cast-off furniture is neither useful nor beautiful anywhere.

Design is another important factor in decoration, as is also the kind of material.

Certain general principles apply in the selection of decoration and furnishings. Avoid pretentious things. If real lace cannot be afforded, sham lace ought not to be allowed. Muslin curtains are better adapted to the purpose and much prettier than sham lace ones. Get simple things, few things, durable things, and such as will harmonize with many others. Avoid the unusual; chairs with impossible twists in their legs; tables with glass and brass feet; settees with arms

that are "decorated" with hearts set on at irregular intervals and with backs that are "finished" with marvelous clusters of grapes glued on. These and their kind make a room a museum for the keeping of curios rather than a place of rest and beauty.

One should have a definite plan in mind for the decoration and furnishing of the whole house before it is begun. Possibly only the color scheme for the walls can be realized the first year with a few pieces of good furniture, but these will be a pleasure because of the simplicity, harmony and comfort which they afford. Styles in furnishing vary; but good colors, good designs and appropriate furnishings are always in fashion and a satisfaction.

Perhaps a few concrete examples may help in the application of these principles of decoration. Let us begin with the vestibule. Certain additional principles apply in the selection of all furnishings: (1) the purpose of the room, (2) its size, (3) the use of the article. These furnishings should be adapted to the purposes of a room so exposed as a vestibule. The floor coloring should be the deepest; a suitable gradation would leave the walls of a lighter tone with the ceiling still lighter. The amount of light will influence the color. The vestibule is not likely to be too well lighted, and therefore dull and dark colors are to be avoided. Pompeian red, or tints of brown corresponding with the natural finish of the wood, are desirable.

In the hall proper the same rules as to gradation of color hold. It is safer and better, if one is a novice in the selection of color, to choose some one prevailing

tone for the hall and the rooms that open from the hall in order to avoid a striking contrast, relieving the monotony by a difference in the principal colors in the rugs. A gray-green makes a comfortable color to live with, and the halls and rooms opening from it may have papers in which these colors predominate; varying shades of reds and browns may be used in the rugs.

A two-toned green paper with a cream ceiling, weathered oak furniture and woodwork, with Oriental rugs or American ones in shades of brown and a little red, make a satisfactory living-room. Or one may use the copper-brown tint for the walls, with blues, browns and reds in the rugs. However, blue is likely to show soil and wear more easily than either browns or reds. Morris's words, "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful", find especial application in the sitting-room. Where so many tastes are to be considered as in the family living-room one can hardly hope for great beauty, but there should be harmony, comfort, and restfulness suggested by all the furnishing, as well as durability and appropriateness. Chairs that do not tip over easily; tables that will hold the lamp, books and magazines, and leave a little extra space, are quite necessary here. Draperies and bric-a-brac should be conspicuous by their absence; a beruffled lamp and a bedecked sofa cushion are alike undesirable. A good light, and comfortable chairs, are essentials.

The furnishings of the parlor are best characterized as delicate. Some one has said that it corresponds

to the afternoon-tea toilet of the family. Whatever of elegance the family wishes to show will find its place here. Old rose or blues make a good background for the delicately upholstered furniture, the rare vase or bit of favrile glass. Oriental rugs with their mellowed tones will harmonize with almost any color.

The dining-room requires little furniture besides the table, chairs and china which are its essentials. Soft yellow walls, mahogany furniture, ivory-white paint, and net curtains make a pleasing combination. Some prefer the Delft china displayed on the plate rail. The plate rail is a somewhat questionable feature; as sometimes used, with a motley collection of old, ugly china covered with dust, it is far from decorative. A sideboard on which a few good pieces are displayed at one time is likely to be more truly decorative, and a china-closet built in, more useful.

Leather-bottomed chairs are a desirable addition to a dining-room, and burlaps may be used very successfully on its walls.

The kitchen furnishings should be such as can be kept clean easily. Linoleum seems to have the preference as a floor-covering. Tiles are expensive, hard for those who must walk over them constantly, and a hard-wood floor is more difficult to keep in order than linoleum. A good piece of linoleum will last for years and its use obviates the scrubbing which takes so much time and energy. If the worker is careful to wipe up the spots immediately, the care of the kitchen floor is reduced to a minimum.

In wall-coverings, one has the choice of paper, kalsomine, paint, enamel paper, or oilcloth. Paint

sometimes scales, and its continuous use necessitates a number of coats which must finally be removed, and this is a tedious and expensive process. Paper must be frequently renewed. The enameled paper is durable and can be wiped with a damp cloth; oilcloth stands this treatment still better, and for the woman who does her own work and does not wish to kalsomine or paper her kitchen every season, it is perhaps the most satisfactory wall-covering, and it may be obtained in very attractive patterns and colors. Under present circumstances the kitchen may be a very attractive room and color schemes are as effective here as anywhere.

One safe principle should guide in the buying of furniture, — avoid getting too many things. The average houses are crowded with pieces of furniture which serve no definite purpose, and take space that could be better used.

Helen Campbell, in "Household Economics", says: "This reasoning holds good for every article of furniture: first, its use to man; second, its own laws of construction; third, its relation to the thousand needs of household life."

Our early models in furniture, as in architecture, were English. To them we are indebted for the designs which served as models for New England cabinetmakers.

Out of the number of forms we select various styles of chairs as illustrating the types of furniture. Frances Clara Morse says, in "Furniture of the Olden Times": "Forms and stools were used for seats in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and inventories of

wealthy men do not often contain more than one or two chairs." Thrown or turned chairs were in use then.

Three of the best known English chair-makers of the eighteenth century were Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

With these types, which show so much of beauty and grace of proportion, may be contrasted our modern "Mission" furniture, in which strength seems often to have been exaggerated to clumsiness. The original Morris furniture, bearing that name, is said to have been much lighter than the heavy pieces now found on the market.

Good lines, simplicity of construction, strength and appropriateness make for beauty in furniture as well as in architecture.

— *Isabel Bevier.*

CONCENTRATE

I believe that this matter of specialization is already — and as the years pass will become more and more — the keynote of success. The world's effective workers are constantly increasing in number. Competition is growing steadily keener. To win recognition a man will have to do one thing extremely well. If I were giving just one word of advice to a young man I should say — concentrate.

— *Lord Northcliffe.*

AUNT JANE'S ALBUM

They were a bizarre mass of color on the sweet spring landscape, those patchwork quilts, swaying in a long line under the elms and maples. The old orchard made a blossoming background for them, and farther off on the horizon rose the beauty of fresh verdure and purple mist on those low hills, or "knobs", that are to the heart of the Kentuckian as the Alps to the Swiss or the sea to the sailor.

I opened the gate softly and paused for a moment between the blossoming lilacs that grew on each side of the path. The fragrance of the white and the purple blooms was like a resurrection-call over the graves of many a dead spring; and as I stood, shaken with thoughts as the flowers are with the winds, Aunt Jane came around from the back of the house, her black silk cape fluttering from her shoulders, and a calico sunbonnet hiding her features in its cavernous depth. She walked briskly to the clothes-line and began patting and smoothing the quilts where the breeze had disarranged them.

"Aunt Jane," I called out, "are you having a fair all by yourself?"

She turned quickly, pushing back the sunbonnet from her eyes.

"Why, child," she said, with a happy laugh, "you come pretty nigh skeerin' me. No, I ain't havin' any fair; I'm jest givin' my quilts their spring airin'. Twice a year I put 'em out in the sun and wind; and this mornin' the air smelt so sweet, I thought it was a

good chance to freshen 'em up for the summer. It's about time to take 'em in now."

She began to fold the quilts and lay them over her arm, and I did the same. Back and forth we went from the clothes-line to the house, and from the house to the clothes-line, until the quilts were safely housed from the coming dew-fall and piled on every available chair in the front room. I looked at them in sheer amazement. There seemed to be every pattern that the ingenuity of woman could devise and the industry of woman put together, — "four-patches", "nine-patches", "log-cabins", "wild-goose chases", "rising suns", hexagons, diamonds, and only Aunt Jane knows what else. As for color, a Sandwich Islander would have danced with joy at the sight of those reds, purples, yellows, and greens.

"Did you really make all these quilts, Aunt Jane?" I asked wonderingly.

Aunt Jane's eyes sparkled with pride.

"Every stitch of 'em, child," she said, "except the quiltin'. The neighbors used to come in and help some with that. I've heard folks say that piecin' quilts was nothin' but a waste o' time, but that ain't always so. They used to say that Sarah Jane Mitchell would set down right after breakfast and piece till it was time to git dinner, and then set and piece till she had to git supper, and then piece by candle-light till she fell asleep in her cheer.

"I ricollect goin' over there one day, and Sarah Jane was gittin' dinner in a big hurry, for Sam had to go to town with some cattle, and there was a big basket o' quilt pieces in the middle o' the kitchen floor, and the

"THE QUILTS WERE PILED ON EVERY CHAIR"

house lookin' like a pig-pen. And Sam he laughed and says he, 'Aunt Jane, if we could wear quilts and eat quilts we'd be the richest people in the country.' Sam was the best-natured man that ever was, or he couldn't 'a' put up with Sarah Jane's shiftless ways. Hannah Crawford said she sent Sarah Jane a bundle o' caliker once by Sam, and Sam always declared he lost it. But Uncle Jim Matthews said he was ridin' along the road jest behind Sam, and he saw Sam throw it into the creek jest as he got on the bridge. I never blamed Sam a bit if he did.

"But there never was any time wasted on my quilts, child. I can look at every one of 'em with a clear conscience. I did my work faithful; and then, when I might 'a' set and held my hands, I'd make a block or two o' patchwork, and before long I'd have enough to put together in a quilt. I went to piecin' as soon as I was old enough to hold a needle and a piece o' cloth, and one o' the first things I can remember was settin' on the back doorstep sewin' my quilt pieces, and mother praisin' my stitches.

"Nowadays folks don't have to sew unless they want to, but when I was a child there warn't any sewin'-machines, and it was about as needful for folks to know how to sew as it was for 'em to know how to eat; and every girl that was well raised could hem and run and backstitch and gather and overhand by the time she was nine years old. Why, I'd pieced four quilts by the time I was nineteen years old, and when me and Abram set up housekeepin' I had bedclothes enough for three beds.

"I've had a heap o' comfort all my life makin' quilts,

and now in my old age I wouldn't take a fortune for 'em. Set down here, child, where you can see out o' the winder and smell the lilacs, and we'll look at 'em all. You see, some folks has albums to put folks' pictures in to remember 'em by, and some folks has a book and writes down the things that happen every day so they won't forgit 'em; but, honey, these quilts is my albums and my di'ries, and whenever the weather's bad and I can't git out to see folks, I jest spread out my quilts and look at 'em and study over 'em, and it's jest like goin' back fifty or sixty years and livin' my life over agin.

"There ain't nothin' like a piece o' caliker for bringin' back old times, child, unless it's a flower or a bunch o' thyme or a piece o' pennyroy'l — anything that smells sweet. Why, I can go out yonder in the yard and gether a bunch o' that purple lilac and jest shut my eyes and see faces I ain't seen for fifty years, and somethin' goes through me like a flash o' lightnin', and it seems like I'm young agin jest for that minute."

Aunt Jane's hands were stroking lovingly a "nine-patch" that resembled the coat of many colors.

"Now this quilt, honey," she said, "I made out o' the pieces o' my children's clothes, their little dresses and waists and aprons. Some of 'em's dead, and some of 'em's grown and married and a long way off from me, further off than the ones that's dead, I sometimes think. But when I set down and look at this quilt and think over the pieces, it seems like they all come back, and I can see 'em playin' around the floors and goin' in and out, and hear 'em cryin' and laughin' and callin' me jest like they used to do before they grew up to men

and women, and before there was any little graves o' mine out in the old buryin'-ground over yonder."

There was a quilt hanging over the foot of the bed that had about it a certain air of distinction. It was a solid mass of patchwork, composed of squares, parallelograms, and hexagons. The squares were of dark gray and red-brown, the hexagons were white, the parallelograms black and light gray. I felt sure that it had a history that set it apart from its ordinary fellows.

"Where did you get the pattern, Aunt Jane?" I asked. "I never saw anything like it."

The old lady's eyes sparkled, and she laughed with pure pleasure.

"That's what everybody says," she exclaimed, jumping up and spreading the favored quilt over two laden chairs, where its merits became more apparent and striking. "There ain't another quilt like this in the State o' Kentucky, or the world, for that matter. My granddaughter Henrietta, Mary Frances' youngest child, brought me this pattern *from Europe*."

She spoke the words as one might say, "from Paradise", or "from Olympus", or "from the Lost Atlantis." "Europe" was evidently a name to conjure with, a country of mystery and romance unspeakable. I had seen many things from many lands beyond the sea, but a quilt pattern from Europe! Here at last was something new under the sun. In what shop of London or Paris were quilt patterns kept on sale for the American tourist?

"You see," said Aunt Jane, "Henrietta married a

mighty rich man, and jest as good as he's rich, too, and they went to Europe on their bridal trip. When she come home she brought me the prettiest shawl you ever saw. She made me stand up and shut my eyes, and she put it on my shoulders and made me look in the lookin'-glass, and then she says, 'I brought you a new quilt pattern, too, grandma, and I want you to piece one quilt by it and leave it to me when you die.' And then she told me about goin' to a town over yonder they call Florence, and how she went into a big church, that was built hundreds o' years before I was born. And she said the floor was made o' little pieces o' colored stone, all laid together in a pattern, and they called it mosaic. And says I, 'Honey, has it got anything to do with Moses and his law?' You know the Commandments was called the Mosaic Law, and was all on tables o' stone. And Henrietta jest laughed, and says she: 'No, grandma; I don't believe it has. But,' says she, 'the minute I stepped on that pavement I thought about you, and I drew this pattern off on a piece o' paper and brought it all the way to Kentucky for you to make a quilt by.' Henrietta brought the worsted for me, for she said it had to be jest the colors o' that pavement over yonder, and I made it that very winter."

Aunt Jane was regarding the quilt with worshipful eyes, and it really was an effective combination of color and form.

"Many a time while I was piecin' that," she said, "I thought about the man that laid the pavement in that old church, and wondered what his name was, and how he looked, and what he'd think if he knew there

was a old woman down here in Kentucky usin' his patterns to make a bed-quilt."

It was indeed a far cry from the Florentine artisan of centuries ago to this humble worker in calico and worsted, but between the two stretched a cord of sympathy that made them one — the eternal aspiration after beauty.

— *Eliza Calvert Hall.*

LOYAL HEARTS

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
  And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
  A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
  'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

— *Madeline S. Bridges.*

THE COST OF CLEANLINESS

The family budget has been steadily increasing. The air-space a given income could provide has been diminishing and, in general, the cost of living has become a heavier and heavier burden, until thoughtful students of social conditions wonder what the end will be.

This estimate is intended for the intelligent family with $1500 to $3000 a year income. This family has the most difficult problem of any to solve, and it should have the best help in solving it. The present article is written from the viewpoint of the householder, the spender of the income, and it is with the house as the social unit that the discussion begins.

Cleanness is the state of being free from all objectionable matter, and when the sanitary engineer and the home-economics teacher preach the gospel of cleanliness to the distraught housewife, it behooves them to know just what they are demanding of her in the cost of money, time and strength.

Dirt is introduced into the house in three ways:

1. Faulty construction and management.
2. Careless habits of occupants.
3. Municipal neglect.

There are three ways to secure better conditions:

1. To rebuild old houses.
2. Education for permanent reform.
3. Employment of preventive methods.

The cost of cleaning may be lessened by

1. Scientific, dust and vermin-proof construction.
2. Prevention of entrance and lodgment of dirt:
   (*a*) Use of fine screens and of mechanical ventilation.
   (*b*) Use of putty and paint.
   (*c*) Banishment of all unnecessary articles.
   (*d*) Municipal care of refuse.

Dirt once in, there are needed methods of routing it out in more economical fashion than at present, no matter how it gains entrance.

The question before us is how much does it cost to keep this rented (or owned) space in a sufficiently cleanly condition; that is, in such a condition that it offers no menace to the health of neighbors and affords that protection to its occupants which the very idea of home implies.

The conclusion arrived at may be stated before giving the argument. The author believes that not less than one quarter of the sum paid for rent will in any case be sufficient to keep the family shelter "just above the diphtheria level", as one intelligent housewife pertinently remarked it was her practical aim to do.

To keep a house, used throughout as is the custom to-day, with the usual style of serving meals in many courses, in really sanitary condition, and to do this under the circumstances imposed by the prevailing low ideals of personal and municipal customs, the author believes will require a sum equal to half as much as is paid for rent, or 12.5 per cent of the total income. For the three grades considered ($1500

income, $2000 income, $3000 income), this would be $187, $250 and $375 respectively.

Where this sum is not paid, one of two conditions exists: either the standard is not kept up, or the housewife spends a large portion of her unpaid, uncounted, unrewarded time upon the work of keeping her house clean. Therefore the statement of costs is misleading unless her wages are added to the income, as the author considers they should be.

If the housewife furnishes $800 worth of work in the house, the family income should be counted as $2800 and not $2000.

It is agreed that the house should be maintained in a cleanly condition, in spite of the requisite cost. A clean house means clean people and a clean city. To attain this condition demands a reform in the habits of the people and an increase in taxes for public works. This will be accomplished only when the economy of the increase becomes apparent.

The following detailed estimate is offered: To remove dust and tracked-in dirt in an ordinary eight-room house costs eighteen hours a week, fifty weeks in a year, or nine hundred hours. If there is a furnace and frequent open fires, four special cleanings of twenty hours each, in the year, or eighty hours, are sufficient. The washing of windows takes ten hours a month, of blinds and porches eight hours more, or ninety-six hours a year. The washing of walls and paint needs fifteen hours twice a year; and with a library, fifteen hours four times a year, or ninety hours, making a total of 1286 hours, or the time of a maid at fifty-six hours a week for twenty-three weeks in the year.

If this cleaning is done by an unskilled maid at $4 a week wages, working fifty-six hours a week for twenty-two weeks, it will cost $88; or, if counted as average house wages of eight cents an hour, $98. Too many houses show inefficient work in the character of the cleaning. Apartment houses have been known to "furnish care" in the form of one maid to twenty-seven rooms and nine bath-rooms!

If outside help is employed (which shows the real cost, as the housed and fed maid does not) at fifteen cents an hour, the work will cost $185.

If this cleaning is done largely by an installed vacuum cleaner, the interest on the plant and the higher cost of labor will probably amount to a similar sum.

It is true that a well-built apartment house offers eight rooms that may be kept in apparent order for a quarter of this sum, and that is one of the temptations of such living.

If a family would go through its detached house and remove half of the objects in it; would use paint, putty and enamel to render surfaces smooth, and then would institute a rigid economy of dust entrance by windows, clothes and boots, it might be clean with no greater expense than that involved in the apartment. It is surprising the number of things we can do without when we have no place for them. A lady once remarked: "When one moves, family gods become family devils."

Laundry and cleansing of bedding, table, kitchen linen, and towels, costs not less than $40 a year per person, if the standard is kept up.

The time spent in cleaning dishes, silver, etc., for

one family living in moderate luxury is six hours a day; six times 300 equals 1800 hours, $180, or more than the house-cleaning.

For a family of five on a $3000 income:

House-cleaning	$185.00
Care of utensils	180.00
Laundry for house for five persons	200.00
	$565.00

In the rural community less of the house room is used daily. One set of china, fewer napkins, curtains, bed linen, etc., are handled, and a room once cleaned stays clean longer. But, on the other hand, there is more shed and out-house space, more field dirt and barnyard filth to be guarded against. Real country dwellers, back from automobile roads, suffer less from the matter of dust (although the automobile is making many a country house close to the road uninhabitable), but more from insect pests. Here, again, cleanliness comes in to prevent insects. Screened stables, covered and screened manure piles, underground sink-drains, filled pools, drained marshes, improve these conditions and add to real cleanliness. There is less care put upon these points in the country and hence the health of the rural dweller suffers, as does that of the city boarder.

The trouble is, cause and effect are not put together.

Change in habits brings change in dangers. The excess of water drawn from grandfather's well is returned without the complete purification of the earlier time when a gallon a day per person was ample.

House-cleaning, as usually interpreted, means a dusting of pictures and walls, bric-a-brac and books, beating of upholstered furniture, wiping of woods and metals, and, finally, cleaning of floors, carpets, rugs, or bare wood or tile mosaic. If rugs are frequently taken out, the coarse dust is taken with them, but, alas! is distributed back by the wind and into other houses.

The substances to be removed are fly-spots, sooty dust, fine house dust or "lint" from the wear of textiles, street dust coming in through furnace cold-air boxes and windows, as well as that brought in on clothes and shoes.

Two-thirds of this might be prevented by having the upper half of the windows screened to keep out flies and street dust, and by an outer shoe-cleaning closet until the streets are better cared for.

The cold-air box for the furnace should be large enough to permit of screening. Children should be trained to put things away and to wipe their feet on entering the house. Dirty boots cause unnecessary work.

The laundering and dry-cleaning of textiles, curtains, portières, bed-covers, bureau-scarfs, etc., means something, as these things abound. If the cost were counted of keeping these things fresh and really beautiful, four-fifths of them would be put away into the linen closet and no fresh ones would be purchased. Good color effects may be gained by fewer, carefully-chosen materials which will not clash with each other.

The dangers of the absorbent surfaces of household stuffs stand out when we look at them as harborers

of the fly and his foot-prints, and of mosquitoes, as well as of the ubiquitous germ.

Prevention of wear is a saving, in that the freshness of the articles is preserved, for most covers, rugs and curtains lose in beauty by being cleaned. Table linen and bed linen, on the other hand, gain in beauty by reasonable use.

House dust is always likely to be infected dirt. What more unhygienic and uneconomic proceeding, then, than to beat the neighborhood rugs on the neighborhood lawn or piazza, and thus mix the various characters and redistribute them into every room in the region to settle throughout the week in a new composite! To shake rugs and dusters out of the window in a closely-settled section should be a punishable offence, as also should be the sweeping of house and porch dirt on to the sidewalk or into the street.

— *Ellen H. Richards.*

THE HUMAN MIRACLE

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

WORK — A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire —
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain, and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare —
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, swift, keen race of it,
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to reach the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,

Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies, faster, faster,
Triumphing ever over disaster;
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan, Work, the Friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills —
Bending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where no one may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of Work!

— *Angela Morgan.*

THE MORTGAGE ON INGLE-NOOK

Things had been going badly at Ingle-Nook for the last three years.

It was a little homestead, costing only two thousand dollars in the first place, into which John Holding had put all his savings, and where he had settled down very contentedly with his wife and his daughter Hope, then a girl of thirteen.

Up to that time John Holding had been a hard-working man, or he would never have saved two thousand dollars by hiring farms and carrying them on, digging his scanty gains out of the reluctant New England soil.

But for some years his health had been failing him. Most of his people had died of consumption; you could read it on their gravestones in one corner of the Ashford churchyard.

John's own chest was narrow; and when he began to complain of a constant pain in his left side, his wife made up her mind that he should do no more hard work.

It was her earnest entreaty that finally decided him to buy Ingle-Nook from the Scotchman who had owned and named it; to give up trying to carry on large farms, and to settle down on this little place for the rest of his life.

Mrs. Holding was not an ambitious woman. She would be quite satisfied if they could live comfortably and let Hope go to school a while longer. And they managed to live very comfortably at Ingle-Nook.

There was a good garden where they raised all their own vegetables. There was land enough to keep two cows, and Mrs. Holding's butter, the best in Ashford, sold for enough to buy their groceries and their meat. They kept hens in plenty and had eggs to use and to sell, and chickens to kill and eat for high festival days. Then there was the pig, — that main-stay of a country farmer's larder, — and there were apple-trees that bore good fruit, and currant-bushes and a pear-tree or two that the Scotch owner of the place had set out, and a fine strawberry-bed that he had made.

Altogether it was a very wonderful place to get for two thousand dollars; and Fergus Graham would never have sold it for so low a price but that his very heart was hungry for the moors and the heather of his native Scotland.

For a year after they went to Ingle-Nook the Holding family were fortunate even beyond their expectations.

Hope went to school and studied hard, and on the little place everything prospered.

The vegetables thrived, the strawberry-bed yielded miraculously, the apple-trees bore bounteously, the milk and butter were of the best, and the very pig was the pride of the place.

Then troubles began to come. John Holding took cold. The pain in his side grew worse. He had to hire help for some of the work on his little place; and at last, for many months of the winter, he was laid up in bed.

He grew better when the warm spring days came;

but all through the year gone by they had been running behindhand, getting trusted here and borrowing money there.

Then, as if misfortune pursued them, as John Holding grew better, his wife became ill in her turn. Her anxiety of the past winter, or her extra work, or both together, had been too much for her, and now she, too, needed doctor and medicine and extra comforts. So more money was borrowed, and more bills were run up.

All this time Hope kept on with her school. She had wanted to stay at home and do her utmost to help; but about this one thing Mrs. Holding was resolute. Hope should not leave school until she was sixteen. Then, perhaps, she could teach or — something. "Something" is the safe generalization in which the native-born Yankee always takes refuge.

So Hope struggled on, getting up with the earliest light of morning to do all the work she could before school began; hurrying home at noon to help about putting on dinner and clearing it away; and then going home again at night to do whatever had been left undone.

It was a hard life, yet it did not seem to hurt Hope Holding. She was the typical New England girl, with blue eyes and brown hair, and slight, wiry, well-knit figure. She looked frail like the rest of her type, but she had in her a wonderful capital of endurance.

As the third winter at Ingle-Nook of this little household wore away, Mrs. Holding recovered her accustomed health, and their happy days might have come

back again but for the heavy debts which weighed them down.

It was Hope who was the first to propose mortgaging the little home. Her sixteenth birthday was near at hand; and young as she was, she possessed more force of character, and had more resources within herself, than either of her parents.

She came home one night with her plan all matured. They should mortgage the place for one thousand dollars and pay all the outstanding debts, and then they could look people in the face again, and they would go to work, all three, and clear off the homestead. She knew it was bad policy to mortgage a home, but present debts must be paid.

She succeeded even better than she had expected; for the very next day, when she came home from school, her father showed her a copy of a mortgage on which he had that day borrowed a thousand dollars of Jonas Flint, who had, within the last year, bought the farm next to Ingle-Nook. The mortgage was to run for three years from the first of May, — it was then April 30th, — interest, meanwhile at the rate of six per cent to be paid upon the money advanced. Hope read the document twice over carefully, then she said:

"Why, father, this binds you not only to raise the interest on this money yearly, but to pay the whole sum back in three years, or Squire Flint can foreclose and have the place sold by auction."

"Yes," said John Holding, rather uneasily, "that *is* what it looks like. Squire Flint said it had better be a mortgage on time. It seemed more ship-shape; but, of course, he'd let me renew it when the three

years are out. It *don't* stand to reason that we can make a thousand dollars in three years, besides paying out sixty dollars each year for interest, when we had about all we could do to live before we owed anything."

"Does Squire Flint *want* this place?"

"Well, yes, he does; wants it bad. He tried to buy it of me before he lent me the money. He said that, joining right on to his, it would be very handy for him to own."

"Yes, I thought he wanted it," Hope said, quietly, and just then she said no more.

That night John Holding went to bed early, as his wont was, and Mrs. Holding sat up a little later to have a good-night talk with Hope, as her wont was. Those were happy half-hours to her, when Hope sat on a low stool at her feet, the girl's brown head just within reach of her motherly hand, and they talked over all their little interests together. There was between them a perfect sympathy; they understood each other better than the husband and father understood either of them, dearly as they both loved him.

"I'm afraid father's made a mistake, mamsie, dear," said Hope, anxiously. "When I urged the mortgage I never thought of his hurrying it up so; and I never *did* think of Squire Flint. You see, he *wants* the place. No doubt he would have bought it now for what father paid for it; but he thinks if he waits three years and forecloses, he may very likely get it for half price; for things never bring what they are worth at a forced sale."

"What *shall* we do?" the mother asked, turning

quite naturally to that girl, whose sixteenth birthday would be on the morrow, for counsel.

"In the first place," said Hope, "we must *not* set father to worrying. He isn't strong and it would be very easy for him to make himself sick with anxiety. We'll never put it in his head that Squire Flint won't renew the mortgage."

"But there's the interest, deary, and it *was* about all we could do to live before. But I suppose we can save somehow. I should be just as well off without tea."

Hope laughed, a girlish, cheery laugh that comforted her mother more than any words would have done.

"Foolish mamsie!" she said. "You don't drink six dollars' worth of tea in a year, to say nothing of sixty. No, I have thought it all out. You shall promise me, solemnly promise me, that neither you nor father will go without any little comfort you are accustomed to have. If you don't promise me that, you'll make me so unhappy that I can't do anything. But just let me be sure that you and father are comfortable and *I'll* see about the interest."

"*You* will?" in a sort of admiring, awe-struck tone. "Teach school, I s'pose?"

School-teaching was the one orthodox use of brains and a reasonably good education which naturally suggested itself to a woman of Mrs. Holding's type; but Hope had other views.

"No, mamsie, dear," she said, coaxingly. "You must let me try a plan of my own. To teach a country district school, and that's all that I'm fit for, pays in

our town very poorly. You must just let me have a little money to start with. There'll be some left out of that thousand dollars when all the outstanding debts are paid. I want to go to the city. You know how often they have asked me to come to Aunt Hannah Flynn's. Her two daughters are employed in their uncle's business, and they make much more than I could make teaching school. I've had this plan in my mind a year now, and that's why I have studied so hard at arithmetic and bookkeeping. You just coax father into letting me try my own plan, and I feel sure I can take care of myself and the interest."

"But at the end?" the mother asked, doubtingly.

"Oh, we won't be troubled about the end yet. At the very, very worst, if Squire Flint won't renew, and we can't raise the money, we'll make a stir and try and sell the place for as much as father gave for it, and then we should be a thousand dollars, and all our furniture and farming things and two cows, to the good."

"You are my help and my comfort," the mother said, bending over and kissing the face which was so like the resurrection of her own youthful self, only with a look of power and resolution in it such as the mother never had. "You are my comfort, darling, and my pain, too. How can I bear that you should take our burdens upon you, and that the days of your youth should be full of hardship and anxiety?"

"They won't be full of hardship, mamsie, never fear that; and as for anxiety, could *you* be anxious and *I* not be anxious, too, wherever I am?"

Her father did not approve of country girls' seek-

ing employment in the city. The dangers were too great. But he knew that his daughter would be safe among friends who would carefully watch over her, and give her unusual advantages, so at last he consented.

Another week found Hope in the sitting-room of Aunt Hannah Flynn's house on the lower part of Fourth Avenue. Aunt Hannah was no "truly aunt", as the children say, but only an old neighbor, so kindly and helpful that everybody called her Aunt Hannah. She was full of earnest sympathy in Hope's projects, and so were her two daughters.

"If only you could keep books, now," said one of the girls.

"Why?" asked Hope, quietly, a light coming into her blue eyes.

"Why, because our second bookkeeper is going to leave. She told me to-day that she was going to give notice to-morrow that she wanted to leave as soon as they could find some one to fill her place. Now if you could keep books, we could speak for you before anybody else knew."

Hope said nothing for a moment or two; then she asked, quietly:

"Aunt Hannah, do you believe in special Providences?"

"Yes, child, surely; but why do you ask now?"

"Because this seems like one to me. All last year I had it in mind to do something of this sort, and I just studied arithmetic and bookkeeping as if my life depended on it. Do I look too dreadfully young?"

The oldest Miss Flynn, herself nearly thirty years old, looked the girl over critically.

"Well, you do look young, there's no getting over that," she said, regretfully; "but I don't see why they mightn't take you on trial Mr. Morrison likes girls from the country, and I think my recommendation would go for something, I've been there so long."

So it came to pass that when the second bookkeeper, Miss Hardy, gave in her resignation, the eldest Miss Flynn proposed and earnestly recommended her friend for the vacant place, and suggested that she should come for a week before Miss Hardy left, and get an insight into her new duties.

Mr. Morrison had pretty well committed himself before seeing Hope; but when he looked at her girlish figure and sixteen-years-old girl's face, he was half inclined to draw back. Hope looked at him with those appealing blue eyes that were always wont to get their own way somehow, and said:

"Couldn't you just try me? I couldn't do much harm in a week or two; and you don't know how anxious I am to do well. It is a matter of life and death to me."

Mr. Morrison looked at the eager young face. He had daughters of his own. What if one of them were reduced to such necessity that a place as second bookkeeper was "matter of life and death"?

"Very well," he said, kindly. "You shall have your trial, and I am sure I hope you will succeed. If you find that you can fill the place, I will give you ten dollars a week the first year and two weeks' vacation."

Hope had no time until night to think how well off she was. Every energy was absorbed in watching all that Miss Hardy did, and striving to learn, to the minutest detail, the duties that would be expected of her. When at last she reached the friendly refuge of Aunt Hannah's sitting-room she became exultant, but quietly so; for it was her nature to take all the great things of life quietly.

"I shall have five hundred dollars a year," she said, joyfully, "and one can do so much with that."

"Five hundred a year if you succeed," said the oldest Miss Flynn, who had ceased years ago to take too hopeful a view of life.

"But I *shall* succeed."

That night Hope did not sleep much. Should she be able to carry out her plans? She would have two hundred and fifty dollars a year after her board was paid; and first out of that must come the interest. Then clothes! She was so skilful with her needle that she thought she could make another sixty dollars answer for that. Then she would have just a hundred and thirty dollars left towards clearing off the mortgage. And three times one hundred and thirty was just three hundred and ninety.

Do the sum how she might, it came out always the same; and there was no earthly means by which three hundred and ninety dollars could be made to lift a mortgage of one thousand. If it were anybody but Squire Flint who held it! but Hope had perception enough of character to know that not in Squire Flint's direction could she look for help or mercy.

At last she calmed her untranquil thoughts. Surely

God was in heaven still, and able to help; and the way to begin her new duties successfully was not to go to them tired and worried.

Young as the girl was, she gave perfect satisfaction in her place. Mr. Morrison was almost astonished at her zeal and activity until, one day, the eldest Miss Flynn, of whom he asked some questions about his new bookkeeper, told him her story; and after that he understood Hope and silently sympathized with her.

At the end of a year Hope went home. She had chosen for her vacation the last week of April and the first week of May, much to the satisfaction of the others, who wished to get away in the midsummer heats. Her payments of the interest due Squire Flint had been punctual; no trouble, therefore, had pressed upon the father and mother at home.

I could never tell you how lovely home looked to this girl, who, for the first time in her life had been shut up among brick walls.

It was an early spring, and already, that first of May which was Hope's birthday, the apple-trees had begun to open their soft pink blossoms to the wooing sun. The trees had put on their tender spring green. The birds sang, the brooks frolicked down the hills, the violets filled the hollows with their blue beauty, and the whole world seemed to be singing together that May had come.

"Oh, this lovely, lovely home!" Hope said to herself a hundred times a day. *Could* they part with it? No; and, please God, she would save it."

But *how* she hardly knew. She had done her very best in the year just past.

She had paid the interest; she had bought herself only the clothes she found absolutely necessary, and a few gifts to bring home to the dear father and mother; and she had saved one hundred and twenty dollars, — ten less than she had meant to save. But that was only one year; and for next year she had a new plan, which she mentioned to no one, but pondered hopefully in her heart.

The commencement of her second year was crowned with good fortune. No sooner had she returned to the store than Mr. Morrison sent for her, and told her that her salary was to be raised two dollars a week. There, of itself, would be another hundred to lay up. Then came the execution of her cherished and secret plan.

Morrison's, as I have said, was a trimming store, and the fashion for art embroidery was just coming in. Embroidery on mummy-cloth and on canvas for room decoration; embroidery on silk and satin and muslin for ladies' gowns; embroidery on all kinds of stuffs, in all kinds of devices. Seeing this artistic handiwork had given Hope her idea. She believed that she could design and embroider something not unworthy of exhibition with the rest.

Already, in her long winter evenings, she had studied all she could about object-drawing; and now, when the long days were coming in, she meant to try what she could do. She bought her materials and shut herself up in her room.

On a soft white worsted fabric she wrought the long green leaves and lovely purple-blue blossoms of the *fleur-de-lis*, blending them with soft meadow-

grasses, and made a set of curtains for a connoisseur to go wild about. She took them, when they were done, to Mr. Morrison. He looked at them and bought them at once.

"If you can design like this," he said, "you ought not to be keeping books."

So all that year Hope worked on at her art embroidery, and not one word about it crept into her letters home. When her second vacation came, besides all that she had paid for interest and spent for clothes, she had saved in all four hundred and fifty dollars toward the mortgage. But would she be able to lay up five hundred and fifty more in the next year? More than ever she felt that the place *must* be saved.

She could see that her mother was failing somewhat; that her steps were slower and wearier than of old, and her face paler. She longed to come home from the city for good, and lift the burdens of life from those dear bent shoulders, and stay here in this sweet country stillness and beauty "through summer of sun and winter of snow."

She went back, and again her salary was increased; henceforth she would have fifteen dollars a week. But her expenses increased somewhat, also. She insisted on paying a little more for her board, and her clothes had to be more fully replenished than before. She could surely count on saving from her salary three hundred, or three hundred and fifty dollars besides the interest money, which, to Squire Flint's secret disgust, she paid with the punctuality of clock-work.

That summer she worked too hard; she made, before winter came, a hundred dollars at her embroidery, but she had exhausted herself. Try how she would, no new design would come to her. She knew well that she needed rest; but how could she rest, when, to her unquiet mind and foreboding heart, no rest was possible? She could see that by May-day she would have at least nine hundred dollars; but she knew that to be a hundred short would be as bad as to lack the whole thousand, with Squire Flint for creditor.

The last week in December came a letter from her mother, in which occurred this passage:

"Squire Flint is trying to buy this place. He says if we will give him possession the first of January, he'll pay fifteen hundred dollars down; and he's pretty sure it won't bring more than a thousand if we let it come to auction. What do you say, daughter?"

Hope's reply was brief, energetic, and to the point:

"I say, Never! Hold on to the very end. Who knows what may turn up between now and then? And if the worst comes to the worst, I know I can find some one to give as much as fifteen hundred dollars then."

And, indeed, whether she earned her extra hundred or not, Hope began to see her way clear to save the beloved home and meet Squire Flint triumphantly. She had had proof enough of Mr. Morrison's kind feeling toward her to feel sure that, all else failing, if she went to him and told him her story, he

would advance her a hundred dollars on her next year's salary.

She would do this, then, if she could do nothing better; but it was not what she wanted. She wanted to pay the whole sum; to have the homestead free; to be free herself; to leave the city, which could never seem home, but only a great big place to stay and work in; to go home to the birds and the flowers, the trees that swayed to the wind's breath, and above all, to the dear father and mother, who needed her more with every passing year.

Just then she saw the offer of a premium for a design for the arrangement of a room, to be sent in by the middle of March and decided on by the middle of April. The prize was two hundred dollars. If she could win *that*, then indeed would her task be done and she could enter on the sweetness of her rest.

She thought of it by day, she dreamed of it by night. At first her mind seemed a blank. Not one image of beauty would rise before her tired eyes; but one day, as she was walking home at a little past six, through the streets already brightly lighted, she saw, in a florist's window, something that looked to her like a bit of Ashford, though coming when the winter snows were white, it must have been the growth of some conservatory.

It was a bed of soft green moss, and from it rose arbutus flowers, pale and sweet, as if moonlight itself had tinted them, and among these blossoms delicate sprays of maidenhair fern.

Here was her design, half made already. She determined to call her pattern the "Ingle-Nook",

after the dear home she prayed Heaven it might help to save. She hurried through it feverishly; arranged it for curtains, mantel-piece, table-cover, and a frieze for the walls. And then she sent it off with an unspoken prayer.

The weeks went on, and her suspense became almost intolerable. At last, on the fifteenth of April, an envelope was handed her at the store, which she knew must contain her fate. She put it quietly into her pocket and finished the duties of the day. Then she walked home as one in a dream. She had not the courage to open it until she was quite alone in her own room.

There she broke the seal at last, and kind Aunt Hannah heard a sudden, eager cry, and then a fall. She hurried upstairs. For the first time in her life Hope had fainted; but she held in her hand a check for two hundred dollars.

When she left the store, at the beginning of the last week in April, she told Mr. Morrison that she should not return. She had concluded to remain at home and devote herself to designing.

Once more at Ingle-Nook, she had a hard struggle to keep her happy secret; but she had labored too long for the glad, crowning surprise of that first day of May to cheat herself of it by speaking sooner. It came at last, and with it Squire Flint, mortgage in hand.

"I am very glad you brought that paper," Hope said, forestalling his intended allusion to it. "My father is out just now; but in his absence I will, in his behalf, pay you in full and trouble you for a receipt."

"HERE WAS HER DESIGN, HALF MADE ALREADY

"Je—rubabel!" Squire Flint was heard to mutter, under his breath; but he was too proud to show his wounds. He accepted the position gracefully, and offered the most civil of congratulations with his receipt.

I honestly believe that Hope Holding was the happiest girl in Connecticut that day; happy as her parents were, *she* was happier; happiest of all when her mother kissed her, and said, fondly:

"Ah! I did well to name you Hope. You have been my Hope and my Joy!"

— *Louise Chandler Moulton.*

HAPPINESS

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE DAUGHTER

She does not believe in the saying, "Every one must live his own life." She believes in the saying, "We are members one of another." Rather, she does believe that every one must live his own life, but she also believes that her life is but one of several strands braided together. So each wire in the rope that holds the suspension-bridge must bear its own share of the common burden; but it can do so only as it shares that burden with the other strands. She lives her own life, but that is the life of a sister to her brothers and a daughter to her parents.

She is comrade to her brothers. She is fellow with them in their studies, and when she can she joins with them in their sports. Their favorite encomium is, "She is bully, you know;" or "She is a lady, but she is no coward; she can do things." She appreciates their chivalry and so inspires it. There are, to her thinking, no boys quite like her brothers, and so, to their thinking, there are no girls quite like their sister. She accepts their protection and they accept her services. She never attempts to hold them back from adventurous undertakings merely because they are too adventurous for her; and if she is sometimes more carefully conscientious than they are, she never makes her conscience a law for their governance. If she does not think that she must live her own life, she is quite sure that they must live theirs, and she never endeavors to make their conduct conform to her tastes or her conscience. She has nothing of the feminine Pharisee about her.

Almost from her babyhood she is the companion of her mother; she early grows to be her mother's confidant. It is her childish pride to be her mother's helper, to do the things her mother does. Her mother is her Madonna. As she grows into early womanhood she grows into a clearer comprehension of what the home is: a rest and refuge from the strenuous and stormy life outside, and a tonic to virtue and an inspiration to vigor in that life. To make home pure and wholesome, so to minister in it that it shall provide for her brothers as free an atmosphere as the club, and a better table and a jollier companionship — this is her growing ambition.

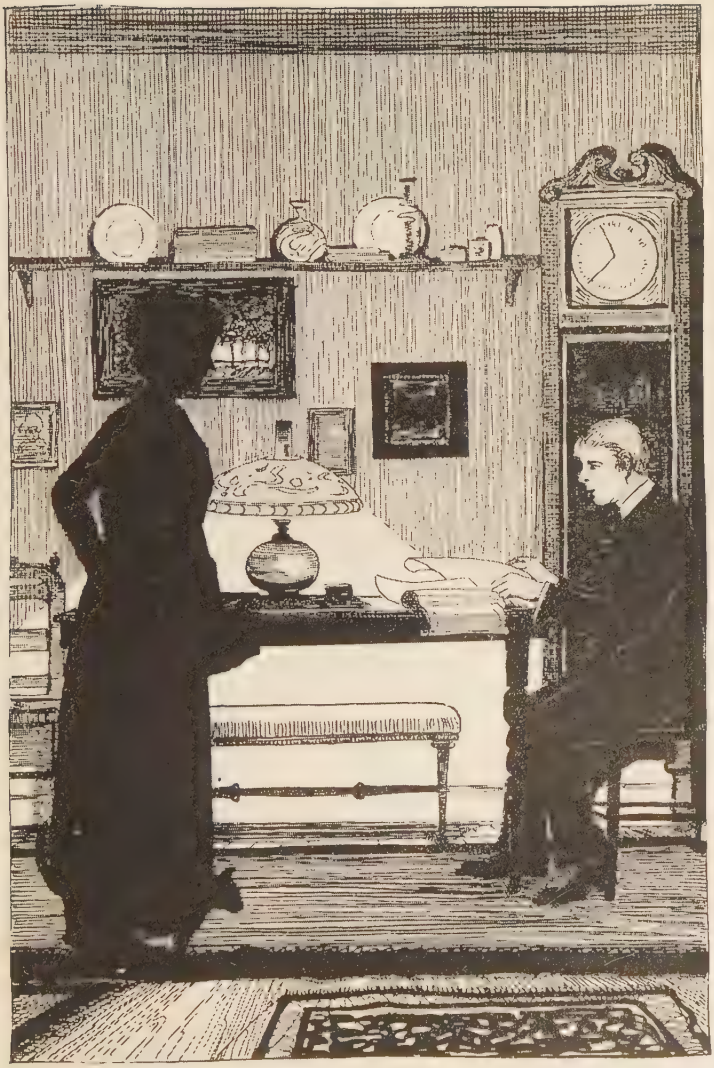
She gradually assumes a share in her mother's responsibilities as well as in her mother's work, and becomes the counsellor of her on whose counsels she once so implicitly depended. As she goes to school, and perhaps to college, their lives diverge, but their affections are not weakened. New vistas open before her which her mother never saw, new impulses she experiences which her mother never experienced. She welcomes them. But they do not separate her from her mother. And because she still respects convictions of her mother which she no longer possesses, her mother respects the convictions of her daughter which she never possessed.

The companion and confidant of her mother, she becomes comrade to her father. Neither is conscious of the process. She does not believe that business and politics are dull, nor does she think that nothing is worth listening to which she does not instantly understand. She listens, at first with an amused, later with

an eager interest, to the table-talk of her father and his visitors. And from their conversation she learns in time more of banking or trade or politics or law or pedagogy or theology than some of her companions learn from the lecturers and textbooks in their schools. Some day she surprises her father with a question which shows how much unconscious training her womanly insight has had — and thereafter father and daughter are intellectual comrades.

Thus, while from her school or college the daughter brings to the home the reflection and the impulses of a larger life than the home knows, she is getting from the home the influence of a more practical life than the school or college knows. She receives by contributing and contributes by receiving. Because of her companionship in the daily life of her mother and her father, they enter into companionship in the results of her academic training. The home shows gradually the influence of the more modern thought and the better taste, in art and literature, which she brings into it. The chromo on the wall is replaced by the photograph or the etching. The subscription-book peddler knocks at the door in vain, and some excellent classical series replaces the miscellaneous collection of the cheaper current literature.

Father, mother, brother, sister, has lived each his own life; but because they have been members one of another the life of the home is larger and richer than any one alone could have made it. Yes! larger and richer than all combined could have made it, if each had not brought into it some experience which no other one had to bring. — *Lyman Abbott.*



FATHER AND DAUGHTER

ECONOMY IN HOME MANAGEMENT

The extreme economies practiced in former years are beyond doubt questionable in these days of astonishing increase in the production of wealth. Time has become too valuable to be profitably spent in weaving rag carpets merely to save the rags. The same holds true of many occupations of the earlier housekeeper. The taking of these occupations from the home and the development of them into independent industries has liberated much time and strength which it is the duty of the housewife not to waste. The changes have been phenomenally rapid, and adjustment could hardly be expected to keep pace, but there is much to indicate an appreciation of the situation on the part of many women and a sincere desire and endeavor to coöperate in meeting the changes intelligently.

It is not enough that we be well-intentioned, since even then we may be painfully or harmfully extravagant through ignorance. We must know, not only that pure food, hygienic clothing and durable furnishings are good, but we must know what constitutes them and how to secure them. Otherwise we must be classed among the extravagant.

No true economy can be practiced in the home until a standard is adopted by all the members of the family, in which there is agreement of effort to promote the family well-being, at the same time that all unite to accept with intelligent grace the common deprivations necessary to lessen family waste either of money, labor, time, health, strength, or possessions.

Only by keeping an accurate record of expenditures can one follow the outgo so as to find how the standards of the family measure up to the ideal. Without indisputable facts in black and white one is easily deceived. It is natural to feel that economy is being practiced when many a coveted article is resisted. The year's bill, with its record of many other indulgences, is sometimes a rude but wholesome awakening. Twenty-five cents to-day and another to-morrow for some luxury in food seems too slight to take account of, but multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five the increase in the food-expense becomes a considerable sum. It is well to look frequently to aggregated expenses like these.

A regular income is the fortunate arrangement in many families. This tends to develop thrift and to remove the tendency to run up bills leading to debts. The tendency then is to live up to the limit of the income, and the division for saving and higher life in general is usually small. It is found that salaried people seldom get deeply in debt, but also seldom accumulate very much.

For those without regular and known income the problem of apportioning expenditures is very difficult. The only safe course is to determine upon a definite minimum income. The surplus will then be an unexpected pleasure.

The actual percentage of the income allowed for each division will depend chiefly upon two things; namely, the size of the income, and the ideals or standards of the family. The necessities of life must be provided and, if the income is small, barely enough to

cover these needs, there is little choice left but to spend all for them. Yet, as a matter of fact, choice is possible for most families. While a large wage-earning class are receiving smaller incomes than one would wish, at the same time we find choice playing an important rôle in determining the purchases of the day-laborer, as well as of those who are not limited for money. In fact, it is with those who can least afford to be governed by caprice that the most pitiful lawlessness in these things prevails because of ignorance.

The question of buying or renting a house which shall offer shelter and make a home for the family is often a difficult one in these days. Formerly private possession was much more universal than at the present time. It is more or less impossible within a wide radius of the centre of our largest cities to-day to buy a single house at any price. For this reason people are more and more forced to rent, and must share a house with other families, usually, in double houses, apartments or flats. Many of the objections which are to be urged against boarding are equally forceful for this manner of living. The too close proximity of others is a misfortune, yet it is preferable to boarding, since some privacy and individuality may still be preserved. Some, feeling the natural instinct of ownership too strongly to be content to give it up so completely, will prefer to go into the suburbs and rely upon electric cars or other means of transportation.

The advantages of owning a home, when it is at all possible or feasible, far outweigh these disadvantages. Renting tends to develop demoralizing habits of carelessness and indifference. The word "home" should

have a meaning for us vastly deeper and richer than can be bounded by four walls, or than can be centred in material or outward covering, yet all such aids prove vital in developing and strengthening the highest regard for the name with children. The man or woman is to be profoundly pitied to whose mind the name does not recall a definite and loved spot as the home of childhood.

Nothing contributes more surely and steadily to the development of a worthy citizen and, through him, of a worthy community, than proprietorship in his home. It removes the temptation to move from place to place — always a great hindrance to the development of an ideal home. The family that rents tends to disregard property rights and to enter with less pride or concern into the neighborhood life. As soon as a home, however humble, is acquired, a pride is taken in it and its surroundings, and the sense of personal responsibility for the tone of the community is much keener.

In providing for shelter, either by buying or renting, three factors should play a part: (1) sanitary requirements; (2) those things which, like location and architectural appearance, answer the social requirements; (3) standards of living. Sanitary requirements may well be placed first. Money is well and economically expended which secures the best possible sanitary conditions. Failure at this point has cost many families far more than the two or three dollars' difference per month in rents by adding doctor's bills — most uneconomical of all expenditures — to the lowering of vitality and decreasing of efficiency.

Distinction should be made between essentials and non-essentials, between showy cheats and real worth. Bright gilding does not make good plumbing, nor does an especially fine porch bespeak a carefully constructed cellar. Some of the principal requisites are: Ample air-space for each individual (300 cubic feet for each person having been found to be the lowest amount permissible); light, fresh air and water in abundance. Drainage conditions should be above suspicion within and without. A house should be so constructed as to require the minimum of labor to care for it. The housewife will be surprised, in her search for these requirements, to find what poor provisions exist in most houses. The demand for the best sanitary conditions has been so slight, up to the present time, that those who build have not found it essential to give them large attention, since selling or renting so seldom depends upon these things.

When all the main avenues of expense have been carefully considered, to eliminate excessive or unnecessary expenditure, there remains for the thrifty housewife the daily exercise of much watchful care over the "littles" which otherwise astonishingly run up the expense. A three-burner chandelier ablaze, instead of one Welsbach burner which would give better light at less than a third the cost; a range fire started, at the loss of at least a hod of coal, to prepare a warm dish for supper, when the use of gas or oil stove for a short time would accomplish the desired result much more cheaply; daily orders in piecemeal over a limited telephone service, because the difference is not considered sufficiently important to necessitate the thought

required to combine all the orders for that day, or for several days, in one message: these are all trifles in themselves, but five cents here and ten there make a surprisingly large difference in the sum total.

The difference between skilful, thoughtful outlay and careless spending is to be measured in the added comforts to be secured by the one who learns the secret of successful management in this group of expenses.

Bullock gives five ways in which he estimates that one-fifth of the money expended for food is actually wasted:

1. Needlessly expensive material, providing little nutrition.
2. A great deal thrown away.
3. Bad preparation.
4. Failure to select rightly according to season.
5. Badly constructed ovens.

The housewife should carefully consider these estimates and the causes most fruitful of waste in the household. Far too lavish provision is often made in ordering; study and observation must be given to the necessary quantity of meats, vegetables, etc., to be provided and served. Large portions are left to be improperly warmed over, wasted in the kitchen, or thrown away altogether. Waste in the household arises mainly from lack of thought, planning, or carefulness in detail, just as in any other business.

A study of foods and food values is necessary in order to know what less expensive material may be provided to supply the same need, but above all else must the

housewife who desires to make a study of these things, and reduce the waste in the household, realize that no waste is greater than poor material, ill prepared. The more knowledge, the more science, used for the table, should mean more, not less appetizing results.

Sufficient and suitable protection from clothing, so that one is enabled to meet the varying changes of climate without loss of energy, is a distinct advantage, offering grounds for reasonable expenditure. This should debar either too scant provision, or too great excess, which weakens power of resistance. The beautiful has a legitimate place in the consideration, but should be subordinate to health, if the two ever seem to conflict. There is, as we know, the greatest possible difference in people, in their ability to "make a little go a long way" in providing satisfactorily for clothing. Knowledge and care will aid greatly in helping one to conform to the laws both of health and beauty. A pleasing, becoming color or style is little, if any, more expensive than one which is unbecoming. One should seek to develop true individual taste and expression, relying less upon the not infallible word of dressmakers. To secure clothing, then, which shall be a protection from heat and cold should be the first motive. Along with this should go a recognition of the fact that the outer garments may be and should be a means of contributing to the pleasure of others, through a correct selection of pleasing colors and graceful forms. These may be entirely legitimate considerations, but there should not result, from over-emphasis upon them, a dwarfing of the more important things in life.

In conducting any business it is of the greatest importance: (1) to follow the receipts and expenses, (2) to keep a record of investments, and (3) to determine at the end of the year, or for a shorter period, the results of the business and the exact condition of the capital. The modern household is an intricate business concern. Its financial administration demands as perfect exactness, order and method as any other, if it is to attain in any degree its possible efficiency. Such exactness alone renders the accounts of any real worth. They may be made of priceless value in directing the activities and ministering to the comfort of all in the home.

The system employed in keeping the accounts may be very simple. The only necessary requirement is that it be sufficiently complete to record in concise, available form the facts necessary to indicate clearly the details of income and outgo. It must be possible to compare these two sides of the account at any time in order to prove that the balance, as shown by the account, corresponds with the cash on hand.

Various systems have been devised and successfully used. The efficiency of any one depends quite as much, perhaps, upon the thorough, painstaking effort of the user to bring it to its utmost point of efficiency and utility as upon the system itself.

— *Bertha M. Terrill.*

LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS

I do not think that I am far away from the truth when I say that experience and observation make me believe that about seventy-five per cent of city dwellers, and that about twenty per cent of the inhabitants of country towns, spend all that they earn, and that at least half of them have lived or are living beyond their means.

Instead of conditions changing for the better, they appear to be going the other way. Probably more people are to-day living beyond their means than there were yesterday, and there seems to be little inclination on their part to practice any sort of economy. Not only do they spend all they earn, but they anticipate their incomes or salaries, incurring indebtedness in advance of possibility of payment.

The necessities of life, and most of those things which are considered comforts, are not in normal times excessively expensive. Most of us can live comfortably on very much less money than is supposed to be necessary for right living. Foundation expenses are small, overhead excesses are large, and most of the latter contribute very little to anything worth while.

Getting behind is usually due to extravagance or to an unwillingness to do without the unnecessary.

Fully half of the financial failures are due to pure and simple extravagance in the home and to expenditure of money for personal pleasures entirely removed from necessity. Many a man, who manages his busi-

ness with anxious care, handles his personal expenses in the most extravagant and foolish way.

Not only are home and personal expenses the cause of half of the business failures, but they are in many cases the prime source of home troubles, leading to the breaking up of the home and covering nearly every form of family unpleasantness.

While money appears to be a part of business rather than of home life, the foundation of economy, or of extravagance, or of sensible or senseless expenditure, is laid in the home. Here one first begins to save money or to waste it.

The economical-at-home man or woman is usually economical in business.

Home extravagance, particularly that of clothes, has its basis in a desire to make what the world foolishly calls a good appearance, — to decorate the outside without regard to the condition or the necessity. In fact, I think that to this almost insane desire to make a so-called good appearance is due most of our extravagance in dress, in furnishings, in decoration, and in the purchase of things for show.

Indeed, the display of extravagance is always superficial. We wish to appear well before our friends and neighbors, who we think would judge us superficially. As a matter of fact, any undue attempt on our part to dress or live beyond our means works in a direction opposite to our intentions. We are not judged as superficially as we think. Most of us, particularly if we are of the middle class, are pretty fairly judged by our friends and acquaintances. They either know what our income is, or can come pretty close to it. If we

overdress ourselves, they despise us, even though they may be as guilty as we are.

If one cared nothing for truth and honesty, then he might use pretence to some advantage, provided always that he could mask it effectively, and could force it to appear what it is not. This, however, is impossible for any one to accomplish. The pretender is always the loser; in the long run surely, in the short run usually. The cold-blooded world will weigh him correctly, sooner or later.

There is absolutely nothing to be gained by living beyond one's means: first, because it prevents one from protecting oneself in case of emergency; second, because it is a precarious habit and sets a bad example; third, because it necessitates economy in some directions which may be dangerous to health and comfort; fourth, because instead of giving the credit and producing the impression desired, it always results in the opposite; fifth, because it is the forerunner of almost certain failure; sixth, it is positively dishonest; seventh, because its action is always injurious and never accomplishes anything.

We are what we are, and we are taken usually for what we are, except for a transient period or by people whose respect is worth less than nothing. We have what others think we have, and any attempt on our part to produce the impression of possessing more than we really have, can give only a boomerang result.

Living beyond one's means is not only wrong, but extremely foolish. Even the most extravagant and foolish have not a particle of respect for their own kind,

and in their hearts they admire those who have sense enough to live within their incomes.

One of the best places for the study of human nature, and for the weighing of values, is at the summer resort, especially at the summer hotel, not necessarily of the better grade, but of the highest price. Fully seven-eighths of the overdressed men and women represent neither wealth nor social position. The probabilities are that the more plainly dressed people, even though they comprise but a small percentage of the guests, collectively have a dozen times more money and more than a dozen times higher social standing.

I am aware, of course, that practically all of the multimillionaires, and all of their families, are devotees of show and style and of the display of every form of foolish and financially criminal extravagance.

The tendency toward show on the part of our wealthiest people is growing rapidly, because display offers opportunity for competition, and few men would care for very large sums of money if great wealth did not give them the chance to parade it.

But we need not draw our lesson from these over-moneyed people. Although they seem to be numerous they are in an almost microscopic minority.

Most of us compete only with our class or with one just above us. Competition means expenditure, either of energy or money, or of both. Competition has its right place in every department of human affairs; for, when considered properly, it may be an incentive, a pusher and puller, leading to better things; but when its action is devoted wholly to show purposes (and I am using the word "show" advisedly) it is a

menace to good society, disgusting and dangerous, and productive of the worst result.

Those who live beyond their means, and by that I do not mean getting in debt where there is no help for it, are positively dishonest as well as supremely foolish. Nothing is to be gained. It means the stifling of conscience, the loss of respect, the annihilation of economy, the production and development of extravagance; it stands for the ruin of the home, and the breaking down of business. It accomplishes absolutely nothing in the end. It neither creates nor holds the impression desired. It gives no return for the expenditure.

May I not paraphrase the old rule? It might truly read:

"By their extravagance may we know that they are not what they seem to be!"

—*Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.*

JUST A JOB

Is it just a job that is yours to hold,
A task that offers you so much gold,
Just so much work that is yours to do,
With never a greater goal in view?
What do you see, at your desk or loom,
Or the spot you fill in life's busy room,
Merely a flickering lamp that burns
With a sickly light as the mill-wheel turns,
And the same old grind in the same old ways
With all the to-morrows like yesterdays?

Is it just a job, just a task to do,
So many pieces to build anew?
So many figures to add, and then
Home for awhile and back again?
Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop,
Pleased when a customer fails to stop,
Finding no joy in the things you sell,
Sullenly waiting the quitting-bell?
Are your thoughts confined to the narrow space
And the dreariness of your present place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance?
The first grim post of a fine advance,
The starting place on the road which leads
To the better joys and the bigger deeds?
Do your thoughts go out to the days to be,
Can your eyes look over the drudgery
And see in the distance the splendid flow
Of the broader life that you, too, may know?
What is your view of your circumstance:
Is it just a job or a golden chance?

— *Edgar A. Guest.*

THIS DAY

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE MICAWBERS DECIDE TO EMIGRATE

Dramatization

SCENE I

Characters

Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and Six Children
Miss Betsey Trotwood
David Copperfield
Mr. Dick

(*Enter* Miss Trotwood, David Copperfield, *and* Mr. Dick. *General greetings.*)

Miss Trotwood Is this all your family?

Mr. Micawber Madam, it is a true bill.

Miss Trotwood And that eldest young gentleman, now, what has *he* been brought up to?

Mr. Micawber It was my hope when I came here to have got Wilkins into the church; or perhaps I shall express my meaning more clearly if I say into the choir. But there was no vacancy for a tenor in the venerable pile for which this city is so justly eminent; and he has, in short, contracted a habit of singing in public-houses rather than in sacred edifices.

Mrs. Micawber But he means well.

Mr. Micawber I dare say, my love, that he means particularly well; but I have not yet found that he carries out his meaning in any particular line whatsoever.

Master Micawber What am I to do? Was I born a carpenter or a coach-painter any more than I was born a bird? Can I go into the next street and open a

chemist's shop? Can I rush into the next assizes and proclaim myself a lawyer? Can I come out by force at the opera and succeed by violence? Can I do anything without being brought up to something?

Miss Trotwood Mr. Micawber, I wonder you have never turned your thoughts to emigration?

Mr. Micawber Madam, it was the dream of my youth, and the fallacious aspiration of my riper years.

Miss Trotwood Ay? Why, what a thing it would be for yourselves and your family, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, if you were to emigrate now.

Mr. Micawber Capital, Madam, capital!

Mrs. Micawber That is the principal, I may say, the only, difficulty, my dear Mr. Copperfield.

Miss Trotwood Capital! But you are doing me a great service — have done me a great service, I may say, for surely much will come out of the fire — and what could we do for you, that would be half so good as to find the capital?

Mr. Micawber I could not receive it as a gift, but if a sufficient sum could be advanced, say at five per cent interest per annum upon my personal liability — say my notes of hand at twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months, respectively, to allow time for something to turn up.

Miss Trotwood Could be? Can be and shall be, on your own terms, if you say the word. Think of this, now, both of you. Here are some people David knows, going out to Australia shortly. If you decide to go, why shouldn't you go on the same ship? Think of this now, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. Take your time and weigh it well.

Mrs. Micawber There is but one question, my dear Madam, I could wish to ask. The climate, I believe, is healthy?

Miss Trotwood Finest in the world!

Mrs. Micawber Just so. Then my question arises: now, are the circumstances of the country such that a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities would have a fair chance of rising in the social scale? I will not say, at present, might he aspire to be Governor, or anything of that sort; but would there be a reasonable opening for his talents to develop themselves that would be amply sufficient — and find their own expansion?

Miss Trotwood No better opening anywhere for a man who conducts himself well, and is industrious.

Mrs. Micawber For-a-man-who-conducts-himself-well-and-is-industrious. Precisely. It is evident to me that Australia is the legitimate sphere of action for Mr. Micawber.

Mr. Micawber I entertain the conviction, my dear Madam, that it is, under existing circumstances, the land, the only land, for myself and family; and that something of an extraordinary nature will turn up on that shore. It is no distance — comparatively speaking; and though consideration is due to the kindness of your proposal, I assure you that it is a mere matter of form. (*Exit visitors.*)

(*During this scene* Mr. Dick *seems to be taking copious notes. Whenever* Mr. Micawber *speaks of something turning up,* Mr. Dick *does so.*)

SCENE II

PLACE: *Traddles's room in* MR. MICAWBER'S *apartments*

(*Enter* MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD, DAVID COPPERFIELD, *and* TRADDLES. TRADDLES *constantly runs his finger through his hair, making it stand straight. General greetings with* MR. *and* MRS. MICAWBER.)

Miss Trotwood Well, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, pray have you thought about that emigration proposal of mine?

Mr. Micawber My dear madam, perhaps I cannot better express the conclusion at which Mrs. Micawber, your humble servant, and, I may add, our children, have jointly and severally arrived, than by borrowing the language of an illustrious poet to reply that our boat is on the shore and our bark is on the sea.

Miss Trotwood That's right. I augur all sorts of good from your sensible decision.

Mr. Micawber Madam, you do us a great deal of honor. With respect to the pecuniary assistance enabling us to launch our frail canoe on the ocean of enterprise: I have reconsidered the important business point. I am apprehensive that such an arrangement might not allow sufficient time for the requisite amount of — something — to turn up. We might not on the first responsibility becoming due, have been successful in our harvests, or we might not have got our harvest in. Labor, I believe, is somewhat difficult to obtain in that portion of our colonial possessions where it will be our lot to combat with the teeming soil.

Miss Trotwood Arrange it in any way you please, sir.

Mr. Micawber Madam, Mrs. Micawber and myself are deeply sensible of the very considerate kindness of our friends and patrons. What I wish is to be perfectly business-like and perfectly punctual. Turning over, as we are about to turn over, an entirely new leaf; and falling back, as we are now in the act of falling back, for a spring of no common magnitude; it is important to my sense of self-respect, besides being an example to my son, that these arrangements should be concluded as between man and man. In reference to our domestic preparations, madam, I beg to report them. My eldest daughter attends at five every morning in a neighboring establishment, to acquire the process, if process it may be called, of milking cows. My younger children are instructed to observe, as closely as circumstances will permit, the habits of the pigs and poultry maintained in the poorer parts of this city; a pursuit from which they have, on two occasions been brought home, within an inch of being run over. I have myself directed some attention, during the past week, to the art of baking; and my son Wilkins has issued forth with a walking-stick and driven cattle when permitted, which I regret to say was not often; he being generally warned with imprecation to desist.

Miss Trotwood All very right, indeed. Mrs. Micawber has been busy, too, I have no doubt.

Mrs. Micawber My dear Madam, I am free to confess that I have not been actively engaged in pursuits immediately connected with cultivation or with stock, though well aware that both will claim my attention

on a foreign shore. Such opportunities as I have been enabled to alienate from my domestic duties, I have donated to corresponding at some length with my family. For I own, it seems to me, my dear Mr. Copperfield, that the time is come when the past should be buried in oblivion; when my family should take Mr. Micawber by the hand, and Mr. Micawber should take my family by the hand; when the lion should lie down with the lamb, and my family be on terms with Mr. Micawber.

David Copperfield I thoroughly agree with you, Madam.

Mrs. Micawber Precisely so. Now I may be wrong in my conclusions; it is very likely that I am, but my individual impression is that the gulf between my family and Mr. Micawber may be traced to an apprehension, on the part of my family, that Mr. Micawber would require pecuniary accommodation. I cannot help thinking that there are members of my family who have been apprehensive that Mr. Micawber would solicit them for their names. I do not mean to be conferred in baptism upon our children, but to be inscribed on bills of exchange, and negotiated in the money market.

Miss Trotwood Well, ma'am, upon the whole, I shouldn't wonder if you were right.

Mrs. Micawber Mr. Micawber being now on the eve of casting off the pecuniary shackles that have so long enthralled him, and of commencing a new career in a new country where there is a sufficient range for his abilities, it seems to me that my family should signalize the occasion by coming forward at a festive enter-

tainment to be given at my family's expense, where Mr. Micawber might have an opportunity of developing his views.

Mr. Micawber My dear, it may be better for me to state distinctly, at once, that if I were to develop my views to that assembled group they would possibly be found of an offensive nature; my impression being that your family are, in the aggregate, impertinent snobs; and, in detail, unmitigated ruffians. I can go abroad without your family's coming forward to favor me, in short, with a parting shove of their cold shoulder. I would rather leave England with such impetus as I possess than to derive any acceleration of it from that quarter. And now, my dear, we must take our leave of our kind friends.

(*General adieus.* MR. *and* MRS. MICAWBER *leave the room of* TRADDLES, *where this interview occurs.*)

In these scenes MR. DICK *and* TRADDLES *should do much acting* — MR. DICK, *by taking notes, "turning things up", agreeing vehemently with all that* MISS TROTWOOD *says, and* TRADDLES *by incessantly thrusting his fingers through his hair.* MASTER MICAWBER *should be very sullen.* MR. MICAWBER *should be very pompous in tone and manner.* MRS. MICAWBER *should wear brown gloves. Her other garments should be shabby.*

— *Charles Dickens.*

RUNNING THE HOME

We, a household of four people, rented a cottage adequately furnished after the fashion of our pleasant and interesting ancestors of two generations back. As each of the four of us was busily occupied in earning his or her own livelihood, we brought an able-bodied and competent general-housework girl with us and descended upon that cottage over which Peace appeared to brood as a dove. It didn't!

The general-housework girl fell ill and, for no discoverable reason except that I am handy with a skillet, I was dropped into her place to struggle with the household equipment as it ought not to be. Nobody but an archæologist could have understood that stove; nobody but the Count of Monte Cristo, who had learned to see in the dark, could have found it in the remote corner of the kitchen where it stood, without barking his shins.

The first morning, when I tried to light the fire, I discovered that it was a wood-stove, and that the wood was conveniently stored in the back yard about fifteen feet from the kitchen door where it could keep nice and damp all the time; that to get it I had to open and shut two doors, step over the slippery base of the pump, and then reverse the process with my arms full of wood. After I got the fire started, it was a question of finding a pail, opening and shutting two doors again, going to the pump and pumping up water, bringing the pail back through the two doors, filling the teakettle and putting it on the stove; then going through the dining-room

"NO WAY TO TREAT DISHWATER!"

into the pantry where the coffee-can was kept, bringing that into the kitchen, opening the kitchen cupboard for the coffee-pot, getting a tablespoon out of the kitchen drawer, measuring the coffee into the pot, and carrying the can back through the dining-room into the pantry.

The breakfast eggs were stored in the cellar, which was really nothing but a hole underneath the pantry floor. To get them I went across the dining-room into the back of the pantry, got down on my hands and knees, pulled the cover up from the floor, laid it to one side; then, bracing myself with my left hand against the opposite side of the cavity, inserted my head and right arm into the hole and felt around for the dish of eggs. Getting them out, I put the cover back upon the hole in the floor, climbed to my feet, carried the eggs to the kitchen, went to the kitchen cupboard for the skillet, and started in to fry them.

When breakfast was over and I had washed the dishes I found that there was no place to throw the dishwater. I was forced to carry the dishpan in my hands, kick open two doors, go to the edge of the bank and splash it down the side, — no way to treat dishwater!

I swept body Brussels carpets, and ran around and dusted bric-a-brac, until exhaustion claimed me for its own; and after I had struggled vainly to produce smooth surfaces on feather beds, till I was tired enough to sleep on the floor, I looked into the possibilities of the case.

Any one living in that house with that equipment and a family of four would find the housekeeping a life work. She would not have any time left to bring up

her children; she would have no disposition to be pleasant to her husband; indeed there is no reason to suppose that any human organism could stand up against many years of such strain.

Our particular matrimonial firm could not stand the financial loss of my idleness, for though I worked every muscle to a whipcord, it was at such unnecessary work that I felt myself idle as an oyster. Something had to be done. Naturally I looked for another general-housework girl to take my place. Is that not the first impulse of a woman under like circumstances? It was, however, a servantless town; there were no servants to be had. And besides, when I straightened up from the cook-stove long enough to get my brain into action, I realized that it was no wiser for another woman to do that work than for me to do it. If I couldn't get a human servant, what possible substitute could I find?

In the midst of my perplexities I detached myself from that engrossing housework and visited a farmhouse where the housewife was remodelling her kitchen. She had been married six years. There were two children, one not yet able to walk. She had struggled in vain to get or keep a cook, and was now planning to do without one. She showed me a little hill back of the house.

"I have worked out a scheme," said she, "by which the spring up there can be piped down to the house. There is sufficient fall to send the water up to the second story."

"That," said I, "would make it possible for you to have stationary tubs, wouldn't it?"

"It would if I wanted them," she said, "but I don't. That is one thing that can be done out of the house. I send all my clothes to the laundry in the village. It costs a good deal in money, but certainly not more than the wages and keep I would have to pay a girl if I could get one. I am looking forward to the time when there won't be a tub or a flatiron in the whole valley."

I have recently spent some months travelling about through the West and Northwest, and I have found an almost unbelievable reluctance among housewives to dispense with the vanishing human servant and accept in her place the increasingly willing public utility. In one village, for instance, in the natural-gas belt, where gas was so cheap that one could hardly afford to go without it, the women still clung to coal and wood-stoves, still lighted their houses with lamps, and had not one coöperative activity in the village, — no bakeshop, no sewing establishment, no laundry, no possible way of harnessing this ready and willing servant to their uses. In a western town of about the same size there was a swift and shallow river which could have afforded electric power for a whole county, and yet it ran by in idleness. This town had no natural gas and was inconveniently located with reference to any other fuel. The housewives in consequence had to devote all their time to housekeeping and had no leisure to see that their streets were lighted and cleaned, to utilize their public library or to oversee their school.

Of course this is not a universal situation. In Wisconsin, particularly, the women have laid hands on their abundant water-power and transmuted it into electricity. They have solved their domestic problems to

an extent which gives them time to get decent railroad stations almost everywhere, to lobby for laws on railroad and factory legislation, to help on a state-wide campaign for pure food and milk, and to attend the farmers' institutes, demonstration classes, and other forms of university extension, fifty thousand strong.

We did not stay in our country village long enough to help solve any of its domestic problems coöperatively. We were called back to the city, where many of these problems have begun to be solved commercially, and where the factory equipment of a matrimonial firm does not have to be elaborate or costly. In fact, I am almost inclined to say that the efficient running of a home in the city is measured by the things it does not possess, and I am inclined to turn resentfully upon those lecturers and writers on domestic science who hand out to the trusting public lists of the things without which no one can respectably start housekeeping; as though efficient housekeeping depended on the number of things the matrimonial firm accumulated.

What need has a city flat-dwelling housewife for even the most perfect preserving-kettle, when the cost of fruit to preserve, plus the cost of sugar, spice, and fuel to cook it, is far greater than the cost of the already preserved fruits she can buy at the stores?

The truly efficient flat which the truly efficient housewife will select is already provided with an ice-chest and a stove; there is a laundry in every block, and if there is no vacuum-cleaner already installed, are there not vacuum-cleaning firms which will go about and clean for one at regular intervals?

— *Martha Bruère.*

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

You must know that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length, to conquer my timidity, I accepted an invitation to dine with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with an estate joining the one I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentle-

men to dance"; and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice!

As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several liveried servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The Baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off

my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and, I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since

the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk clothes were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amidst the stifled gigglings of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar: rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil,

another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined the lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

— *From the French.*

ODE TO MY INFANT SON

Thou happy, happy elf!
(*But stop — first let me kiss away that tear*) —
Thou tiny image of myself!
(*My love, he's poking peas into his ear*) —
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
(*Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!*) —

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(*The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!*)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(*Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!*)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (*stop the boy!*
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(*The dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!*)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(*Another tumble — that's his precious nose!*)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(*He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!*)

With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(*Where* did *he learn that squint?*)

Thou young domestic love!
(*He'll have that jug off with another shove!*)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(*Are those torn clothes his best?*)
Little epitome of man!
(*He'll climb upon the table — that's his plan!*)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(*He's got a knife!*)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball — bestride the stick,
(*I knew so many cakes would make him sick!*)
With fancies buoyant as the thistledown,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(*He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!*)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(*Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!*)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(*He really brings my heart into my mouth!*)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(*I wish that window had an iron bar!*)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove —
(*I tell you what, my love,*
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

— *Thomas Hood.*

A SONG OF BOOKS

Not only does a library contain "infinite riches in a little room", but we may sit at home and yet be in all quarters of the earth. We may travel around the world with Captain Cook or Darwin, with Kingsley or Ruskin, who will show us much more perhaps than ever we should see for ourselves. The world itself has no limit for us; Humboldt and Herschel will carry us far away to the mysterious nebulæ, beyond the sun and even the stars. Time has no more bounds than space; history stretches out behind us and geology will carry us back for millions of years before the creation of man, even to the origin of the material Universe itself. Nor are we limited to one plane of thought. Aristotle and Plato will transport us into a sphere none the less delightful because we cannot appreciate it without some training.

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback; for all is open to us, including, and especially, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the pleasures of Paradise. Here we may read the most important histories, the most exciting volumes of travels and adventures, the

most interesting stories, the most beautiful poems; we may meet the most eminent statesmen, poets, and philosophers, benefit by the ideas of the greatest thinkers, and enjoy the grandest creation of human genius.

"All round the room my silent servants wait —
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late." — *Proctor.*

And yet, too often they wait in vain. One reason for this is, I think, that people are overwhelmed by the crowd of books offered to them.

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Our ancestors had a difficulty in producing them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark which Lord Beaconsfield made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

There are, indeed, books and books; and there are

books which, as Lamb said, are not books at all. It is wonderful how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second, have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed that he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own ignorance.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles — but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books."

It is one thing to own a library; it is quite another to use it wisely. I have often been astonished to see how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding effects their choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy.

— *Sir John Lubbock.*

A CHILD'S REMEMBRANCE OF HIS MOTHER

My mother! — It seems that at first she was no more to me than a natural and instinctive refuge where I ran for shelter from all terrifying and unfamiliar things, from all the dark forebodings that had no real cause.

But I believe she took on reality and life for the first time in the burst of ineffable tenderness which I felt when, one May morning, she entered my room with a bouquet of pink hyacinths in her hand; she brought in with her as she came a ray of sunlight.

I was convalescing from one of the maladies peculiar to children, — measles or whooping-cough, I know not which, — and I had been ordered to remain in bed and to keep warm. By the rays of light that filtered in through the closed shutters I divined the spring-time warmth and brightness of the sun and air, and I felt sad that I had to remain behind the curtains of my tiny white bed; I wished to rise and go out; but most of all I had a desire to see my mother.

The door opened and she entered, smiling. Ah, I remember it so well! I recall so distinctly how she looked as she stood upon the threshold of the door. And I remember that she brought in with her some of the sunlight and balminess of the spring day.

I see again the expression of her face as she looked at me; and I hear the sound of her voice, and recall the details of her beloved dress that would look funny and old-fashioned to me now. She had returned from her morning shopping, and she wore a straw hat trimmed with yellow roses and a shawl of lilac barege

"SHE BROUGHT IN A RAY OF SUNLIGHT"

(it was the period of the shawl), sprinkled with tiny bouquets of violets. Her dark curls (the poor beloved curls to-day, alas! so thin and white) were at this time without a gray hair. There was about her the fragrance of the May day, and her face, as it looked that morning with its broad-brimmed hat, is still distinctly present with me. Besides the bouquet of pink hyacinths, she had brought me a tiny watering-pot, an exact imitation in miniature of the crockery ones so much used by the country people.

As she leaned over my bed to embrace me I felt as if every wish were gratified. I no longer had a desire to weep, nor to rise from my bed, nor to go out. She was with me and that sufficed — I was consoled, tranquillized, and re-created by her gracious presence.

I was, I think, a little more than three years old at this time, and my mother must have been about forty-two years of age; but I had not the least notion of age in regard to her, and it had never occurred to me to wonder whether she was young or old; nor did I realize until a later time that she was beautiful. No, at this period that she was her own dear self was enough; to me she was in face and form a person so apart and so unique that I would not have dreamed of comparing her with any one else. From her whole being there emanated such a joyousness, security and tenderness, and so much goodness that from thence was born my understanding of faith and prayer.

I would that I could speak hallowed words to the first blessed form that I find in the book of memory. I would it were possible that I could greet my mother

with words filled with the meaning I wish to convey. They are words which cause bountiful tears to flow, but tears fraught with I know not how much of the sweetness of consolation and joy, words that are ever, and in spite of everything, filled with the hope of an immortal reunion.

And since I have touched upon this mystery that has had such an influence upon my soul, I will here set down that my mother alone is the only person in the world whom I have loved with all my heart and soul. I have tried to imagine a hereafter, a to-morrow in which there shall be no to-morrow; but no, I cannot! Rather I have always had a horrible consciousness of our nothingness — dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Because of my mother alone have I been able to keep intact the faith of my early days. It still seems to me that when I have finished playing my poor part in life, when I no longer run in the overgrown paths that lead to the unattainable, when I am done with amusing humanity with my conceits and my sorrows, I will go there where my mother, who has gone before me, is, and she will receive me; and the smile of serenity that she now wears in my memory will have become one of triumphant realization.

True, I see that distant region only dimly, and it has no more substance than a pale gray vision; my words, however intangible and elusive, give too definite a form to my dreamy conceptions. But still (I speak as a little child, with the child's faith), but still I always think of my mother as having, in that far-off place, preserved her earthly aspect. I think of her with her dear white curls and the straight lines of her beautiful

profile that the years may have impaired a little, but which I still find perfect.

The thought that the face of my mother shall one day disappear from my eyes forever, that it is no more than combined elements subject to disintegration, and that she will be lost in the universal abyss of nothingness, not only makes my heart bleed, but it causes me to revolt as at something unthinkable and monstrous; it cannot be! I have the feeling that there is about her something which death cannot touch.

My love for my mother (the only changeless love of my life) is so free from all material feeling that that alone gives me an inexplicable hope, gives me a confidence in the immortality of the soul.

I cannot very well understand why the vision of my mother near my bed of sickness should that morning have impressed me so vividly, for she was nearly always with me. It all seems very mysterious; it is as if at that particular moment she was for the first time revealed to me.

And why, among the treasured playthings of my childhood, has the tiny watering-pot taken on the value and sacred dignity of a relic? So much so indeed that when I am far distant on the ocean, in hours of danger, I think of it with tenderness, and see it in the place where it has lain for years, in the little bureau, never opened, mixed in with broken toys; and should it disappear I would feel as if I had lost an amulet that could not be replaced.

And the simple shawl of lilac barege, found recently among some old clothing laid aside to be given to the poor, why have I put it away as carefully as if it were a

priceless object? Because in its color (now faded), in its quaint Indian pattern and tiny bouquets of violets, I still find an emanation from my mother; I believe that I borrow therefrom a holy calm and sweet confidence that is almost a faith. And mingled in with the other feelings there is perhaps a melancholy regret for those May mornings of long ago that seemed so much brighter than are those of to-day.

— *Pierre Loti.*

THE MOTHER

One
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

KINSHIP

I am aware
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the everyday care —
Human and simple my lot and my share —
I am aware of a marvellous thing:
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the everyday air —
I am aware.

I am aware
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair —
Human and simple my lot and my share —
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing,
I am aware of a marvellous thing;
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.

I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies.
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

— *Angela Morgan.*

CONQUERORS

Ye who ascend into the cosmic blue,
Pledged to the glory of a mighty cause,
Clean-stripped of cowardice, of self devoid,
Laughing to see the sudden yearning jaws
Of Death below you in the swimming void —
How shall we name a tribute fit for you?
How shall we build a monument whose height
Shall match the marvel of your splendid flight?

Soldiers ye are, before whose glorious deed
Praise topples prone and petty lips are dumb.
Ye gladly forfeit life and all it brings,
That in the kindling centuries to come,
Men, free as gods, shall cleave the air with wings,
Shall stride their superstitions as a steed;
Mounting with ecstasy the waiting herds
Of willing clouds, unfettered as the birds.

— *Angela Morgan.*

A CHRISTMAS PRELUDE

"It's goin' to be an awful cold night, grandmarm," said Maria Ann as she stepped to the door just after sunset on Christmas eve. The old dame followed her and looked out over her shoulder.

"I know 'tis; my fingers stuck to the latch when I went out to see after Dorcas. While you're gettin' supper, I'm goin' to bundle up the rooster and the hens, or they'll freeze their combs, sure's your name's Maria Ann; looks kinder Chris'musy, don't it?"

"I was just thinkin' of that, grandmarm; just look at that star in the east!" She pointed to a shoulder of the Mountain, where a serene planet was ascending the dark blue heavens. "An' there's been just enough snow to make all the spruces look like the Sunday-school tree, all roped over with popcorn. Do you remember that last one, grandmarm?"

"I ain't never forgot it, Maria Ann; that's ten year ago, an' I sha'n't never see another." She shivered, and drew back out of the keen air.

"Nor I," said Maria Ann, shutting the door.

"I don't know why not," snapped Aunt Tryphosa, who always contradicted Maria Ann when she could. "I guess we can have a Chris'mus tree same's other folks; we've got trees enough."

"That's so," replied Maria Ann, laughing. "Let's have one to-morrow, grandmarm. I don't see why we can't have a tree just as well as we can have wreaths — see what beauties I've made! I've saved the four handsomest for Mis' Blossom an' Mis' Ford."

"You do beat all, Maria Ann, making wreaths with them greens and bittersweet; I wish you'd hang 'em up to-night; 'twould make the room seem kinder Chris'musy."

"To be sure I will!" And Maria Ann bustled about, hanging the beautiful rounds of green and red in each of the kitchen windows, on the panes of which the frost was already sparkling; then, throwing her shawl over her head, she stepped out into the night and hung one on the outside of the narrow, weather-blackened door. Again within, she set the small, square kitchen table with two plates, two cups and saucers of brown and white crockery, the pewter spoons and horn-handled knives and forks that her grandmother had had when she was first married. Finally, she put on one of the pots of red geranium in the centre and stood back to admire the effect.

"Guess we'll have a treat to-night, seein' it's night before Christmas — fried apples an' pork, an' some toast; an' I'll cut a cheese to-night, I declare I will, even if grandmarm does scold; she'll eat it fast enough if I don't say nothin' about it beforehand."

Maria Ann had formed the habit of thinking aloud, for she had been much alone, and, as she said, she was a good deal of company for herself.

"Oh, hum!" she sighed, as she cut the pork and sliced the apples, "a cup of tea would be about the right thing this cold night, but there ain't a mite in the house." Then she laughed: "What you talkin' 'bout luxuries for, Maria Ann Simmons? You be thankful you've got a livin'. I can make some good cambric tea, and put a little spearmint in it; that'll

be warmin' as anything." She began to sing in a shrill soprano as she busied herself with the preparations for the supper, while the kettle sang, too, and the pork sizzled in the spider:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

Meanwhile, Aunt Tryphosa, with her lantern in one hand and a bundle of red something in the other, had repaired to the henhouse which was partitioned off from the woodshed.

Had either one of them happened to look out down the Mountain-road just at this time, they would have seen a strange sight.

Along the white roadway, sparkling in the light of the rising moon, came six silent forms in Indian file. Two were harnessed to small loaded sledges. Sometimes, all six gesticulated wildly; at other times, the two who brought up the rear of the file silently danced and capered back and forth across the narrow way. They drew near the house on the woodshed side; the first two freed themselves from the sledges, and left them under one of the unlighted windows. Then all six, attracted by the glimmer of the lantern shining from the one small aperture of the henhouse, stole up noiselessly and looked in.

What they saw proved too much for their risibles, and suppressed giggles and snickers and choking laughter nearly betrayed their presence to the old dame within.

On the low roost sat Aunt Tryphosa's noble Plymouth Rock rooster, and beside him, in an orderly row, her ten hens. Every hen had on her head a tiny flannel hood — some were red, some were white — the strings knotted firmly under their bills by Aunt Tryphosa's old fingers, trembling with the cold.

She was just blanketing the rooster, who submitted with a meekness which proved undeniably that he was under petticoat government, for all the airs he gave himself with his wives. The funny little hooded heads twisting and turning, the "aks" and "oks" which accompanied Aunt Tryphosa in her labor of love, the wild stretching and flapping of wings, all furnished a scene never to be forgotten by the six pairs of laughing eyes that beheld it.

The moment the old dame took up her lantern, the spectators sped around the corner. Under the dark windows they noiselessly unloaded the wood-sleds, and silently carried bundles, baskets, and burlap bags around to the front door.

At last they had fairly barricaded it, and the tallest of the party, after fastening a piece of paper in the Christmas wreath that Maria Ann had hung up only a half-hour before, motioned to the others to step up to the kitchen window.

Just one glimpse they had through the thickening frost and the wreathing green: a glimpse of the kitchen table, the steaming apples, the pot of red geranium, the two cups of smoking spearmint tea, and of two heads — the one white, the other brown — bent low over folded, toil-worn hands in the reverent attitude for the evening "grace."

"For what we are now about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," said Aunt Tryphosa, in a quavering voice.

"Amen," said Maria Ann, heartily — "Land sakes, grandmarm! how you scairt me, looking up so sudden!" she exclaimed, almost in the same breath.

"Thought I heerd somethin'," said the old dame, holding her head in a listening attitude — "Hark!"

"I don't hear nothin', grandmarm. Now, just eat your apples while they're hot. What did you think you heard?" she continued, dishing the apples.

"I thought I heerd it when I was out in the shed, too."

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas a deer. I saw one come into the clearing this afternoon, an' seein' 'twas Christmas eve, I put a good bundle of hay out to the south door of the cow-shed."

"Guess 'twas that, then," said Aunt Tryphosa. "You clear up, Maria Ann, an' I'll keep up a good fire, for I want to finish off them stockings for Ben Blossom an' Chi. I s'pose you've got your things ready in case we see a team go by to-morrow?"

"Yes, they're all ready," said her grand-daughter, rather absently, and set about washing the few dishes.

When all was done, neatly and quickly as Maria Ann so well knew how, she flung on her shawl, saying:

"I'm goin' out a minute to see if the bundle of hay is gone, and besides, I want to look at the moon on the snow; it's the first time I've seen it so this year." She opened the door —

"Oh, Luddy!" she screamed, as bundle, and basket, and bag toppled over into the room.

"Land sakes alive!" quavered Aunt Tryphosa, hurrying to the rescue. "Didn't I tell you I heerd somethin'? What be they?"

"Presents!" cried Maria Ann, pulling, and hauling, and gathering up, and finally getting the door shut.

"Seems to me I see somethin' white catched onto the door 'fore you shut it," said Aunt Tryphosa. "Better look an' see." Again her grand-daughter opened the door, and found the strip of paper on which was written:

"Merry Christmas! with best wishes of
Benjamin and Mary Blossom and May,
Malachi Graham and Rose Eleanor Blossom,
March Blossom and Hazel Clyde,
Benjamin Budd Blossom and Cherry Elizabeth Blossom of the N. B. B. O. O., and of
John Curtis Clyde of New York; U. S. A.; N. A.; W. H."

"Oh, grandmarm! It's just like a romantic novel!" cried Maria Ann, who was as full of sentiment as an egg is full of yolk. "It makes me feel kinder queer, comin' just now, right after we was talkin' 'bout our tree. You open first, an' then we'll take turns." Aunt Tryphosa, who was winking very hard behind her spectacles, was not loth to begin.

"Let's haul 'em up to the stove; it's so awful cold," she said, shivering.

"Why, you've let the fire go down; that's the reason. Don't you remember you was goin' to put on the wood just as the things fell in?"

"So I was," said her grandmother, making good her forgetfulness; in a few minutes there was a roaring fire, and the room was filled with a genial warmth.

"PRESENTS!" CRIED MARIA ANN

Then they sat down to their delightful task, Maria Ann kneeling on the square of rag carpet before the stove.

"My land!" cried Aunt Tryphosa, clapping her hands together as she opened the largest burlap bag; "if that boy ain't stuffed this two-bushel bag chock full of birch bark! Look a-here, Maria Ann, you read this slip of paper for me; my specs get so dim come nighttime."

The truth was, the tears were running down Aunt Tryphosa's wrinkled cheeks and filming her eyes to such an extent that she saw the birch bark through all the colors of the rainbow.

"'For Aunt Tryphosa from Budd Blossom to make her fires quick with cold mornings.' Did you ever?" said Maria Ann, untying another large burlap bundle — "What's this? 'Made by Rose Blossom and Hazel Clyde to keep Aunt Tryphosa snug and warm o' nights when the mercury is below zero.' Oh grandmarm, look at this!"

Maria Ann unrolled a coverlet made of silk patchwork (bright bits and pieces that Hazel had begged of Aunt Carrie and Mrs. Heath and others of her New York friends), lined with thin flannel and filled with feathers.

But Aunt Tryphosa was speechless for the first time in her life; and, seeing this, Maria Ann took advantage of it to do a little talking on her own account.

"She don't seem like a city girl in her ways; she ain't a bit stuck up — Oh, what's *this!*" She poked, and fingered, and pinched, but failed to guess. Aunt Tryphosa grew impatient.

"Let me *see*, you've done nothin' but feel," she said, reaching for the package, and Maria Ann handed it over to her.

Again Mrs. Tryphosa Little was nearly dumb, as the miscellaneous contents of the queer, knobby parcel were brought to light.

"These are for you, Maria Ann," she said in an awed voice, laying them on the kitchen table one after the other: — a copy of the *Woman's Hearthstone Journal*, with the receipt for a year's subscription pinned to it; — a small shirtwaist ironing-board; — a pair of fleece-lined Arctics that buttoned half-way up Maria Ann's sturdy legs when, an hour later, she tried them on; — six paper-covered novels of the Chimney Corner Library, including "Lorna Doone" (Hazel had discovered in her frequent visits, that Aunt Tryphosa's grand-daughter at twenty-nine was as romantic as a girl of seventeen); — a box of preserved ginger; — two pounds of Old Hyson Tea; — (upon which Maria Ann bounced up from the floor, and without more ado made two cups, much to her grandmother's amazement); — six pounds of lump sugar; — a dozen lemons; — a dozen oranges; — a white Liberty-silk scarf tucked into an envelope; — six ounces of scarlet knitting-wool — all for "Miss Maria Ann Simmons, with Hazel Clyde's best wishes."

Then it was Maria Ann Simmons's turn to break down and weep, at which Aunt Tryphosa fidgeted, for she had not seen her grand-daughter cry since she was a little girl.

"Don't act like a fool, Maria Ann," she said, crustily, to hide her own feelings; "take your things an' enjoy

'em. I've seen tears enough for night before Christmas," she added, ignoring the fact that she had established a precedent.

"Well, I won't, grandmarm," said her granddaughter, laughing and crying at the same time; "but I'm goin' to have that cup of tea first to kind of strengthen me 'fore I open the rest," she added decidedly. "Besides, I don't want to see everything at once; I want it to last."

"I don't mind if I have mine, too. Guess you may put in two lumps, seein' as we didn't have to pay for it," and the old dame sipped her Hyson with supreme satisfaction, as did likewise her grand-daughter.

As the latter pushed back her chair from the table, her grandmother cautioned her: — "Look out! you're settin' it on another bag!" But it was too late. To Aunt Tryphosa's amazement and Maria Ann's horror, the bag suddenly flopped up and down on the floor, the motion being accompanied with such an unearthly, "A — ee — eetsch — ok — ak — ache — eetsch!" that the two women's faces grew pale, and they jumped as if they had been shot.

Then Maria Ann, with her hand on her thumping heart, burst into a shrill laugh, and Aunt Tryphosa quavered a thin accompaniment. How they laughed! till again the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"Scairt of hens!" chuckled the old dame as she undid the strings of the bag — "at my time of life! Oh, my stars and garters, Maria Ann! ain't they beauties?"

She drew out by the legs two snow-white Wyandotte pullets, and held them up admiringly. "They're from

March, I know; but just to think of this, Maria Ann!" Again words and, curiously enough, eyes, too, failed her, and her grand-daughter read the slip of paper tied around the leg of one of the hens: "One for Aunt Tryphosa, and one for Maria Ann; have laid three times; last time day before yesterday; I hope they'll lay two Christmas-morning eggs for your breakfast. — March Blossom."

"I'm goin' to put 'em on some hay in the clothes-basket, Maria Ann, an' keep 'em right under my bed where it's good an' warm," said Aunt Tryphosa, decidedly. "They're kinder quality folks and can't be turned in among common fowl. Besides, I ain't got another hood, an' if they *should* freeze their combs, I'd never forgive myself."

"Well, I would, grandmarm," said Maria Ann, still laughing, as she untied the last two bundles. "Laws!" she exclaimed, "Here's New York style for you." She read the visiting-card:

"To Mrs. Tryphosa Little, with the Season's compliments from John Curtis Clyde. 4 East ——th Street."

"Well, I'm dumbfoundered," sighed Mrs. Tryphosa Little, and more she could not say as she took out of the large pasteboard box a white silk neckerchief, a cap of black net and lace with a "chou" of purple satin lute-string, a black fur collar, and a muff to match, in all of which she proceeded to array herself with the utmost despatch, forgetful of the two hens, which, after wandering aimlessly about the kitchen, had roosted finally on the back of her wooden rocking-chair, where they balanced themselves with some difficulty.

But suddenly, as she was thrusting her hands into

the new muff, she paused, laid it down on the table, and said, rather querulously, "Help me off with these things, Maria Ann; I'm all tuckered out. I can stan' a day's washin' as well as anybody, if I am eighty-one come next June, but I can't stan' no such night 'fore Christmas as this, an' I'm goin' to bed, an' take the hens."

"I would, grandmarm," said her grand-daughter, gently, taking off the unwonted finery and kissing the wrinkled face. "You go to bed; I put the soapstone in two hours ago, so it's nice an' warm. I'll clear up, an' don't you mind me — here, let me take one of those hens."

"No, I can take care of hens any time," snapped Aunt Tryphosa, for she was tired out with happiness, "but I can't stan' so many presents, an' I'm too old to begin." She disappeared in the bedroom, the two Wyandotte hens hanging limply, head downward, one from each hand.

Maria Ann picked up the paper and the wraps, and made all tidy again in the kitchen. She put her hand on the last bag, which was so heavy she had not moved it from the door. "It's a bag of cracked corn — hen-feed," she said to herself, "an' it's from Chi, I know as well as if I'd been told."

Then she sat down in the rocker before the stove and put her feet in the oven to warm. She blew out the light and sat awhile in silence, thinking happy thoughts.

The fire crackled in the stove, and dancing lights, reflected from the open grate, played on the wall. The moon shone full upon the frosted window-panes, and

the Christmas wreaths were set in masses of encrusted brilliants. The kettle began to sing, and so did Maria Ann — but softly, for fear of waking Aunt Tryphosa:

"My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies."

— *Mary E. Waller.*

A PRAYER

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE GIFT

The old couple came in without knocking. It was nearly dinner-time; the morning was very frosty. Though not tied, their lank, small horses stood by the hitching-rack, their heads drooped in resignation. The man was old, but wide and powerful of frame. His wife was a large stately woman; she walked a little heavily.

They shook hands as with special meaning. They gave us searching looks, veiled smiles. Their faces were kindly; his decidedly aged.

Sitting uncomfortably on the edge of a chair the old man talked to us in the Indian sign language, using his gnarled, dark hands.

It seemed that they had brought a gift. We stood in front of him, grasping at his meaning. Christmas was just past, and in the hall there had been the usual tree, laden with appropriate and plentiful gifts sent from the East by compassionate friends. A few years ago the tribe had no trees, no gifts. It was wonderful, he thought, that these friends who now supplied them had never seen him nor his people. He understood that they lived very, very far away, and yet — they gave, and in the dark, as it seemed to him. He thought they might as well have stood at the headwaters of some stream and flung in their possessions as to give thus strangely to unknown aliens. And see with what rejoicing their presents were received. He and his wife, for instance, were an old couple and poor; he was often sick, himself.

Yes, it was his side that troubled him — and almost constantly, just here — he didn't understand it.

The old handsome wife, watching the talk, sighed a little, her eyes solicitously upon her man.

Well, to them these gifts had come as from above. He was grateful. He would never see the donors; he was an old man; he did not know even where they lived, but — he wanted to make them a present. Not knowing how to go about doing so, he had brought it to us. It was not, he explained, an ordinary gift such as Indians love to make to each other, a compliment which must be returned by bestowing an equal gift. No, this was a free present. He made the sign which signifies "Nothing." "No return." We nodded, understanding.

Then he went down into his clothes, and from some recess produced a little bundle wrapped in buckskin. Unfolding it, he displayed a very ancient flint and steel. He looked at them long. His wife looked at them. They had been his companions, no doubt, in the dim, romantic days of his youth, the nomadic days of freedom and desire. Now of course he could get matches, much quicker and handier, — two boxes for a nickel — at the trader's. He did not depend on these as he once had done, but they were old friends. . . . He cradled them tenderly in his hand.

Then, smiling and rising, he held them out to us. "For our friends," he said. And, turning from us, his wife at his heels, he passed out into the frosty day. In the strong light of outdoors I noticed suddenly that both their faces showed gray and pinched.

I recollected at that moment that I was cooking

our dinner and that I should not have let them go. The old man paused to break off a willow switch with which to urge on his dejected horses. The wife had climbed upon the wheel on her way up to the high seat of their lumber wagon.

Then I ran after them. "Come back," I called. "It's almost time for dinner. Don't go. Come back."

They came. There was no veiling of their smiles now. They were undisguisedly glad. They stood about the stove, rubbing their old hands. They beamed upon me.

I spread a red tablecloth on the floor for them and set upon it their dishes. They ate with a sort of weary hunger, as though their appetite were difficult to appease.

At last they got up. He wiped his hands on an old bandanna, she on some rag of her clothes. They shook us both by the hand. Then he spoke again. "We thank your wife because she gave us something to eat. We were very hungry. We have had nothing but coffee for nearly two days." He laughed a little, not wishing to seem to make too much of the statement. "Now we feel good. We are full. We have nothing to eat in our house, nothing!" He dusted his fingers together, making that sign which means: "All gone." "We were just going up to the store to see if they would trust us once more. After a while, when the snow goes out of the mountains, I can haul wood and sell it at the Post, but now there is no way of earning money. The traders do not like to trust us. We are all asking for credit, but what

can we do?'' The sentence ended with that balancing gesture of the hand which denotes a question.

Tenderly I took up from the table the little buckskin package. "You might have raised some money on this."

He smiled at me; they both smiled. "This is for our friends," he said.

— *Grace Coolidge.*

"GIVE LOVE"

Give love, and love to *your* heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in *your* work and deed.
So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

HIGH AIM AND LOW AIM

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one —
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

— *Robert Browning.*

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

This song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors: to somebody at that moment coming on, toward the snug small home and the crisp fire; there is no doubt whatever Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth.

"It's a dark night," sang the kettle, "and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and, above, all is mist and darkness, and, below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare; of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together; set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!"

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size! you couldn't see it!), that if it had then and there burst itself like an over-charged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener — for fair she was, and young, though something of what is called the dumpling shape; but I don't myself object to that — lighted a candle, glanced at the Haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been) that she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back and sat down in her former seat, the Cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up, with a perfect fury of competition — the kettle's weak side clearly being that he didn't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Cricket a mile ahead. *Hum, hum, hum — m — m!* Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Cricket round the corner. *Hum, hum, hum — m —*

m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Cricket fresher than ever. *Hum, hum, hum — m — m!* Kettle slow and steady. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Cricket going in to finish him *Hum, hum, hum — m — m!* Kettle not to be finished. Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty.

But of this there is no doubt: that the kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached toward it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried: "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

This end attained, the kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire. Mrs. Peerybingle then went running to the door, where, what with the wheels of a cart, the tramp of a horse, the voice of a man, the tearing in and out of an excited dog, and the surprising and mysterious appearance of a baby, there was soon the very What's-his-name to pay.

Where the baby came from, or how Mrs. Peery-

bingle got hold of it in that flash of time, I don't know. But a live baby there was in Mrs. Peerybingle's arms; and a pretty tolerable amount of pride she seemed to have in it, when she was drawn gently to the fire by a sturdy figure of a man, much taller and much older than herself, who had to stoop a long way down to kiss her. But she was worth the trouble. Six foot six, with the lumbago, might have done it.

"Oh goodness, John!" said Mrs. P. "What a state you are in with the weather!"

He was something the worse for it, undeniably. The thick mist hung in clots upon his eyelashes like candied thaw; and between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers.

"Why, you see, Dot," John made answer, slowly, as he unrolled a shawl from about his throat, and warmed his hands, "it — it ain't exactly summer weather. So, no wonder!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like it," said Mrs. Peerybingle: pouting in a way that clearly showed she did like it, very much.

"Why what else are you?" returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as light a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and" — here he glanced at the baby — "a dot and carry — I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account; this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so

rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! Oh Mother Nature, give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor carrier's breast — he was but a carrier by the way — and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose; and bear to bless thee for their company!

It was very pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure, and her baby in her arms; a very doll of a baby: glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affected, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavoring to adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle age a leaning-staff not inappropriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slowboy, waiting in the background for the baby, took special cognizance (though in her earliest teens) of this grouping; and stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her head thrust forward, taking it in as if it were air. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the Carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crack it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance with a kind of puzzled pride, such as an amiable mastiff might be supposed to show if he found himself, one day, the father of a young canary.

"Ain't he beautiful, John? Don't he look precious in his sleep?"

"Very precious," said John. "Very much so. He generally is asleep, ain't he?"

"Lor, John! Good gracious, no!"

"Oh," said John, pondering. "I thought his eyes was generally shut. Halloa!"

"Goodness, John, how you startle one!"

"It ain't right for him to turn 'em up in that way!" said the astonished carrier, "is it? See how he's winking with both of 'em at once. And look at his mouth! Why he's gasping like a gold and silver fish!"

"You don't deserve to be a father, you don't," said Dot, with all the dignity of an experienced matron. "But how should you know what little complaints children are troubled with, John! You wouldn't so much as know their names, you stupid fellow." And when she had turned the baby over on her left arm, and had slapped its back as a restorative, she pinched her husband's ear, laughing.

"No," said John, pulling off his outer coat: "It's very true, Dot. I don't know much about it. I only know that I've been fighting pretty stiffly with the wind to-night. It's been blowing northeast, straight into the cart, the whole way home."

"Poor old man, so it has!" cried Mrs. Peerybingle, instantly becoming very active. "Here! Take the precious darling, Tilly, while I make myself of some use. Bless it, I could smother it with kissing it, I could! Hie then, good dog! Hie, Boxer, boy! Only let me make the tea first, John; and then I'll help

you with the parcels, like a busy bee. 'How doth the little' — and all the rest of it, you know, John. Did you ever learn 'how doth the little', when you went to school, John?"

"Not to quite know it," John returned. "I was very near it once. But I should only have spoilt it, I dare say."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dot. She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard. "What a dear old darling of a dunce you are, John, to be sure!"

Not at all disputing this position, John went out to see that the boy with the lantern, which had been dancing to and fro before the door and window, like a Will of the Wisp, took due care of the horse, who was fatter than you would quite believe if I gave you his measure, and so old that his birthday was lost in the mists of antiquity.

Boxer, feeling that his attentions were due to the family in general, and must be impartially distributed, dashed in and out with bewildering inconstancy; now, describing a circle of short barks round the horse, where he was being rubbed down at the stable-door; now, feigning to make savage rushes at his mistress, and facetiously bringing himself to sudden stops; now, eliciting a shriek from Tilly Slowboy, in the low nursing-chair near the fire, by the unexpected application of his moist nose to her countenance; now, exhibiting an obtrusive interest in the baby; now, going round and round upon the hearth and lying down as if he had established himself for the night; now, getting up again and taking that nothing of a fag-end of a tail of his out into the weather, as

if he had just remembered an appointment, and was off, at a round trot, to keep it.

"There! There's the teapot, ready on the hob!" said Dot; as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping house. "And there's the cold knuckle of ham; and there's the butter; and there's the crusty loaf, and all! Here's the clothes-basket for the small parcels, John, if you've got any there — where are you, John? Don't let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do!"

It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent for getting this baby into difficulties, and had several times imperilled its short life in a quiet way peculiarly her own. She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, insomuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung. Her costume was remarkable for the partial development, on all possible occasions, of some flannel vestment of a singular structure; also for affording glimpses, in the region of the back, of a pair of stays, in color a dead green. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's perfections and the baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honor to her head and to her heart; and though these did less honor to the baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bed-posts, and other foreign substances, still they

were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboy were alike unknown to Fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a foundling; which word, though only differing from fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing.

To have seen little Mrs. Peerybingle come back with her husband, tugging at the clothes-basket, and making the most strenuous exertions to do nothing at all (for he carried it), would have amused you almost as much as it amused him. It may have entertained the Cricket too, for anything I know; but, certainly, it now began to chirp again, vehemently.

"Heyday!" said John, in his slow way. "It's merrier than ever to-night, I think."

"And it's sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has done so. To have a Cricket on the Hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world!"

— *Charles Dickens* (*Abridged*).

GOLDEN RULES

Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules.

— *Charles Dickens.*

FAMOUS HOMES IN LITERATURE

THE HOME OF ELLEN

The stranger view'd the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering, unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.

Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gayly to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE HOME OF CEDRIC THE SAXON

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapor which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall by encrusting them with a black var-

nish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables which, arranged on the same principle, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or em-

broidery, executed with brilliant or rather gaudy coloring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

At the centre of the upper table were placed chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon titles of honor, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, or, as the Normans called him, a franklin, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an irritable impatience which might have become an alderman whether of ancient or of modern times.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE HOME OF CIRCE

Among the glens of the forest my comrades found the house of Circe, built of polished stone, upon a height of land. Around it roamed mountain wolves and lions, which Circe had bound with hateful charms. The beasts did not attack my men, but stood upon their hind legs, wagging their long tails. As dogs fawn upon their master when he comes from a meal, because he

brings them dainty bits to please them, so these strong-clawed wolves and lions fawned upon my men. But the men were filled with fear. And standing upon the porch of the fair-haired goddess, they heard Circe, within, singing sweetly as she passed to and fro before the great imperishable web which she was weaving — a lovely, delicate, shining web, such as goddesses are wont to weave.

Polites, always foremost of men, and the dearest and truest of all my companions, was the first to speak.

"Friends," said he, "some one within is walking to and fro before a great loom and singing sweetly. All the house echoes with the music. A goddess she must be — or a woman. Let us, then, quickly call to her."

He spoke, and they shouted aloud and called to her. And straightway she opened the shining doors and came out and bade them enter; and they went in with her, suspecting nothing. But Eurylochus tarried without, for he guessed that there was some snare.

So she led them in and seated them on couches and on chairs and mixed a drink for them of wine, with yellow honey and barley meal and cheese. And into this drink she put a hateful charm, to make my comrades quite forget their native land.

Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, she smote them with a wand, and straightway they became swine, with chunky heads, squeaking voices, fat sides, bristles — everything was changed except their reason. That remained as before. Circe then shut them up in a sty, and as the tears rolled out of their pig-eyes she flung them acorns and chestnuts

and cornel berries, such things as wallowing swine are wont to eat.

Meanwhile Eurylochus returned to the swift black ship to bring me tidings of his fellows and of their sorry fate.

— *Homer.*

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it.

There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of

another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

— *Joseph Addison.*

THE STUFF OF PARADISE

We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise — we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled —
No other ivory for the doors —
No other marble for the floors —
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day —
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

— *Edward Markham.*

THE HOME OF KATRINA VAN TASSEL

Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it, and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived.

His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows.

Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied

forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

— *Washington Irving.*

BROOK FARM

The pleasant firelight! I must still keep harping on it.

The kitchen hearth had an old-fashioned breadth, depth, and spaciousness, far within which lay what seemed the butt of a good-sized oak tree, with the moisture bubbling merrily out of both ends. It was now half an hour beyond dusk. The blaze from an armful of substantial sticks, rendered more combustible by brushwood and pine, flickered powerfully on the smoke-blackened walls, and so cheered our spirits that we cared not what inclemency might rage and roar on the other side of our illuminated windows. A yet sultrier warmth was bestowed by a goodly quantity of peat, which was crumbling to white ashes among the burning brands, and incensed the kitchen with its not ungrateful fragrance. The exuberance of this household fire would alone have sufficed to bespeak us no true farmers; for the New England yeoman, if he have the misfortune to dwell within practicable distance of a wood-market, is as niggardly of each stick as if it were a bar of California gold.

But it was fortunate for us, on that wintry eve of our untried life, to enjoy the warm and radiant luxury of a somewhat too abundant fire. If it served no other purpose, it made the men look so full of youth, warm blood, and hope, and the women — such of them, at least, as were anywise convertible by its magic — so very beautiful, that I would cheer-

fully have spent my last dollar to prolong the blaze. As for Zenobia, there was a glow in her cheeks that made me think of Pandora fresh from Vulcan's workshop, and full of the celestial warmth by dint of which he had tempered and moulded her.

"Take your places, my dear friends all," cried she; "seat yourselves without ceremony, and you shall be made happy with such tea as not many of the world's working people, except yourselves, will find in their cups to-night. After this one supper you may drink buttermilk if you please. To-night we will quaff this nectar, which I assure you could not be bought with gold."

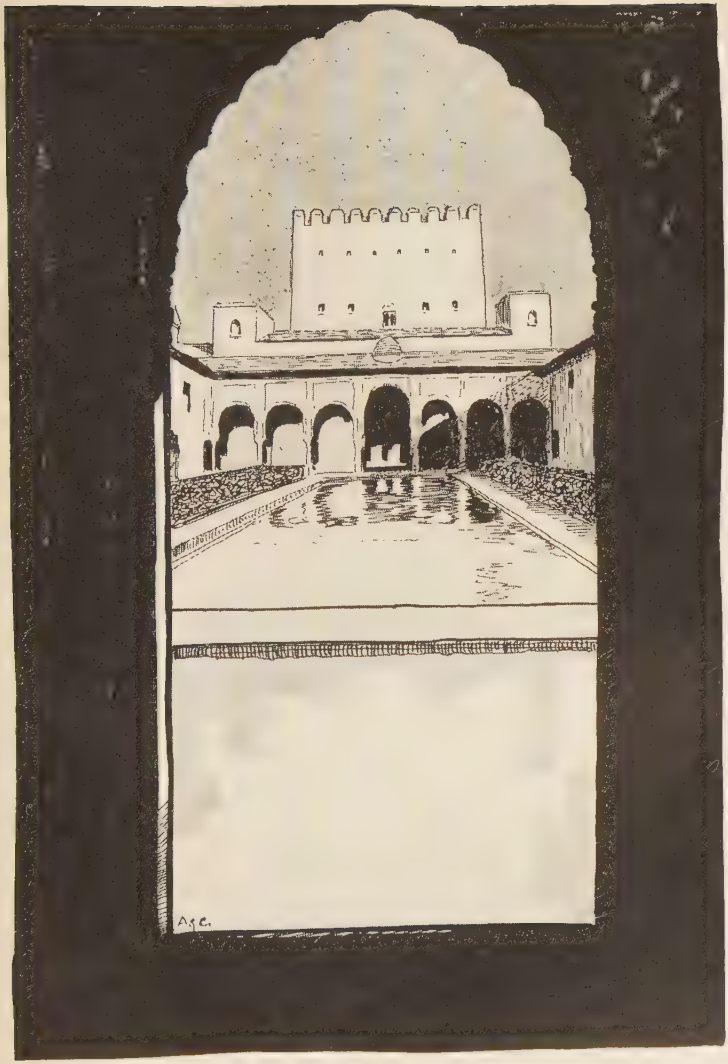
We all sat down — grisly Silas Foster, his rotund helpmate, and the two bouncing hand-maidens included — and looked at one another in a friendly but rather awkward way. It was the first practical trial of our theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood, and we people of superior cultivation and refinement (for as such, I presume, we unhesitatingly reckoned ourselves) felt as if something were already accomplished toward the millennium of love.

— *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT

I have given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession of it; a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every moldering tint and weather-stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the



THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT

whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me, all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window — a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour, loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate — and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

— *Washington Irving.*

EVENING BRINGS US HOME

Evening brings us home, —
From our wanderings afar,
From our multifarious labors,
From the things that fret and jar,
From the highways and the byways,
From the hilltops and the vales;
From the dust and heat of city street,
And the joys of lonesome trails,
Evening brings us home at last,
To Thee.

From plough and hoe and harrow, from the burden of the day,
From the long and lonely furrow in the stiff reluctant clay,
From the meads where streams are purling,
From the moors where mists are curling, —
Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and warmth, and Thee.

From the Forests of Thy Wonder, where the mighty giants grow,
Where we cleave Thy works asunder, and lay the mighty low,
From the jungle and the prairie,
From the realm of fact and faerie, —
Evening brings us home at last,
To rest, and cheer, and Thee.

From our journeyings oft and many over strange and
stormy seas,
From our search the wide world over for the larger
liberties,
From our labors vast and various,
With our harvestings precarious, —
Evening brings us home at last,
To safety, rest, and Thee.

From the fields of fiery trying, where our bravest and
our best,
By their living and their dying their souls' high faith
attest,
From these dread, red fields of sorrow,
From the fight for Thy to-morrow, —
Evening brings each one at last,
To God's own Peace in Thee.

— *John Oxenham.*

EVENING

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast.
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round:
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

— *William Cowper.*

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS

The Craigie House

"Under a spreading chestnut-tree" in Cambridge stood the smithy of Pratt, who was immortalized by Longfellow as "The Village Blacksmith." To the poet, passing daily on the way between his home and the college, the "mighty man" at his anvil in the shaded smithy was long a familiar vision. The tree — a horse-chestnut — has been removed, the shop has given place to a modern dwelling, and years ago the worthy smith rejoined his wife, "singing in Paradise."

A few steps westward from the site of the smithy is the "Chapel of St. John" of another poem of Longfellow; and just beyond this we find, bowered by lilacs and environed by acres of shade and sward, the colonial Craigie House, once a place of sojourn of Washington. Sparks, Worcester, and Everett lived within its time-honored walls, and Longfellow, our popular poet of grace and sentiment for near half a century, here had his home.

The picturesque mansion wears the aspect of an old acquaintance, and the interior, with its princely proportioned rooms, spacious fireplaces, wide halls, curious carvings and tiles, has much that Longfellow has shared with his readers. On the entrance door is the ponderous knocker; a landing of the broad stairway holds "The Old Clock on the Stairs"; at the right of the hall is the study, with its priceless mementoes of the tender and sympathetic bard who

wrought here the most and best of his life-work, from early manhood onward into the mellow twilight of sweet and benign age. Here is his chair, vacated by him but a few days before he died; his desk; his inkstand which had been Coleridge's; his pen with its "link from the chain of Bonnivard"; the antique pitcher of his "Drinking Song"; the fireplace of "The Wind over the Chimney"; the arm-chair carved from the "spreading chestnut-tree" of the smithy, which was presented to him by the village children and celebrated in his poem "From my Arm-Chair."

About us here are his cherished books, his pictures, his manuscripts, all his precious belongings, and from his window we see, beyond the Longfellow Memorial Park, the river so often sung in his verse, "stealing onward, like the stream of life." In this room Washington held his war councils. Of the many intellectual meetings its walls have witnessed we contemplate with greatest pleasure the Wednesday-evening meetings of the "Dante Club", when Lowell, Howells, Fields, Norton, Greene, and other friends and scholars sat here with Longfellow to revise the new translation of Dante.

The book-lined apartment over the study — once the bed-chamber of Washington and later of Talleyrand — was occupied by Longfellow when he first lived as a lodger in the old house. It was here he heard "Footsteps of Angels" and "Voices of the Night", and saw by the fitful firelight the "Being Beauteous" at his side; here he wrote "Hyperion" and the earlier poems which made him known and

loved in every clime. Later this room became the nursery of his children, and some of the grotesque tiles which adorn its chimney are mentioned in his poem, "To a Child":

> "The lady with the gay macaw,
> The dancing-girl, the grave bashaw,
> The Chinese mandarin."

Along the western façade of the mansion stretches a wide veranda, where the poet was wont to take his daily exercise when "the two Ws" (Work and Weather) prevented his walking abroad. In this stately old house his children were born and reared, and here his wife met her tragic death.

Elmwood

A short walk under the arching elms of Brattle Street brings us to Elmwood, the life-long home of Lowell. The house, erected by the last British lieutenant-governor of the province, is a plain, square structure of wood, three stories in height, and is surrounded by a park of simple and natural beauty, its abundant growth of trees giving to some portions of the grounds the sombreness and seclusion of a forest. A gigantic hedge of trees encloses the place like a leafy wall, excluding the vision of the world and harboring thousands of birds which tenant its shades. Some of the aquatic fowl of the vicinage are referred to in Longfellow's "Herons of Elmwood."

In the old mansion, long the home of Elbridge Gerry, Lowell was born and grew to manhood, and

to it he brought the bride of his youth, the lovely Maria White, herself the writer of some exquisite poems; here, a few years later, she died in the same night that a child was born to Longfellow, whose poem "The Two Angels" commemorates both events.

During Lowell's long stay abroad, his house was tenanted by Mrs. Ole Bull and by Lowell's brother bard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who in this sweet retirement wrought some of his delicious work. To the beloved trees and birds of his home Lowell returned from his embassage, and here, with his daughter, he passed his last years among his books and a chosen circle of friends. Here, where he wished to die, he died, and here his daughter preserves his former home and its contents unchanged since he was borne hence to his burial.

Until the death of his father, Lowell's study was an upper front room at the left of the entrance. It is a plain, low-studded corner apartment, which the poet called his "garret", and where he slept as a boy. Its windows now look only into the neighboring trees, but when autumn has shorn the boughs of their foliage the front window commands a wide level of the sluggish Charles and its bordering lowlands, while the side window overlooks the beautiful slopes of Mount Auburn, where Lowell now lies with his poet-wife and the children who went before.

His study windows suggested the title of his most interesting volume of prose essays. In this upper chamber he wrote his "Conversations on the Poets" and the early poems which made his fame, — "Irene", "Prometheus", "Rhœcus", "Sir Launfal", — which

was composed in five days, — and the first series of that collection of grotesque drolleries, "The Biglow Papers." Here also he prepared his editorial contributions to the *Atlantic*.

His later study was on the lower floor, at the left of the ample hall which traverses the centre of the house. It is a prim and delightful old-fashioned apartment, with low walls, a wide and cheerful fireplace, and pleasant windows which look out among the trees and lilacs upon a long reach of lawn. In this room the poet's best-loved books, copiously annotated by his hand, remain upon his shelves; here we see his table, his accustomed chair, the desk upon which he wrote the "Commemoration Ode", "Under the Willows", and many famous poems, besides the volumes of prose essays. In this study he sometimes gathered his classes in Dante, and to him here came his friends, familiarly and informally, — for "receptions" were rare at Elmwood: most often came "The Don", "The Doctor", Norton, Owen, Bartlett, Felton, Stillman; less frequently Godkin, Fields, Holmes, Child, Motley, Edmund Quincy, and Francis Parkman.

The Old Manse

Northward from the village Common [in Concord], a delightful stroll along a shaded highway, less secluded now than when Hawthorne "daily trudged" upon it to the post-office or trundled the carriage of "baby Una", brings us to the famous "Old Manse" about which he culled his "Mosses."

The picturesque old mansion stands amid greensward and foliage, its ample grounds divided from the highway by a low wall. The gateway is flanked by tall posts of rough-hewn stone, whence a grass-grown avenue, bordered by a colonnade of over-arching trees, leads to the house. Within the scattered sunshine and shade of the avenue, a row of stone slabs, sunken in the turf like gravestones, paves the path paced by Ripley, Emerson, and Hawthorne as they pondered and planned their compositions. Of the trees aligned upon either side, some, gray-lichened and broken, are survivors of Hawthorne's time; others are set to replace fallen patriarchs and keep the stately lines complete.

At the right of the broad alley and extending away to the battleground is the field, waving now with lush grass, where Hawthorne and Thoreau found the flint arrow-heads and other relics of an aboriginal village. Upon the space which skirts the other side of the avenue, Hawthorne had the garden which engaged so much of his time and thought, and where he produced for us abundant crops of something better than his vegetables. Here his Brook-Farm experience was useful. Passing neighbors would often see the darkly-clad figure of the recluse hoeing in this "patch", or, as often, standing motionless, gazing upon the ground so fixedly and so long — sometimes for hours together — that they thought him daft. Of the delights of summer mornings spent here with his peas, potatoes, and squashes, he gives us many glimpses in his record of that happy time.

In the orchard that has borne such luscious fruit

of fancy, some of the contorted and moss-grown trees, whose branches — "like withered hands and arms" — hold out the sweet blossoms on this June day, are the same that Hawthorne pictures among his "Mosses" and beneath which he lay in summer reverie. A few vines grow beneath the old study-window, and a tall mass of their foliage screens a corner of the venerable edifice, which time has toned into perfect harmony with its picturesque environment. It is a great, square, wooden structure of two stories, with added attic rooms beneath an overwhelming gambrel roof which is the conspicuous feature of the edifice and contributes to its antique form. The heavy roof settles down close upon the small, multi-paned windows. From above the door little convex glasses, like a row of eyes, look out upon the visitor as he applies for admission.

A spacious central hall, rich in antique panelling and sombre with grave tints, extends through the house. From its dusk and coolness we look out upon the bright summer day through its open doors; through one we see the "hill of the Emersons" beyond the highway, the other frames a pleasing picture of orchard and sward with glimpses of the river shining through its bordering shrubbery. The quaint apartments are darkly wainscoted and low-ceiled, with massive beams crossing overhead.

Some of these rooms Hawthorne has shown us. The one at the left was the parlor of the Hawthornes, and decked with a gladsome carpet, pictures, and flowers daily gathered from the river-bank — Hawthorne averred it was "one of the prettiest and pleas-

antest rooms in the whole world." To this room then came the sage Emerson "with a sunbeam in his face"; the "cast-iron" Thoreau, "long-nosed, queer-mouthed, ugly as sin", but with whom to talk "is like hearing the wind among the boughs of a forest tree."

In the front chamber at the right Hawthorne's first child, the hapless Una, — named from Spenser's "Faerie Queene", was born. Behind this is the "ten-foot-square" apartment which was Hawthorne's study and workshop. Two windows of small, prismatic-hued panes look into the orchard, and upon one of these Hawthorne has inscribed:

Nath Hawthorne.
This is his study, 1843.

Below this another hand has graven:

Inscribed by my husband at
Sunset Apr. 3d 1843
In the gold light S. A. H.
Man's accidents are God's purposes.
Sophia A. Hawthorne, 1843.

From its north window, said to have been cracked by the explosions of musketry in the conflict, we see the battle-field and a reach of the placid river. This room had been the study of Emerson's grandfather; from its window his wife watched the fight between his undrilled parishioners and the British veterans. Years later Emerson himself came into possession of this room, and here wrote his "Nature."

Next, the dreamy Hawthorne succeeded to the little study, and here, with the sunlight glimmering

through the willow boughs, he worked in solitude upon his charming productions for three or four hours of each day. Here, besides the copious entries in his journals, he prepared most of the papers of his "Mosses."

The Home of Emerson

Emerson declares, "great men never live in a crowd; a scholar must embrace solitude as a bride, must have his glees and glooms alone." Of himself he says, "I am a poet and must therefore live in the country; a sunset, a forest, a river view are more to me than many friends, and must divide my day with my books"; and this was the consideration which finally determined his withdrawal from the storm and fret of the city to his chosen home here by Walden woods and among the scenes of his childhood. It was his retirement to this semi-seclusion which called forth his much-quoted poem, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home." To him here came the afflatus he had before lacked, here his faculties were inspirited, and here his literary productiveness commenced.

Behind a row of dense-leaved horse-chestnuts, ranged along the highway, the home of Emerson nestles among clustering evergreens which were planted for their friend by Bronson Alcott and Henry D. Thoreau. A copse of pines sighs in the summer wind close by; an orchard, planted and pruned by Emerson's hands, and a garden tended by Thoreau, extend from the house to a brook flowing through the grounds and later joining the Concord by the famous old

Manse; beyond the brook lies the way to Walden. At the left of the house is a narrow open reach of greensward, on the farther verge of which erstwhile stood the unique rustic bower with a wind-harp of untrimmed branches above it — which was fashioned by the loving hands of Alcott.

The mansion is a substantial, square, white, clapboarded structure of two stories, with hip-roofs, and the whole aspect of the place is delightfully attractive and home-like. Its pleasant and unpretentious apartments more than realize the comfortable suggestion of the exterior. Adjoining the hall on the right is the plain, rectangular room which was the philosopher's library and workshop. The cheerful fireplace and the simple furnishings of the room are little changed since he here laid down his pen for the last time; the heavy table held his manuscript, his books are ranged upon the shelves, the busts and portraits he cherished adorn the walls, his accustomed chair is upon the spot where he sat to write.

Emerson's afternoons were usually spent abroad, but his mornings were habitually passed among his books in this small corner room — "the study under the pines" — recording, in "a pellucid style which his genius made classic", the truths which had come to him as he mused by lake or stream, in deep wood glade or wayside path.

The adjoining parlor — a spacious, pleasant, home-like room, furnished forth with many mementoes of illustrious friends and guests — is scarcely less interesting than the library. This house was the intellectual capitol of the village; to it freely came the

members of the Concord circle, — Thoreau, Channing, Sanborn, the Alcotts, the Hoars, — less frequently Hawthorne. For long periods Thoreau, whose fame owes much to Emerson's generosity, was here an inmate and intimate. In Emerson's parlor were held the formal seances of the Concord galaxy; here met the short-lived "Monday Evening Club", which George William Curtis whimsically describes as a "congress of oracles", who ate russet-apples and discoursed celestially while Hawthorne looked on from his corner, — "a statue of night and silence"; here were held many of Bronson Alcott's famous "conversations."

Emerson belonged not to Concord only, but to the whole world, — "his thought was the thought of Christendom." To these plain rooms as to an intellectual court came hundreds famed in art, literature, and politics. Here came Curtis and Bartol to sit at the feet of the sage; Charles Sumner and Moncure Conway to bear hence — as one of them has said — "memories like those Bunyan's pilgrim must have cherished of the Interpreter." Here "came Theodore Parker from the fight for free thought", and Wendell Phillips from the conflict for free men; here came Howells, bearing the line from Hawthorne, "I find this young man worthy"; here came Whittier, Agassiz, Longfellow, Bradford, Lowell, Colonel Higginson, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, as to a fount of wisdom and purity. In this unpretentious parlor have gathered such guests as Stanley, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Henry James, Louis Kossuth, Arthur Hugh Clough, Lord Amberley, Jones Very, Frederika Bremer, Harriet Martineau,

and many others who, like these, would have felt repaid for their journey over leagues of land and sea by a hand-clasp and an hour's communion with the intellect that has been the beacon of thousands in mental darkness and storm.

With these came another class of pilgrims, the great army of impracticables, "men with long hair, long beards, long collars, many with long ears, each in full chase after the millennium", and each intent upon securing the endorsement of Emerson for his own pet scheme. The wonder is that the little library saw any work accomplished, so many came to it and claimed the time of the master; for to every comer — scholar, tradesman, and "crank" — were accorded his never-failing courtesy and kindly interest.

Emerson's cordiality won for him the honor which prophets rarely enjoy in their country; the objects and places once associated with him here are still esteemed sacred by his old neighbors. We find among them at this day many who can know nothing of his books, but who, for memory of his simple kindness, go far from their furrow or swath to show us spots he loved and frequented in woodland or meadow, on swelling hillside or by winding river.

Whittier's Home

A longer way out of Boston, in another direction, our guest is among the haunts of the beloved Quaker bard. Not far from the Merrimac — his own "low-land river" — and among darkly wooded hills of hackmatack and pine, we find the humble farmhouse,

guarded by giant poplars, where Whittier came into the world.

Among the plain and bare apartments, with their low ceilings, antique cross-beams and multi-paned windows, we see the lowly chamber of his birth; the ample study where his literary work was begun; the great kitchen, with its brick oven and its heavy crane in the wide fireplace, where he laid the famous winter's evening scene in "Snow-Bound", peopling the plain "old rude-furnished room" with the persons he here best knew and loved. We see the dwelling, little changed since the time when Whittier dwelt — a dark-haired lad — under its roof; it is now carefully preserved, and through the old rooms are disposed articles of furniture from his Amesbury cottage, which are objects of interest to many visitors.

All about the place are spots of tender identification of poet and poem: here are the nook and the garden wall of his "Barefoot Boy"; the scene of his "Telling the Bees"; the spring and meadow of "Maud Muller"; not far away, with the sumachs and blackberries clustering about it still, is the site of the rude academy of his "School Days"; and beyond the low hill the grasses grow upon the grave of the dear, brown-eyed girl who "hated to go above him." We may still loiter beneath the over-arching sycamores planted by poor Tallant, — "pioneer of Erin's outcasts", — where young Whittier pondered the story of "Floyd Ireson with his hard heart."

Delightful rambles through the country-side bring us to many scenes familiar to the tender poet and by him made familiar to all the world. Thus we come

to the "stranded village" of Aunt Mose, — "the muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale", — where Whittier found the materials out of which he wrought his poem "The Countess", and where we see the poor low rooms in which pretty, blue-eyed Mary Ingalls was born and lived a too brief life of love, and her sepulchre — now reclaimed from a tangle of brake and brier — in the lonely old burial-ground that "slopes against the west."

Thus, too, we come to the ruined foundation of the cottage of "Mabel Martin, the Witch's Daughter", and look thence upon other haunts of the bard, as well as upon his river "glassing the heavens" and the wave-like swells of foliage-clad hills which are "The Laurels" of his verse.

Whittier's beloved Amesbury, the "home of his heart", is larger and busier than he knew it, but, as we dally on its dusty avenues, we find them aglow with living memories of the sweet singer. In Friend Street stands the plain little frame house which was so long his home. Here too are the grapevines which were the especial objects of his loving care, one of them grown from a rootlet sent to him in a letter by Charles Sumner. Within, we see the famous "garden room", which was his sanctum and workshop. In this room, with its sunny outlook among his vines and pear-trees, he kept his chosen books, his treasured souvenirs; and here he welcomed his friends, — Longfellow, Fields, Sumner, Lowell, Colonel Higginson, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, Alice Cary, Lucy Larcom, Sarah Orne Jewett, and many another child of genius.

Above the study was Whittier's bedchamber, near the rooms of his mother, his "youngest and dearest" sister, and the "dear aunt" (Mercy) of "Snow-Bound", who came with him to this home and shared it until their deaths. After the others were gone, the brother and sister long dwelt here alone; later a niece was for some years his housekeeper, and at her marriage the poet gave up most of the house to some old friends, who kept his study and chamber in constant readiness for his return from the prolonged sojourns which were continued until his last year of life, — this being always his best-loved home.

— *Theodore Wolfe.*

And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room;
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control,
And from the silence, multiplied,
By these still forms on every side,
The world that time and sense has known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

READINESS

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy, do this thing for me"?

— *James Russell Lowell.*

MORAL COURAGE IN WAR

THE PROP

Dan Glynn, only son of Margaret Glynn, and Herbert May were alone in the Glynn barn. They sat on two milking-stools in the great bay of the barn. A golden haze pervaded the whole interior. The cows were out at pasture, and their stalls emitted the radiant haze in soft curling billows like sunlit smoke. This haze seemed like the breath of garnered grain, a life still surviving the summer of the earth.

The horses were all afield except one. They were working for the winter wheat. Only one long splendid tail switched like a battle-plume in one stall. That belonged to Selim, Margaret Glynn's saddle horse. Selim never worked in the fields. He came of too high lineage.

Dan Glynn, great strapping boy, over six feet in height, of magnificent shoulder width and chest depth, sat on his stool, and his face was death-white.

The other boy was older — he was scarcely a boy, being nearly twenty-nine — but he was so small and slight that he looked younger than the great Dan, who was twenty-one.

Herbert had a small pretty face, delicate in coloring, and a close crop of golden hair. He had very steady, almost hard, blue eyes. Herbert had a feminine beauty and people called him Sissy to his face. He never

seemed to resent it. He did not. A perfect knowledge of himself made him impervious to the taunt. He knew himself no sissy.

He was regarding Dan keenly and anxiously. Dan sat quite silent with that face of death-like despair.

Suddenly Herbert spoke, and his voice matched his appearance. It was sweet, clear and small. One would have said that Herbert May had a good tenor voice, whereas in reality he possessed a strong baritone when it came to singing, though he seldom sang. He had little time. He had been employed for eight years on Margaret Glynn's great farm, and she saw to it that her employees earned their wage. He was only idle now because he and Dan had just returned from their examination by the local board. Both had been drafted. Dan was not exempt; Herbert was — his eyes were not good. Glasses would not remedy the serious defect, was the opinion of the examining board. The examination had been rather cursory. Herbert was almost convinced that had he possessed Dan's physique his eyes would have escaped notice, especially as their outlook was apparently exceptionally clear.

That was what he said now. "If I'd been as big as you be they wouldn't have cared a durn about my eyes!" said Herbert. He was uneducated. Dan had been at a preparatory school, expecting to enter college. He was not quick at books, not quick at anything except a totally unprofitable imagination, a dangerous imagination. It was playing him tricks now. He nodded. A long shudder crept visibly over him. If possible he turned paler.

"Wish I had passed," said Herbert.

Dan did not answer. The dreadful shudder crept over him again like a serpent.

"Sick?" asked Herbert.

Dan shook his head. His hair was dark and wonderfully thick, rising in strong curls like springs above his forehead. His hair, like his body, seemed informed with vitality. One would have looked at him and said: "Here is a typical fighting man. His country can find none better."

Suddenly the strong young shoulders bent, the strong young head was bent on two muscular hands. Then the shoulders heaved.

Herbert regarded him with a complex expression. In it were great love — almost adoration — admiration and protection, also supreme bewilderment. He was bewildered, so bewildered that he felt almost idiotic.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've a good mind to run away and jump into that deep hole in the pond, and be drowned, and done with it," growled Dan.

Herbert stared, then he spoke again. He spoke timidly; flushing, he stammered: "Don't you — w-want to — go?"

Dan raised his head with a mighty gesture which belied his words.

"Who but a fool would want to go and be shot at?" he shouted.

"Better speak low. Your mother might hear."

"My mother! Doesn't she know? Pretty son I am for a woman like her! I am a living disgrace to her. She'd have me go if she knew I'd never come back — and I don't blame her!"

"Guess that's the way she'd orter feel," said Herbert in a sober, reflective voice. "This is a mighty big fight, you know."

"You bet I know! Haven't I read the papers? Haven't I lain awake nights seeing the horror of it? The liquid fire, the gas! Being blinded, being mutilated! It's hell they're fighting!"

"Guess that's what men were brought into the world for," said the sober voice. "Guess men have got to face hell, and down it, if there's goin' to be a world left fit to live in."

"Easy for you to talk! You are not going."

"I want to, bad enough!"

Dan stared at him. His dark eyes looked preternaturally big in his deathly face. "Easy enough to talk!"

"I'm in earnest. I want to go more'n I ever wanted to do anything in my life. I never did do much in my life except be a pretty fair-to-middlin' farmhand; and now's the chance for the feller that's never had it before to raise himself up by his boot-straps. Never'll come agin in my day nor yourn."

"Hope to God it never does! But if it does I shan't be here to see it." Dan spoke in a voice that was awful because of its despair.

Again the look of almost idiotic wonder came over the other's face. "Look here, mebbe you would look at it different if I was goin' too," he said.

"You — they won't take you."

Suddenly Herbert sprang to his feet. A curious transformation came over him. Little, insignificant, almost girlishly pretty man, he looked fairly martial.

Courage like electric wires seemed to vibrate through him. He looked hard, strong. His sweet curved mouth became a straight line. "What'll you bet they won't?"

"They won't."

"Would you — feel — mebbe different if I was to go?"

Dan stared. "Maybe I might, a little," he admitted.

"You see I've been here ever since you were a kid, just a kid twelve years old. You've got used to me. Of course it ain't that you're afraid, but you are a high-strung sort of chap, and sometimes strangeness gets on nerves."

Dan nodded. He flushed a little.

"You better go in the house and sit down and have a smoke. This bein' examined is sort of tryin'," said Herbert. "You do that, and I'll go get the cows. The other men are pretty busy, and I ain't done nothin' on account of that examination."

Dan had hardly gone, and Herbert donned his overalls, when Margaret Glynn entered and stood in the golden haze. She was a middle-aged woman, very tall and large and nobly handsome.

"I suppose my son passed," she said in an even voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you did not?"

"My eyes made me get left."

Margaret Glynn looked at Herbert, and he knew what her look meant.

"He'll be all right as soon as he gets used to the strangeness," he said.

"He never will. His father was drafted for the Civil War, and he was exempted. The examining doctor was a friend of my husband's."

The woman's voice was sad and bitter. Herbert said nothing.

"My husband lived for years after," Margaret went on. "My son is like his father. I have tried to make him different, but blood will tell, and weak blood is sometimes the strongest to endure."

"It is strange to him."

"It will never be anything else. Dan would never fight like other boys. There is no fight in him — and look at him, look at his size and strength, and no fight when the world is at stake!"

"I am going too."

"You did not pass."

"I am going to pass; then he will get over the strangeness."

"Your eyes!"

"Let me go to the city to-morrow and be fitted with glasses. Then I'll get in all right. If I go he'll be all right. He ain't —"

The pink-faced man hesitated.

"I know he is just the word you don't dare say," said the woman uncompromisingly. "He is a coward."

The man gazed at her resentfully. "He's your own son."

"I know it — and I still say it."

"I guess you ain't right, Mis' Glynn."

"You dare to tell me Dan is not a coward?"

"Yes, ma'am! He ain't a coward the way you mean. Dan, he wouldn't be a bit afraid to die if he

saw he ought to. He ain't afraid of what is; he's afraid of what ain't. He gets what is and what ain't mixed up. He's fit this war over in his mind about a thousand times; and a thousand wars would be too much for any man's spunk."

Margaret regarded him thoughtfully. "You mean he imagines things?"

Herbert nodded. "Yes, ma'am. Poor Dan has lost more legs than a spider, and more eyes than a fly, and he's been burned up by more gas than all Germany owns; and as for trenches, Dan has been livin' in a trench all the while he's been sleepin' in his own bed and eatin' his good meals. Dan ain't a coward. He's just fit more than any mortal man can stand before he gets into camp. But if I go, too, I can fix it up all right. He listens to me. He gets his feet on hard facts. I have to work pretty hard sometimes, but I always make out."

"Go to the city and get fitted with glasses, and pass the examination if you can," said Margaret. "If I were a man I would go, and leave Dan to mind the farm."

"If you did he would be fighting with you harder than you could," said Herbert.

Margaret looked at him gratefully. "Maybe you are right. I suppose a man does understand another man better than a woman can. You see I don't know myself what fear is."

"I don't," replied Herbert May simply; "but I do understand what the fear of fear is. Do you want Selim?"

"Back him out, please. I've got to ride down to

the village about that plumbing. I can't get the plumber on the telephone, and the gutters on the south side of the roof must be seen to before the next rain."

Margaret rode out of the golden haze of the great barn and Herbert went after the cows. The men in the field taunted him.

"Hullo, Sissy!" they called out.

"Hullo!" returned Herbert good-naturedly.

"Pass?"

"Eyes."

"Sissy's got eyes too bad to see the Germans!" a lout of a young boy called.

Herbert, marshalling the Jerseys and Holsteins into a crowding, plunging army through the field, laughed. "You wait!" he sang back.

"Glynn passed, I suppose," another man shouted. "Bet he's tickled most to death."

Herbert looked back, and his eyes flashed with menace.

"You speak like that again and you won't be tickled most to death," he said in a hard voice.

Every man there knew Herbert's temper, and in his heart was afraid of it.

"I didn't mean nothin', Herb," said the man, pale under his furze-like growth of reddish beard.

"Don't say it, then! Hold your tongue if you know what your hide's worth!"

Herbert went out of sight, flourishing a stick over the red-brown and mottled backs of the cattle.

"Pity he couldn't go to war," said the red-bearded one.

"Reckon he'd fight all right," said the lout.

"Fight? Fight? He'd fight, little and pretty as he is, till all was blue. Say, that little feller's got a dangerous temper."

The lout nodded. He had encountered that temper.

Herbert had his supper by himself in the kitchen with Abby, the maid. She tried to converse about the draft, but he was non-committal. "Poor Mr. Dan!" said Abby.

"He's tickled most to pieces to go," said Herbert fiercely. "Like to know what you say poor for?"

Abby stared. She had lived in the Glynn family since Dan was born. She said feebly that it did not seem to her that Mr. Dan was just the kind to go to war.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" cried Herbert.

"He never used to fight like other little boys when he was a child."

"Don't follow he won't fight like a man, now he ain't a child and the biggest war on earth is on," said Herbert.

He pushed his chair back abruptly and ran up the back stairs. He was to take an early train to the city the next morning, and had some preparations to make. Dan came in while he was putting studs in a clean shirt.

"Get your kit ready. I'll be with you," Herbert said gayly.

"You don't know."

"Yes, I do know. Say, Dan!" Herbert when alone with the other man called him Dan familiarly.

Dan looked at him. The ghastly pallor had gone

from Dan's face and his fresh color returned, but his eyes were tragic, full of shrinking horror.

"Don't let on to your ma what you let on to me. No need of pretendin' you're crazy to go — lots of men ain't. It ain't goin' to be no peach of a job and anybody with sense knows it, but he don't need to say so. You'll fight if you have to. You know that."

Dan flushed. "Of course I will."

"Don't I know it? The trouble with you is you're fightin' now before you're drilled or know a darned thing about it. You jest say you'll fight if you've got to, and don't go round lookin' as if you didn't want to; and leave the rest to Almighty Providence and me."

Herbert chuckled as he put in the last stud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Dan.

"Why, that sounded jest like the Kaiser, that's all; and I don't set up to be no Kaiser. All I set up to do is to fight him and what he stands for — and I'm goin' to do it!" He looked keenly at Dan. "So are you, too!" he said.

Dan nodded and his young face looked strangely confident, as if the courage of the other had been contagious.

Next morning Herbert went to the city, and all day Mrs. Glynn worked over her son's outfit. Dan kept closely at home. He read and smoked a good deal. Herbert returned rather late, equipped with glasses. He was radiant.

"Say," he announced to Dan, who met him in his little runabout, "I never knew before what it was to really see. I've been a darned fool not to get these glasses before."

"Suppose they get smashed?"

"I've got three pairs just alike. Reckon I can keep goin' between 'em all. I don't guess the Germans are all going to take aim at my specs first thing, anyhow. They might if they knew how much fight I've got in me. Ain't I growed sence mornin', Dan? I feel like a giant! I've got glasses, and I ain't got corns, and the lack of one and the havin' t'other goes a long way to making a man think he ain't a fightin' character. I'd face Golia'h and knock him into the middle of next week!"

Dan laughed faintly.

"You can laugh, but I'd do it!" said Herbert.

"Do you think you can pass now?"

"You jest hold your hosses till about this time day after to-morrer. I've got to have to-morrer off too. I've got a little work to do."

"What?"

"Never you mind."

Herbert got his day off, and spent it in his room. The next day he went down to the village, and returned triumphant. He had passed. Margaret Glynn called him into the south room, where she sat sewing. Dan was smoking in the little conservatory which opened out of it.

"Well, I'm off, Mis' Glynn!" said Herbert; and stood soldier-wise, his glasses reflecting the light.

She stared at him, incredulous. She paled a little. She was fond of the boy, who had grown to be a man in her home; and his attitude toward her son roused all the gratitude in her nature.

"How did you manage?"

"Doctor Wadsworth said he guessed I might have a try at it, anyhow."

"Doctor Wadsworth is always glad to get on the other side of other people. Did you have your eyes tested again?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"And passed the test?"

"Passed A1 with these glasses."

"I'll see to it that you have things — things that I am getting ready for Dan too," said Margaret Glynn. There was respect in her voice.

That night Herbert dined with her son and herself. "If you are to be a comrade of my son's in camp it is time to make no distinctions here," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Herbert.

His table manners were excellent. Herbert's English was not unexceptionable; but many great soldiers have not been remarkable for knowledge of even their native tongue. After dinner, at Margaret's request, Herbert sat in the library and smoked with Dan while she sewed under the electric lamp in the south room.

"Say, old chap, how in thunder did you manage the test?" whispered Dan. He looked better. His voice was steady. Herbert grinned. "Never you mind. I passed!"

Nobody ever knew that Herbert had memorized the eye chart during a night and day. He considered that a bit of knowledge better kept to himself. Excellent as the glasses were, he had not dared quite to trust them; but his memory, though he was uneducated, was reliable.

Luckily the two were in the same company and

barracks in camp. They were not often seen together. Herbert kept himself to himself; and Dan made many friends naturally among the privates from higher walks of life. Herbert worked hard, and was underestimated. He did not resent the new nickname which was soon fastened upon him because of his pretty girl-like face and small size. When Herbert heard the boys call him Mayflower he smiled imperturbably. Dan took it in different fashion. He flushed and was suddenly silent. When next he saw Herbert alone he touched upon the subject.

"Say, Herb, do you mind the boys calling you Mayflower?" he asked.

"Not a bit!"

"Because if you do —" There was a strange expression on Dan's face. Herbert regarded him curiously.

"No need to get excited over that," he said easily. "Keep your dander for the Germans. What do I care what they call me? I keep right on bein' myself for the little I'm worth.

"They can call me any old thing as long as it's straight American; and Mayflower is, all right. Might have drawn the line at cornflower."

Dan eyed him anxiously. "Sure?"

"Sure!"

The steady blue eyes gleamed through the spectacles at Dan, who realized, as always under that look of faithful affection and encouragement, a strange stimulus. Dan seemed to be slowly changing his very nature. The commands of his officers were as nothing to him beside the subtler ones of his mother's ex-farmhand.

Dan thrived in camp. He had a splendid physique, and the life suited him. Whether he would have flagged had it not been for Herbert he did not know. Sometimes, when among the boys and at his gayest, the old horror — born of the dreadful and splendid mother of horror, imagination — came over him. Sometimes at drill it might have mastered him had he not met the other eyes, blue and steady behind the spectacles.

Herbert was not thriving, not physically. There was a strain of bodily weakness in him, though he was soul-strong. He caught a severe cold and was threatened with pneumonia. He endeavored to escape notice, but his cough betrayed him, and he was sent to the hospital. He escaped pneumonia, but while he was running neck and neck with it the tragedy happened in camp. A sentry was shot at his post one night, and the murderer escaped. The sentry had been one of Dan and Herbert's company. His bed had stood next to Dan's.

The sick man was free from any chance of pneumonia, yet far from well when he heard the news.

The nurse who told him could not understand his consternation. He had expected some, of course, for the whole camp was shocked, but he had not expected quite such an effect as this.

"Was Lee anything especial to you — any relation? Did you know him before you came here?" asked the nurse.

"Never set eyes on him!" replied Herbert weakly, and had a coughing spell.

The nurse summoned the doctor, who found Herbert had a slight temperature.

"What ails you, Mayflower?" he asked facetiously. He was a very young man. "You hadn't a speck of temperature this morning."

"I'm all right. I want to get up."

"You stay just where you are, Mayflower, my son."

"I want to get up."

"Get up nothing! I'll have you sent to the kitchen and sweat your cold off scouring pots and kettles if you don't lie still."

The kitchen was the penance of the camp, for all committers of small peccadilloes. The kitchen appealed to Herbert. It spelled a way out of a difficulty for him. "Wish you would send me there!" he muttered.

"I'll send you to the guard-house if you are so keen on the kitchen," said the doctor jocosely. "Here, drink this, Mayflower, and bloom in your bed till I say you may get out of it."

Herbert lay back. He could do nothing else, but he was wild with dismay. The desire to get well and out of the hospital was fierce within him. He seemed to feel that strong soul of his working its way upon his body. When the doctor came again he had no fever; still the orders were to keep quiet.

That afternoon Dan came to see him. His face had the expression which Herbert dreaded to see upon it. His eyes looked unnaturally large and bright, and as if they saw beyond earthly horizon limits. His mouth sagged at the corners, long chills of nervousness crept visibly over his great frame. His hands trembled.

Herbert's bed was in a corner next a window, which was open a little way. The day was clear. A tall

screen separated his bed from the next, the occupant of which had just been discharged. He also had been suffering from a cold, and the slight degree of isolation usual in case of possible pneumonia had been adopted.

Dan bent over him. "How are you, old chap?"

"All right. I want to get up, but the doc won't let me."

Dan gazed at him, and the horror of his soul seemed to spread over his face like a film. "Have you heard?"

Herbert nodded.

"Have they caught the man yet?"

Dan shook his head. He continued to look at Herbert with that dreadful film of horror over his face. Then he spoke in a harsh whisper, bringing out one word at a time: "I've — got — to — be — sentry — that — same — place — to-night."

Herbert's face changed swiftly. It was incredibly sweet, with a smile of encouragement. "I'll be along," he whispered.

"You can't!"

"I will!"

"How?"

"Never you mind. I'll be along. Put it out of your mind. I'll be along!"

Dan eyed him dubiously. He bent close and whispered again: "I am not really afraid, you know."

"Yes, I know. Wouldn't bother with you if you were."

"I don't think I'm afraid of dying. I suppose I haven't been any too good, but I never hurt anybody in my life unless I did it not knowing, and — I believe

you know — I believe in God, and something after this, more — worth while. Honest, Herb, I don't think I am afraid exactly. It's something else."

"You've mounted guard about fifty-two hours on a stretch ever since — it happened," whispered Herbert, "and — you're dead tired, and you ain't yourself."

"How did you know?"

"Because I know you. Can't you stop doing things before you do 'em, Dan?"

Dan looked bewildered. "I've been that way all my life," he said. "I reckon nothing can stop me now, except some big thing I've never been able to conjure up."

"That ought to happen."

"I must go," said Dan.

"I'll be there. Put it out of your mind."

"Don't see how I can."

"Put it into my mind."

Dan stared hard at the boy in the bed, and a strange look as of one released came over his face. "Seems a caddish sort of thing to do — and you ill."

"It ain't wrong when I've got the sort of mind I have and you've got your sort."

There was a full moon that night. There was also a white frost. The world was beautiful. Dan was at his post on time, and immediately he heard a soft rustle behind him in a slight undergrowth.

"It's me!" said a voice in the ghost of a whisper. "Don't you turn. Don't you answer. You keep still, but I'm here. I shan't get cold. I wrapped the blanket round me — dressed too. Keep still! I'm here!"

The night wore on, radiant, vocal with a high north wind. Orion seemed to threaten with his starry sword, moving on high, immortal warrior of the sky. The Polar Star seemed to beckon like a celestial finger to heights above earth and earth's sordid misery. The hoar frost thickened until the slender trees and bushes bloomed white and sparkling.

Dan went his rounds. All the time he knew Herbert was there, and felt shamed and exultant at the same time.

It happened suddenly. Dan stood before the other man lying huddled in the bushes, and it seemed to him as if something were moving besides the wind-blown trees across the road.

"Don't shoot!" came the ghost of a whisper.

"Something —"

"Don't shoot!"

"Something — something —"

"There ain't a blessed thing there. Don't shoot!"

"Something — Look, look!"

"What you see you make up. There ain't nothin'. Don't shoot!"

Suddenly Dan's face was upon the anxious one of the other man in the bushes, and it was as the face of a maniac — wild, unreasoning. "You mean to say there's nothing?"

"Nothin' but what you see in your own mind. Don't shoot! You'll have the whole camp out and — they'll know —"

"There is something! I see it!"

"There ain't nothin' but your own self you see. Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

Then Dan burst out with a shout. It was a wonder that he did not rouse the whole camp: "Then if what I see is myself I see a coward, no matter what excuses you frame up for him in his own nature! A coward that has no right in the United States Army, and I *will* shoot!"

Dan aimed at what he had been seeing, either in reality or in his strained fancy, and fired.

The place was immediately alive with men. Herbert crawled away, and was in his bed when the nurse came.

"Seems somebody's been prowling round where Lee was shot," the nurse said excitedly. "Glynn fired, but hit nothing. Glynn's out there yet, hunting. Seems possessed to find something. Got some nerve, that chap has."

Herbert said nothing. The nurse eyed him sharply, and used the clinical thermometer. "Say, Mayflower, you've got temperature again!" he announced. "You ain't going to be of much use bringing kings to their knees and playing football with crowns while you spank 'em with their sceptres. You'll have to light out home, Mayflower. You ain't a weed, by a long shot, but you'll have to be weeded out."

"I want to get up."

"You lay still!"

Then the doctor came. "Hullo, Mayflower! What's to pay?" he asked gayly.

"Temperature again, sir," said the nurse.

"Have you been out of bed, Mayflower?"

"No sir," lied Herbert calmly.

"That chap from your town thought he saw some-

thing and fired. He was on guard where Lee was murdered. Did you hear the rumpus?"

Herbert nodded.

"That sent your temperature up. Well, if anybody was there he made his getaway. They're combing the bushes. Bushes! Ought to be cut down! Fool thing to have bushes there. That Glynn has got nerve. Seems as if he couldn't give up. Rushes ahead of the others. Might have been shot a dozen times. He ought to be promoted. No, you can't get up. You keep still!"

"Who said I wouldn't?" said Herbert — and sobbed like a girl.

"Say, Mayflower, you are a little pet," said the doctor. "This is no life for you, sonny."

"Will he be promoted?"

"I'd give heavy odds on it."

The next day Herbert's temperature was normal, but he was weak and depressed. He had been ordered home.

"Some cute examining board they've got in your town," said the doctor. "You meant all right, Mayflower; you have been a little sport, but you can't stand this."

Then Dan came. "Congratulations, Corporal," said the doctor, and shook hands with Dan as he went out.

"I've got to go," whispered Herbert pitifully.

"I know it. Don't you mind. You go home and look after mother, and she'll look after you. You'll have a soft snap with her after this."

"You —" began Herbert, but Dan checked him with a great laugh of triumphant freedom.

"Me!" said Dan in a whisper, but a whisper that sang. "Don't you mind me, Herb! I'm all right now. I shall stick to this war if it lasts till I'm eighty; and all I want now is to sail for France. I did think I saw something last night. I hunted after I fired. I hunted for all I was worth. There wasn't a thing. You were right. What I saw was my own chicken-hearted self.

"They think I didn't kill anything last night. There's where they're dead wrong. I did, I did! I killed a coward, and there's one more man to fight for the United States of America. I'm all right now. Go home, dear old chap; let mother nurse you, and you look after her, and tell her her son is a soldier and loves his country better than he loves her."

— *Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.*

UPLIFT THROUGH EFFORT

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*

LEFTY FINDS A COUSIN

Philip turned to look at Lefty. Lefty was sitting on a box in the bottom of the trench, quite casual about the roar of artillery, mending Philip's stockings. What would he have done without Lefty? From the first day in the concentration camp on Salisbury Plain the big Englishman had taken the American boy under his wing. Philip had been amused, tolerant, grateful. Lefty had modified some theories. There was such a thing, Philip admitted now, as a low-bred man with well-bred qualities; of course it was a "sport" example, like a puppy with points in a litter of mongrels.

The man, late chauffeur to Lord Athol, at whose place in Gloucestershire Philip had visited, recognized him. "Mr. Landicutt, sir," he said at once, touching his cap groom fashion.

Philip had written to his mother that she would be pleased to see him growing democratic; that Tommy Athol's chauffeur was his best friend — all the time superbly scornful of the friendship. Yet, as he looked at Lefty darning away — expert, left-handed — at the socks, it came to him, was he scornful now? And then, shock on shock, would not a fellow be a cad to keep such an attitude toward such a man? In a rush he remembered the Lefty of the last months, all resource, unselfishness, capability, everlasting bright courage; did he know many, any, men of his own class who might come out of such an ordeal with such a record?

He thought of Cyrano de Bergerac and his gorgeous

last speech, of how when he came to appear before high heaven he would bring a thing with him which a stain had not touched — *ma plume*. Lefty would be quite inadequate to make fine speeches about himself or his "feather"; all the same, if a German shot took him he would have his unstained plume as much as Cyrano. Philip laughed; he was building a castle around this son of the lower classes, whose very name he did not know. That idea struck him.

"Lefty, have you got a name for yourself?"

"Sure, sir." Lefty stuck in his mouth his finger where the needle pricked it.

"What?"

"Lefty, sir."

"Oh, well, little soldier-man, if you don't want to tell. I was thinking it was queer, being partners, that I don't know your right name. That's all."

Lefty grinned up at him. "Very good, me lord." "Me lord" was nonsense, as both understood, but the implied acknowledgment of social status appealed to Philip; he accepted it cheerfully. "Glad to tell you. Right nyme's Philip Morton, sir."

"*What?*"

Lefty glanced up. "Philip Morton," he pronounced distinctly. "Nyme of my father's brother, wot went to America and made his pile. 'E sent t' old man a lot o' money oncet. They wasn't partiklar friends, but when 'e made his pile 'e sent t' old man two thousand pounds. And t' old man nymed me arfter 'im and lost t' money inside a year. So I'm all t' monymint there is to Philip Morton of America, this side t' ocean. I dunno wot's t' other side."

"Didn't you ever write and tell him about being named for him?" asked Philip.

"Not me, me lord," said Lefty. "Wot'd I do snivelin' arfter a rich gentleman? I suppose he were a gentleman in America; he were only a common man in England; groom to Lord Carlisle down in Hampshire."

Philip stared. In a few sentences Lefty had identified the American uncle as his own grandfather. Which made them cousins; Lefty, who addressed him as "sir" and dropped his *h*'s; Lefty, the cockney chauffeur, was first cousin to that *grande dame* his mother.

Philip started in sudden distaste. His comrade in the trenches, his faithful henchman, was a great old chap; but after all it was instinct in these people to serve their betters. Betters? That word jarred; how would Lefty regard that point if he knew that "me lord" was his cousin? Philip's nerves bristled; it would be idiotic to tell him; the combination would be ruined; Lefty would be embarrassed, and so would he; the comradeship on a basis of things as they really were would be gone, and neither would know the repartee. Much better to keep quiet.

"'Appen to know my gentleman uncle, sir?" inquired Lefty. "I thought t' nyme seemed to strike you, like. But, then, even in America you'd 'ardly know that sort — a real gentleman like you."

Philip had the grace to be uncomfortable as he accepted this tribute. Yet he stuck to his decision; it would be futile to tell Lefty.

"The name did strike me; I've heard it; my —

your — uncle was well known; rich and respected. He's dead now. He did come to be — a gentleman."

"Lor' bless 'is ole 'eart, did he?" Lefty inquired. "Well, I fahncy 'e never got quite t' thing; not like you, me lord. One 'as to be born to the manners, they say. 'E was a bit cracked about bein' a gentleman, as I've 'eard my father tell, so I'm glad 'e got 'is wish as it might be. Odd 'ow you'd 'eard 'is nyme now, wasn't it? The socks is done." And in the subject of his American uncle Lefty showed no more interest.

Philip laid his rifle with care across the protecting sandbags and began firing. In between shots he heard Albert Mullins, the Wesleyan, in even tones droning from his Bible propped on the parapet: "'Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? Selah.'" The crack of Albert Mullins's rifle; Philip, peering between two sandbags, saw another man fall in that pet gap of Mullins's.

With that, along in an hour or so came an order to be ready to charge the opposing earthworks; shells from three miles back had thinned out the Germans holding them, so that it seemed possible that one might advance the lines by a hundred yards. In the zigzag trenches that connected with the front, that led back through a honeycombed stretch, men began to mass, to pour up forward closer and closer, like streams in springtime flooding into a pond. Then the pond overflowed.

A word of command; they were scrambling over the sandbags, rushing the field, dashing along with bullets singing about, around, close now to the other

trench. Then over the edge of it came, crawling, springing, swarming, the Germans, gray uniforms bristling with shining things — rifles, bayonets.

It was all so busy, so impersonal, so deadly quick, that the only thought Philip was conscious of, outside of an intense interest in the glittering bayonets, was a comforting feeling that Lefty was close, touching him now and again; Lefty, whistling through his teeth in a fashion he had when excited. Suddenly there was a heavy bump on his leg, on his forehead at the same second; then a sting like a hornet's sting. He found himself swaying; things were a long way — off ——

When he came to he was on the back of a man who was trotting, headed to a clump of bushes. It hurt hideously to be joggled; he groaned; then was aware that the man whistled through his teeth — Lefty. They were almost at the bushes — they were there, when the man under him staggered; they pitched forward into shelter — the two — and Philip, lifting on his elbow, saw Lefty pulling at his coat where blood flowed. At that suddenly he was frantic. "Lefty, you're wounded — you saved me and they shot you! Butchers, swine! Lefty, I can't — bear it ——"

The man twisted a smile. "Don't worrit, sir. I don't grudge it. But if they wouldn't 'a' potted me that second we'd 'a' got off. Too bad. We'd 'a' 'ad some more nice times, me lord."

Philip, shaky with wounds, crawled to the big Englishman, and put his arm under his head. "Lefty, listen — take this in: I'm not 'me lord' or 'sir' to you. I'm your cousin — get that, Lefty? Your uncle was my grandfather. I'm Philip Morton Landicutt.

LEFTY FINDS A COUSIN

The same name as yours — cousins — get that, old Lefty? I was a cad not to tell you before."

Lefty, with startled eyes on Philip's face, held himself back strongly from the thunder of waters that were sweeping him over a drop into an unknown ocean, waters so near that even now their mighty beat dulled his hearing. For the sake of his love to this man he held himself with his strength steady to hear him.

"Cousins? You and me be — cousins, sir?"

"Lefty, don't call me 'sir'," pleaded Philip. "All that's rot, class and such. It's only people that count." Was it Philip saying it? "Anyhow we're — the same flesh and blood; cousins; the same name, Lefty, you and I. Do you hear? Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive? W'y, I've nothin' to forgive. The other ways 'round. I'm dyin' 'appy — to think we sort of belong to each other, sir — same bloomin' nyme. Good of you to tell me — most gentlemen would 'a' kep' it. You've been good to me — from the first. I 'ope you'll remember me a bit. Cousins — that's grand news for a man to - die with! God bless ——" The strong will suddenly stopped trying to hold back the thunder of the waters; Lefty had slipped over the drop and was out upon the unknown ocean.

Through his life Philip remembered each moment of that day, as it may be a martyr remembers his ordeal; a memory not to be exchanged for all the happy days of a life. He lay as still as the dead, his arm around the dead, his eyes closed, light-headed now and then from the pain of his wounds. The slow hours ground over him as an ancient glacier may have ground over a hillside, carving it.

At first, when Lefty died before his eyes, he had been half mad; he had caught the limp hands; he had talked to him; had rubbed his hands, and pleaded with him to look at him only once, to listen while he told him all the untold things which one would give one's life to say when it is just too late.

But Lefty did not listen; for the first time words of Philip's meant nothing to this humble friend.

Then the boy had broken down, and, with his head on the quiet heart, he had cried as he had not cried in years. After a while, the sobs worn past, he set himself to remember, so that he would never forget, what Lefty had been. He went over the three months of comradeship, and at the end asked himself which had been the finer gentleman, Philip Morton, with breeding and opportunity, or this — the eyes turned to the still figure were blinded so that he could not see his friend — this common man.

With his head against Lefty's shoulder he made up his mind to a thing which meant much to him, which he offered as a thank-offering for this beautiful short friendship.

"Lefty," whispered Philip into the stained uniform — "Lefty, you get this? I promise on my honor for your sake all my life to judge people as people, to throw class prejudice away for junk. Lefty, you've humbled me to the dust, you who put me on a pedestal. I'm a pitiful object beside you ——" A sob cut through, and with it words came to Philip's mind: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!"

"'Greater love'," sobbed Philip into the brown

sleeve, his arm across the broad body. "'Greater love' — 'no man' — that's straight, old Lefty. I won't forget that. I'll — I'll try to make up to some other chaps who haven't a chance."

In the furnace of those hours the steel of a character was forged. It was good stuff tried by fire that day; the boy would not forget.

— *Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.*

FRIENDSHIP

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again;
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

OUTDOOR LIFE

ON HIKING IN THESE UNITED STATES

Rightly, lightly equipped — that is the beginning of the hike; some place to hike to, and some real reason for hiking — that is the middle of the hike; to turn back fresh and strong, arriving home dusty, weary, hungry, sleepy, healthy, happy, the whole of you stronger, keener, finer — that is the end of the hike and of hiking.

Any hiker can deal with the first of these matters; nature will take care of the last of the matters, provided some one sees to it that these middle matters are arranged for. But right in the middle of the hike is the trouble with hiking, especially in this large land of ours, which it seems could never have been made for human legs. Walking around in America is a longer, lonelier occupation than the lonely journey of the bean in the Philadelphia bowl of soup. Where to hike in the United States? and what to hike for? These are serious questions.

The ideal hike is the day-long hike; and to find a reason and a place that will be just dinner-distance off requires some thought and previous training. It is not so difficult in older, lesser lands, like England, for instance. One can start in England anywhere between Land's End and John o' Groat's and by noon arrive at some historic battle-field, some old abbey, some ruined ivy-covered castle, some great man's

tomb — some shrine or other, and find the shrine so lovely or so interesting that bread and cheese or possibly a Banbury bun are a feast, so much more does one get at the middle of the ideal hike than one's dinner. But when the American hikes he telephones ahead to some hotel to have a chicken dinner or a lobster dinner or a clambake ready for him, and then he hikes up to his dinner by "auto"!

What else can he do in the United States? He has no place to visit, for there is nothing to see when he gets there; so he eats. There is plenty to eat in America.

We have had our great men; we have had our great buildings like those at World's Fairs, but they build them of sand and sweep them away when the season is over; and as for our great men, what few we have had seem to have chosen the same cemetery to sleep in, or else are so scattered as to be extremely inconvenient for purposes of hiking. I was motoring through Portland, Maine, recently, when I passed the red-brick house where Longfellow was born. Coming in toward Boston over the road, I was entering Portsmouth by the long bridge, with its long toll, when my eye caught the sign:

Visit the Home of the Bad Boy

the home of little Tom Bailey, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, just 53.2 miles (according to the road-book) from Longfellow's boyhood home back in Portland, which, as I have said, is inconveniently long for a hike!

Things of this sort are either badly crowded or badly spread out in America, with no regard for hik-

ing. Washington's home is hundreds of miles from mine, and Lincoln's tomb more than a thousand, and the picturesque old mission houses over in California so many, many hikes away that, once a man starts from Boston and does the hike to San Francisco, he joins the circus on his arrival and exhibits himself as a side-show ever after.

Hiking for shrines in America must be done by an airship; we must hike on hobnails for other things than shrines.

For what things then? It is astonishing and quite disgracing, too, that Americans know Europe better than they know their own country. They know New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Washington and Chicago because they do business there; but these places are not America. In fact, the cities are quite the least interesting, the least characteristic parts of any country. When an American wishes to hike he buys some English clothes that misfit him, and an Alpenstock, and hikes around in Switzerland or through the streets of Rome. I know many persons who have hiked all over Europe, and have never seen an American prairie or even Niagara Falls. Our land may lack in history, but not in natural history; we have no compactness, but we "make good" in freedom; we may have fewer hedges, high walls and prohibitions, and if our historic bridges and storied ruins are not numerous, our waters and woods and wide warm fields are closer to our big cities and more easily come to. After all, ours is a goodly land and a most excellent hiking land as soon as one knows what are the best things to hike after.

For me, to hike is to get away, — away from people, books, tasks, houses, streets, and my daily round of things, out into a fresh, new, different place, among different things — natural, simple, elemental things — into the cool solemn silences of the forest, or down by the long lonely roll of the sea, or high into the quiet, quickening air of the hills, or far out into the vast encircling spaces of the open fields. When I hike I want to hike for chestnuts, wild grapes, fish, flowers, birds, anything that will give me a good walk into the country, and make the country interesting to me when I get there; that will take me away from conventions and crowds and streets and resorts and shows and things to eat.

And what an interesting country ours is! I mean the country itself, in the large, aside from its natural history. There is no other land to compare with it. What better object can we hike for than the discovery of our own extraordinary country? And no one really ever sees a land, ever truly discovers it, until he hikes over it. Will the kind Fates ever turn me loose to foot it overland from shore to shore, from the Great Lakes to the Great Gulf, that I may see America with my wondering eyes and feel her with my loving feet?

I should like to start in on this big hike with the potato fields of Aroostook County, Maine, "the richest county in the United States", and by easy, day-long hikes travel diagonally across the vast and varied States to the melon fields of the Imperial Valley, "the hottest cultivated portion of the globe." Or, setting out from the coral keys and Everglades of Florida, what a jour-

"OUT INTO A FRESH, NEW, DIFFERENT PLACE'

ney to zigzag across to the high sage-brush deserts of Oregon and, climbing through the peach and apple orchards of Washington, stand at the end of the journey on the summit of Tacoma, "The Mountain that was God"!

My heart thrills at the very thought of it.

If ever I drop suddenly from sight, and my friends placard the country and advertise for whereabouts of me, let the inhabitants of Kit Carson County, Colorado, look out. For if they will draw a bee-line from Caribou, Maine, to San Diego, California, and another line from Key West to the peak of Mt. Tacoma, the two lines will intersect in Kit Carson County, I should say, and soon or late there I shall be sure to pass; the Kit Carsonites may well know that I am not lost, but only taking one or the other of these two catercornered hikes across these glorious States.

I would not start from Palm Beach, yet I would not avoid Saratoga Springs, nor ask when I came to Chicago, as John Muir did on arriving at San Francisco: "What is the quickest way out of this town?" for I wish to see the whole of America, and certainly Chicago has a real place on the map. Yet little of America can be seen in her cities, for cities are cities the world over. They may show us what she *will* be, but what she is *now* will be discovered among the country people and country scenes — loggers in their camps on Katahdin, farmers in their Kansas prairies, ranchers in the Montana valleys, trappers, shepherds in the Sierras.

"And wool and wheat and the grape, and the digging of yellow gold."

Walt Whitman again cries out:

"From Paumanok starting I fly like a bird
Around and around to sing the ideas of all,
The idea of all of the Western world one and inseparable,
And then the song of each member of these States."

That is what I would do, too, were I a poet; but being only a hiker I will forego the wings and the song, and taking to my hobnails, be thrilled to hike across and across and *see* the idea of all.

"The idea of all of the Western World one and inseparable." The fairest land, the most reasonable, habitable, likable, hikeable land the sun shines on.

If I had my choice of adventures, I could think of no larger escape than into the immensity of America, this epic land of ours that is still an undiscovered country to most of us conventional Americans.

— *Dallas Lore Sharp.*

THE NATURE-LOVER

Whoso inhabiteth the wood,
And chooseth light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd, —
Into such forester shall pass,
From his companions, power and grace.
Pure shall he be without, within,
From the old adhering sin;
He shall never be old,
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall watch the speeding year
Without wailing, without fear.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE SEA

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful, the strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods; who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls;
They pluck Force thence and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O Waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE TULIP

She slept beneath a tree
Remembered but by me.
I touched her cradle mute;
She recognized the foot,
Put on her scarlet suit, —
And see!

— *Emily Dickinson.*

AUNT JANE'S ROSE

There are flower-lovers who love some flowers and other flower-lovers who love all flowers. Aunt Jane was of the latter class. The commonest plant, striving in its own humble way to be sweet and beautiful, was sure of a place here, and the haughtiest aristocrat who sought admission had to lay aside all pride of place or birth and acknowledge her kinship with common humanity. The Bourbon rose could not hold aside her skirts from contact with the cabbage-rose; the lavender could not disdain the companionship of sage and thyme. All must live together in the concord of a perfect democracy. Then, if the great Gardener bestowed rain and sunshine when they were needed, midsummer days would show a glorious symphony of color around the gray farmhouse, and through the enchantment of bloom and fragrance flitted an old woman, whose dark eyes glowed with the joy of living and the joy of remembering all life's other summers.

To Aunt Jane every flower in the garden was a human thing with a life story, and close to the summer-house grew one historic rose, heroine of an old romance, to which I listened one day as we sat in the arbor, where hundreds of honeysuckle blooms were trumpeting their fragrance on the air.

"Grandmother's rose, child, that's all the name it's got," she said, in answer to my question. "I reckon you think a fine-lookin' rose like that ought to have a fine-soundin' name. But I never saw anybody yet that knew enough about roses to tell what its right

name is. Maybe when I'm dead and gone somebody'll tack a French name on to it, but as long as it grows in my gyarden it'll be jest grandmother's rose, and this is how it come by the name:

"My grandfather and grandmother was amongst the first settlers of Kentucky. They come from the Old Dominion over the Wilderness Road way back yonder, goodness knows when. Did you ever think, child, how curious it was for them men to leave their homes and risk their own lives and the lives of their little children and their wives jest to git to a new country? It appears to me they must 'a' been led jest like Columbus was when he crossed the big ocean in his little ships. I reckon if the women and children had had their way about it, the bears and wildcats and Indians would be here yet. But a man goes where he pleases and a woman's got to foller, and that's the way it was with grandfather and grandmother. I've heard mother say that grandmother cried for a week when she found she had to go, and every now and then she'd sob out, 'I wouldn't mind it so much if I could take my gyarden.'

"When they began packin' up their things, grandmother took up this rose and put it in an iron kittle and laid plenty of good rich earth around the roots. Grandfather said the load they had to carry was heavy enough without puttin' in any useless things. But grandmother says, says she: 'If you leave this rose behind, you can leave me, too.' So the kittle and the rose went.

"Four weeks they was on their way, and every time they come to a creek or a river or a spring, grandmother'd water her rose, and when they got to their

journey's end, before they'd ever chopped a tree, or laid a stone, or broke ground, she cut the sod with an axe, and then she took grandfather's huntin' knife and dug a hole and planted her rose.

"Grandfather cut some limbs off a beech tree and drove 'em into the ground all around it to keep it from bein' tramped down, and when that was done, grandmother says: 'Now build the house so's this rose'll stand on the right-hand side o' the front walk. Maybe I won't die of homesickness if I can set on my front doorstep and see one flower from my old Virginia gyarden.'

"Well, grandmother didn't die of homesickness, nor the rose either. The transplantin' was good for both of 'em. She lived to be ninety years old, and when she died the house wouldn't hold the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren that come to the funeral. And here's her rose growin' and bloomin' yet, like there wasn't any such things in the world as old age and death. And every spring I gather a basketful o' these pink roses and lay 'em on her grave over yonder in the old buryin'-ground.

"Some folks has family china and family silver that they're mighty proud of. Martha Crawford used to have a big blue and white bowl that belonged to her great-grandmother, and she thought more o' that bowl than she did of everything else in the house. Milly Amos had a set o' spoons that'd been in her family for four generations and was too precious to use; and I've got my family rose, and it's jest as dear to me as china and silver are to other folks. I ricollect after father died and the estate had to be divided up, and sister

Mary and brother Joe and the rest of 'em was layin' claim to the claw-footed mahogany table and the old secretary and mother's cherry sideboard and such things as that, and brother Joe turned around and says to me, says he:

"'Is there anything you want, Jane? If there is, speak up and make it known.' And I says: 'The rest of you can take what you want of the furniture, and if there's anything left, that can be my part. If there ain't anything left, there'll be no quarrelin'; for there's jest one thing I want, and that's grandmother's rose.'

"They all laughed, and sister Mary says, 'Ain't that jest like Jane?' and brother Joe says, says he:

"'You shall have it, Jane, and further than that, I'll see to the transplantin'.'

"That very evenin' he come over, and I showed him where I wanted the rose to stand. He dug 'way down into the clay — there's nothin' a rose likes better, child, than good red clay — and got a wheelbarrer load o' soil from the woods, and we put that in first and set the roots in it and packed 'em good and firm, first with woods soil, then with clay, waterin' it all the time. When we got through, I says: 'Now, you pretty thing you, if you could come all the way from Virginia in an old iron kittle, you surely won't mind bein' moved from father's place to mine. Now you've got to live and bloom for me same as you did for mother.'

"You needn't laugh, child. That rose knew jest what I said, and did jest what I told it to do. It looked like everything favored us, for it was early in the spring, things was beginnin' to put out leaves, and the next day was cloudy and cool. Then it began to rain, and

rained for thirty-six hours right along. And when the sun come out, grandmother's rose come out, too. Not a leaf on it ever withered, and me and my children and my children's children have gathered flowers from it all these years.

"Folks say I'm foolish about it, and I reckon I am. I've outlived most o' the people I love, but I don't want to outlive this rose. We've both weathered many a hard winter, and two or three times it's been winter-killed clean to the ground, and I thought I'd lost it. Honey, it was like losin' a child. But there's never been a winter yet hard enough to kill the life in that rose's root, and I trust there never will be while I live, for spring wouldn't be spring to me without grandmother's rose."

Tall, straight, and strong it stood, this oft-transplanted pilgrim rose; and whether in bloom or clothed only in its rich green foliage, you saw at a glance that it was a flower of royal lineage. When spring covered it with buds and full-bloom blossoms of pink, the true rose color, it spoke of queens' gardens and kings' palaces, and every satiny petal was a palimpsest of song and legend. Its perfume was the attar-of-rose scent, like that of the roses of India. It satisfied and satiated with its rich potency. And, breathing this odor and gazing into its deep wells of color, you had strange dreams of those other pilgrims who left home and friends, and journeyed through the perils of a trackless wilderness to plant still farther westward the rose of civilization.

— *Eliza Calvert Hall.*

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the folding grass said, *Stay.*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, Abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
O'erleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,

Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me passage with friendly brawl;
And many a luminous jewel alone —
Crystal clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone,
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

— *Sidney Lanier.*

ART OUT OF DOORS

The true use and first purpose of the home grounds is to grow for us beautiful plants of such a kind that their right association will make a beautiful whole, beautifully in keeping with the house on the one hand and with the outer landscape on the other. In fitting them for this purpose we are at liberty to get our trees, shrubs, and flowers where we will, provided we introduce none which, by a discordant note, will mar that general effect which must be determined by soil, situation, and climate, and by the character of the house and of the local landscape.

Suppose, for instance, that on a broken site you have a house which shows a long main wall, of rough stone below and of wood above, with at one end a projecting turret where the stone-work has been carried to a higher point, and at the other end a piazza with sturdy posts and a low sloping roof. Clothe such a house all in creepers of one sort and you do your best to obliterate the architect's accentuations, and to turn what should be a strikingly picturesque effect into a monotonous picture.

But plant Japanese ivy against the long recessed wall; let Virginia-creepers drape, more loosely and boldly; the projecting turret; in the angle between the turret and the long wall set a trumpet-creeper whose dark glossy foliage will contrast with the lighter tone of the Japanese ivy and the medium tone of the turret-vines; let honeysuckles and clematis twine around your piazza-posts, and then you will have

draperies which will be beautifully varied in themselves and will accent, not conceal, the architect's intentions, while bringing his features into closer harmony with one another and the ground which bears them.

Each vine, each creeper, has a special character of its own, determined by its habit of growth as well as by the character of its foliage and flowers. Wisteria, for example, will not cling to a flat wall; it needs some other support. It will clamber very high with the aid of a single wire, but, as it then looks, is best in place on a city house, or on a country house of formal design. On picturesque houses it looks better if trained over a trellis-work of wires against a wall, or if allowed to cover a balcony, forming irregular masses which are scarcely more charming when in profuse flower than later, when the luxuriant foliage is fully developed.

The Virginia-creeper adapts itself in the most versatile way to such supports as it may find, now twining around a fence or lattice and throwing out long free streamers, and now spreading a flat yet gracefully flowing mantle over wide, plain walls. It stands midway in habit between the wisteria and the Japanese ivy — less massive than the former, less delicate and closely clinging than the latter, which adheres to the smoothest walls almost as though each of its leaves had been carefully spread out and fastened in place.

A judicious union of these three vines is far more beautiful on a country house than either one alone could be, if for each that spot is chosen where its manner of growth will look most appropriate. And,

if the climate permits the use of English ivy, this will be an invaluable addition, not only because it is green in winter as well as summer, but because it gives the planter a still darker note of color for the accentuation of his harmony, and still bolder and more varied masses of foliage.

There are a multitude of other hardy vines which ought to be commonly employed — climbing roses and honeysuckles, for example: clematis of many kinds, and trumpet creepers, the bittersweet, the poison-ivy, the Dutchman's-pipe, and our wonderfully beautiful wild grapevines. Not all of them will grow in all places, nor in all ways, and not all will look well together; but each has its special beauty, and they offer endless possibilities for beautiful combinations.

The substance and color of the house must of course be considered, as well as their own peculiarities. The splendid foliage-masses of the trumpet-creeper and its brilliant clusters of orange flowers look better against gray wood than against red brick, while brick is the more favorable background for Japanese ivy, both in summer, when it shows tints of light yellowish green, and in winter, when against a contrasting color its delicate traceries of gray branchlets look as though etched by a skilful human hand.

I do not speak of annual vines in this connection, for the garment which is to unite the walls of the house with the soil should be woven of lasting materials. Otherwise the work will never be thoroughly well accomplished, and, such as it is, will have to be done over again every year.

The vines should never be allowed to cover the walls entirely, for the walls, not the creepers, are the main concern. Their architectural character should be kept distinct; and not alone for the sake of one pleasing feature and another, but especially for the sake of that effect of unity between house and grounds which is so important. It is surely a mistake to build a solid lower story of stone or brick, and then allow it to be entirely hidden, even during six months of the year. The beauty of the architectural work is lost, and besides, the effect of upper stories apparently based on a substructure of fluttering leaves is most unfortunate. The house does not seem to be rooted in the ground; it seems to stand upon an unstable bank of green. Vines enough may be grown to beautify the walls and unite them well with the ground, and yet spaces be reserved, below as well as above, where the constructed surface shall appear — spaces which will indicate the general character of the walls, show where the ground ends and they begin, and assure the eye of their stability.

It is a good plan, also, to train some vines so that they shall spread over portions of the ground, and thus make the transition between the soil and the walls seem still more intimate and natural. A mass of honeysuckle, for instance, running out boldly over rock or grass for a little distance, makes a very charming effect, and its bloom will seem even more profuse in this than in an upright position.

But in the majority of cases vines alone should not be depended upon to mask the junction of walls and soil. Unless very irregular rocks form the founda-

tion upon which the walls are set, they will need more massive and spreading foliage at their base. The fact is generally perceived to-day, for we seldom find a suburban or country house where plantations have not been made close to the walls. Unfortunately, however, they are usually flower-beds filled with annuals or tender ornamental plants. They look better, perhaps, than utter nakedness, although when the choice is a particularly tasteless one, even as much as this cannot be granted.

In the first place, what has been said of annual creepers applies equally to tender plants of other sorts — the work is done, the effect is produced, for the season merely. When winter comes, nakedness returns in a worse shape than if no flowers had been planted; the house stands, not even upon grass, but on a line of empty earth which makes its want of harmony with its surroundings most painfully apparent. And then in the spring the labor of clothing its base must be begun again.

In the second place, flower-beds are too monotonous. We need more variety of form; we need to diversify the clothing green by massing it, by carrying it up in certain places higher than in others, and by spreading it out here and there to connect or group with other plantations in the vicinity.

If a tall shrub is planted it should be because a tall one is needed, not because a particularly handsome tall one has been in a nursery or in some neighbor's grounds. The question should not be whether one likes lilacs especially, but whether lilac-bushes can be well used in the general scheme. With a little care

a good spot can be found for any special favorite; or, if not, something that will win itself as high a place in its owner's affections can be found to use instead.

Of course an over-use of shrubs should be avoided. We do not want a house to look as though it grew in a thicket, or as though the cultivation of shrubs were its owner's chief concern. Mass shrubs in the angles of porches, steps, or bay-windows, carry them along in lower groups, then break them, and for a little space let the foundations be seen resting on the grass, in order that their stability may be clearly manifest; and then, in another angle, place another more important group. Study the outline of the house and the character of its site. And do not conceal beautiful adjacent features, but sedulously "plant out" those which, like out-houses and drying-yards, should not be seen.

Color should be especially regarded in choosing shrubs and creepers. One monotonous tint of green is to be avoided, but still more an excessive use of bright-hued plants. Green is Nature's color. In this climate she spontaneously produces few bright-hued plants; the great majority of those which the nursery gardener offers us are "sports" and freaks of nature which she herself, perhaps, would regard as lamentable mistakes. Curiosities have, however, a great attraction for the average man, especially at the moment when they rank as novelties also; and far too many places are disfigured by an accumulation of abnormally-colored plants, with striped or blotched or speckled foliage, and especially with foliage of those sickly yellow hues which in nursery-catalogues are poetically

called "golden." A single plant of this sort may often produce a pretty effect, if grouped among others of a normal tint — as a slender, golden honeysuckle climbing amid others of ordinary kinds, or a single red Japanese maple associated with a mass of dark green shrubs. But to plant too many of them, and to mingle reds and yellows, streaks and spots, in the reckless manner that we often see, is to destroy all peacefulness and unity as well as all naturalness of effect.

— *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.*

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew
Its stalk was bent; it hung its head
As if to hide from view;
And yet it was a lovely flower,
With colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed,
And there diffused a sweet perfume
Within its silent shade;
Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

— *Jane Taylor.*

MAKING A GARDEN OF SMALL FRUITS

One of the good points about growing fruits is that they will do well in any ordinarily good soil, even in a soil in which it would be very difficult to grow good vegetables. One thing they all demand though, and that is thorough drainage. Wet feet and good fruit you will not find on the same bush, vine, or tree.

The second half of the vitally important point of getting a good start is to do the planting properly.

You can, as a general thing, depend upon your nurseryman to pack your plants so that they will reach you in good condition for setting out. The important thing for you to do is to see to it that your ground is in condition and awaiting their arrival before you find them actually on your hands. You should have things in such shape that you can set them out immediately after they reach you.

The soil in the "hole" for planting should be thoroughly dug over and pulverized in a circle of two or three feet in diameter and at least a foot in depth. The soil, unless in very excellent condition, should be enriched to some extent before any planting is done. A little potash, either in the form of muriate or sulphate of potash, or of wood ashes, should also be added. The enrichment and the chemical should be thoroughly forked in. The object in keeping the richer soil below the surface is to induce the roots to strike downward, rather than to spread around near the surface.

When setting out small fruits, as with transplanting

MAKING A GARDEN OF SMALL FRUITS

of all kinds, the point of great importance is to get them in firmly enough so that the earth will be packed compactly about the roots and hold them without motion in one position until a growth of new feeding rootlets has been made. They should be set down in the soil as deep as, or a little deeper than, they had been growing in the nursery, as shown by the earthmark on the stem. The roots should be spread out carefully, in as natural a position as possible, and not cramped into a small space or bent back up toward the surface at their extremities. If it is very dry when setting out, water may be applied in the bottom of the hole. It should never be poured on top, after the planting is done, as in that case it evaporates very quickly, and leaves the surface a hard baked crust, doing the plant little or no good, and possibly even injury.

Be sure, no matter what vines you are setting out, or how few of them there may be, to get all your rows absolutely straight and the inter-spaces equal. This will not only greatly improve the looks of your fruit garden, but assist you materially in taking care of it.

Most of the small fruits do best, especially in latitudes north of Philadelphia, with spring planting.

Raspberries like best a clayey soil. It should be cool and moist, but never wet. The black and red types of raspberry are distinct in flavor and both should be grown. The red varieties should be planted about three feet apart in the rows, with the rows five feet apart; but for the blackcaps the rows should be six feet apart, — and in rich soil, seven will be more comfortable. The blackcaps and a few of the reds

throw out fruiting side-branches which should be cut back in spring one-half to two-thirds of their length.

If there is any variation in the soil picked out for the berry-patch, give the driest place to the blackberries, as lack of moisture affects raspberries more seriously. Blackberries do not need the soil quite so thoroughly enriched as do raspberries, and a surplus of plant food, especially of nitrogen, may keep the vines from ripening thoroughly in the fall, which is essential for good crops. If growing too rankly, they should be pinched back in late August. When tying the vines up to support in the spring, cut back the main canes to four or five feet, and the laterals to not more than a foot and a half.

It has been said that strawberries can be grown in any soil. It is true that at least some varieties will do well in almost any soil, but good, rich, sandy loam, with a southern exposure, protected on the north, is the best if early berries are desired. A northern exposure is more suitable for the later varieties. In either case the situation should be open and airy. There are two requirements, deep soil and thorough draining, if the finest, largest berries are wanted. Both may be had at little expense for such a small area as will be required in the home garden.

In addition the soil must be thoroughly prepared. This is even more important with strawberries than with most garden crops. Unless the ground is in excellent condition, cross plow and sub-soil plow should be used, and then the ground should be thoroughly refined and harrowed.

Before setting, the plants should be put in shape

by removing all dead or broken and large leaves and trimming back the roots about one half. This gives a stocky little plant that can be set successfully. The actual operation of setting the plants in the ground is one of the most important in the whole culture of the strawberry. It is best to do this work on a cloudy day or late in the afternoon. Set the roots in as deep as is necessary to cover all the roots, but not deeper. Set them in firm — if the soil is dry, press into place with the balls of the feet, placed either side of the newly-set plants.

There are two ways of setting the plants, both suited to the home garden where the best in quality as well as in yield should always be aimed at. The first is the hill system. The plants are set in rows about a foot apart. The rows may be single, or four or five together in a bed; the rows a foot apart, with a two-foot alley between the hills. Where only a few plants are grown, and the soil is rich and may be watered, this method will probably give the most satisfaction.

The second is the matted-row system. The plants are set twelve inches apart, in rows about three feet apart. As the runners start, they are rooted to a distance of six or eight inches on each side of the row and then turned along the line. This gives a neat, narrow row, twelve to sixteen inches wide. These new plants are separated from the parent plants as soon as they are well established, and all other runners from both sets of plants are kept pinched off. Whatever methods of planting and growing are used, the beds must be kept clean and frequently cultivated.

— *F. F. Rockwell* (*Abridged*).

THE LITTLE GARDEN

A little garden on a bleak hillside
Where deep the heavy, dazzling mountain snow
Lies far into the spring. The sun's pale glow
Is scarcely able to melt patches wide
About the single rosebush, all denied
Of Nature's tender ministries. But no, —
For wonder-working faith has made it blow
With flowers many-hued and starry-eyed.
Here sleeps the sun long, idle summer hours;
Here butterflies and bees fare far to rove
Amid the crumpled leaves of poppy flowers;
Here four-o'clocks, to the passionate night above
Fling whiffs of perfume, like pale incense showers.
A little garden, loved with a great love!

— *Amy Lowell.*

GOODBYE, PROUD WORLD

Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend and I'm not thine;
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
A river ark on the ocean brine.
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

* * * * * * *

I'm going to my own hearthstone
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned.

"GOODBYE, PROUD WORLD!"

Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbirds' roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh when I am safe in my sylvan home
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophists' schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God may meet.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

— *Joseph Addison.*

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky —
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

— *William Wordsworth.*

A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH FACT AND FANCY

WHEN ROLAND BLEW HIS HORN

Right cautiously the van-guard began the homeward march. Beyond the Pyrenees lay their well-beloved France, and they pressed on toward her vine-clad provinces, but with anxious thoughts of the rear-guard, leagues behind, between them and the Moslem hosts.

The way to home and loved ones lay through the Vale of Roncesvalles. This vale was a long and narrow defile in the mountains, through which the army was obliged to march in a scattered and dismembered way; and so it was that Karl and the van had already gained France, while the beloved Roland and his chosen followers were just entering the pass of Roncesvalles.

Now Charlemagne knew full well where the danger lay, and he was grievously concerned for his sister's son. Moreover, on the night before, he had dreamed a dream, in which he beheld a vision, symbolizing the treachery of Ganelon. But it was not a time to hearken to the misgivings of his heart, and the Emperor pressed on, solacing himself with the thought that his best and bravest were behind with the rear-guard.

From far over the marches of Spain the heathen hosts were gathering. Swiftly, surely, their serried ranks were closing in on the Christian band. Mountain, plain, and valley glittered red with their burn-

ished arms, as on their light Arab steeds they swept like the wind of the desert on Roland's track. And, as the rear-guard of the Christian army rode into the deep defile of Roncesvalles, the Saracen bugles rang out a challenge from the far distance.

Now Oliver, though brave as any of King Karl's peers, was wise enough to recognize danger and to fear it. The sound of the war-trumpet brought him at once to Roland's side, and he said:

"Sir Comrade, there is battle at hand with the heathen!"

But Roland lacked wisdom, and exclaimed with his usual pride:

"God grant it may be so! Let us be strong for mighty blows, lest songs of scorn be sung against us. No craven part shalt thou see me fill this day."

Oliver was not so anxious for an encounter with the enemy, and he hastily climbed to a high point to get some idea of their numbers. Far over the plain his eye could reach, and he was bewildered and dismayed by the sight before him. Greater far than he had reckoned were the Paynim hosts, and many times more ominous was their battle-array. One long look at their serried, glittering masses, and he hastened down to Roland.

"My comrade," urged he, "I have seen the enemy, and never on earth did such host appear. I pray thee, sound thy horn, that Karl may hear and return to our succor." But Roland answered:

"Such deed were madness! Lost in France would be my glory. My good sword shall seal the felons' fate."

"Nay, Roland, sound thine ivory horn, that Karl

may send his legions back and lend us aid," exclaimed his wise companion. In vain he pleaded.

Nearer and nearer the Moslems swept, and Oliver exclaimed in reproach:

"See, comrade, see how close are they, and help, alas, how far! The rear-guard will make their last brave stand this day!"

But Roland was drunk with the joy of battle and cried:

"My friend, my brother, my Oliver, the Emperor hath left us here his bravest. Full twenty thousand men he gave to us, and among them no coward heart. I shall so strike with this matchless blade that he who wears it when I lie dead shall say, 'Twas the sword of a valorous captain.'"

The time was all too short — the Moslems were almost upon them. Archbishop Turpin, seeing their straits, spurred his horse to a jutting crag, and addressed the men. There was silence among the Franks as the voice of the beloved churchman rang through the hollow pass:

"Barons, we are here for our Emperor's sake; strike we for him, though death be our portion." He stretched out his arms above them, and the Franks alighted and knelt on the ground, crying, "*Mea culpa!*" Then he assoiled them and blessed them, giving them for penance, to smite their best.

The next instant the storm of battle broke, and Paynim and Christian closed in the death-struggle, each hoping, believing, to find in the blood of the other his passport into Paradise; each with the name of God on his lips.

Well might the Emperor bow his white head in woeful fear, though the blue skies of his native France were smiling above him. Death stalked triumphant at Roncesvalles, and Frank and Saracen yielded him tribute till the pass was covered with the dying and the dead.

If only King Karl could have seen his knights that day, the glory of the sight would have blotted out its tragedy. Roland was proud, but there was none braver than he; and he flung himself upon the enemies of his king, his country, and his God with a fierce courage that none might withstand. Wherever his splendid form was seen, his followers greeted him with loud acclaim, and he cheered them on with their Emperor's battle-cry, — "Montjoie, Saint Denis!"

No less courageous was his dear comrade. But no fierce joy impelled Oliver to the great deeds that he performed. He saw his duty, and met it like a true knight.

Nor were the ten others of the Emperor's peers less zealous in his cause. Each gave his all for Charlemagne; and if that all was less than the mighty Roland gave, it was not the fault of the knight who pledged it.

Conspicuous in the fight was the great archbishop, — here blessing and assoiling according to his holy office; there rushing to the charge like the warrior that nature had made him, crying, —

"Strike, barons! Remember your chivalry!"

But not to the Franks alone belong all the glory and all the praise. The Moslem hosts that opposed them were "worthy of their steel", — equally zealous in their own cause, equally certain of the approval of God.

Wilder and fiercer grew the strife, and Paynim and Christian mingled together in dire confusion. At length the Moslem ranks wavered for an instant, gave back a little, and then broke in panic. And a pitiful remnant of the mighty host of King Marsilius fled from the field, leaving slain in the pass the great body of that once proud army. But even this remnant did not escape, for they were followed by the Christians; and only one, wounded and bleeding, escaped to tell King Marsilius the story of his loss.

Nearly a hundred thousand Moslems lay dead in the pass of Roncesvalles. But they had sold their lives full dearly. Beneath, above, and beside them were piled the flower of the Frankish army — Christian and Paynim, asleep on one mother's breast, unheedful alike of triumph and defeat.

In spite of the fact that theirs had been the places of greatest danger all through the battle, Roland and Oliver and the good archbishop had escaped unhurt; and they and their comrades betook them to the sad duty of searching the bloody field for their best-beloved dead. Long they had wandered thus among the dead and dying, when a mighty blast of trumpets smote on their ears.

"O God, our Father, what straits are ours!" they cried, as looking up they beheld in the distance another Saracen host, greater by far than the one they had crushed, bearing down upon them.

Now happened a thing most wondrous to tell. In far-away France an awful darkness came down upon the land; a great whirlwind swept the face of the country; the rain fell, the earth rocked, and the

thunder rolled along the sky. For a long time the darkness was unbroken, save when the lightning cleft the storm-clouds and gave to the scene a yet wilder fear. On all there came a mighty dread, and they deemed the end of the world at hand. They knew not that it was an augury of the fateful tragedy at the gates of Spain.

The lone heights about Roncesvalles had looked upon the Christian in his pride and triumph; now were they destined to behold another sight.

Like that awful storm-cloud, the heathen came down upon the Christian few, the thunder of hoof-beats waked the echoes of Roncesvalles, and the hard earth reeled with the shock of arms.

The rear-guard made their last brave stand that day. Lance to lance and sword to sword, they held their own while there was yet life in them, and they achieved all but the impossible. Twice did the heathen swarms break and fly before the fierce onslaughts of the Christians, but twice, reinforced, they rushed to the attack again. Knight after knight went down before them! Where might the Emperor find their like again?

At length only sixty of the Franks were left, pressed together by the Moslem thousands. Every man in that "marvellous little companie" knew that death that day would be his portion; but each was stanch and true, and was resolved to sell his life "full hardily."

As the once haughty Roland gazed on his slaughtered men and on the pitiful few who rallied around him in his last stand against the Moslem power, his heart smote him grievously for the ruin he had wrought, and he cried to his companion:

"Would to God he had been with us — our Emperor and friend! Speak, Oliver, and lend thy counsel. How may we yet send tidings to Karl?" But Oliver, in spite of his usual gentleness, was bitter against his friend, and he said mockingly:

"'Such deed were madness; lost in France would be thy glory!'"

But Roland's anguish and humility were great, and he insisted, —

"I will sound upon my horn that Karl may hear."

"Nay," cried Oliver. "Wouldst thou *call for aid?*"

The broken-hearted Roland protested, but Oliver continued bitterly:

"See how our Franks lie slain of thy madness, nevermore to render service to our Emperor. Thou too shalt die, and forever shall France be dishonored!"

Thus, in face of death, did these two quarrel — they who had been dearer than all else to each other. The good archbishop heard their strife, and rebuked them sadly, saying:

"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Oliver, I pray ye, in the name of God, contend not. To wind the horn shall not avail to save us now. Yet were it meet to sound it, too; for Karl will return to avenge our fall, and bear our bodies back to gentle France to sleep in hallowed earth."

Then Roland sounded a mighty blast upon his horn, — so mighty that a vein in his temple burst with the effort, and the bright blood flowed from his lips. But the powerful strain, echoing and re-echoing along the hollow pass of Roncesvalles, came faintly to the ear of Karl, and told its tale of tragedy.

"It is Roland's horn," cried the white-haired Emperor. "He had not blown it save in dire distress." Then, though the traitor Ganelon did all in his power to dissuade him, Charlemagne turned back along the mountain path toward Spain.

And even in that hour, though weakened by loss of blood, and heart-sick at the fate he had brought upon his comrades, Roland rushed to the fight once more, — fleeter, fiercer, and more terrible.

"Oh, Oliver, brother," he cried in his anguish, "I die of shame and grief if I escape unhurt!"

Deeper yet he pressed into the fight, and showered blows as only Roland could, driving the foe before him. But, alas! the heathen hosts were thick as the sands of their native deserts, and thousands upon thousands came to reinforce their wavering ranks. Then Roland cried, —

"Our hour of fate is come!" and even as he spoke, a villainous heathen bore down upon Sir Oliver and thrust him through with his lance.

"Sir Roland, Sir Comrade," the dying Oliver cried — for his anger against his friend had burned out — "ride near me still; our parting is at hand."

"O God, my gentle Oliver!" cried the anguished Roland, "is this the end of all thy valor? Ah, hapless France, bereft of thy bravest! Who shall measure thy loss!" His grief was greater than he could bear, and he swooned upon his charger's neck.

Now Sir Oliver's eyes were dimmed with bleeding, so that he knew not friend from foe; and in the surge of battle, he mistook his swooning comrade for a Moslem, and dealt a fierce blow on Roland's golden

crest. The stroke did naught but rouse his unconscious friend, for the arm of the dying Oliver had lost its wonted power.

"My comrade," said Roland, softly, "didst thou strike me knowingly? I am Roland, who loves thee so dearly."

And Oliver answered:

"Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me. I hear thee, but I see thee not." Then Roland pressed closer to him, saying:

"I am not hurt, my Oliver."

Then Oliver alighted from his horse, and couching upon the red earth, cried aloud his *Mea Culpa*. Then passed his gentle spirit to Paradise; and Roland cried in his anguish:

"Since thou art dead, to live is pain!"

But life and pain were Roland's for yet a little space, and he had need to bear him to the end a cavalier. Rousing himself from his grief, he beheld about him a mere handful of the sixty he had counted last, each fighting "as if knight there were none beside": so, grasping Durindana, he pressed into the strife. The next instant he beheld the good archbishop flung to the ground from a dying charger. But Turpin was on his feet almost instantly; and though he bore four lance-wounds in his body, he raised his sword on high and ran to the side of Roland, crying:

"I am not defeated! A brave soldier yields with life alone!" Then wreaked he such vengeance upon the heathen hordes that some say God wrought a miracle in his behalf.

If miracle of God there was, it was not granted to

save the Christian few from destruction. In the last struggle, the valiant Turpin, wounded and afoot, and the matchless Roland, faced the Moslem hosts alone.

Fled was Count Roland's pride and vanity. With certain death before him, his one thought was to summon Karl to vengeance, and to die like a cavalier. The pain in his brow, from the bursting of the vein, was growing more and more intense; not long, he knew, could his fainting spirit bide. Once again he raised his ivory horn to his lips, and sounded a call to the hosts of Charlemagne.

It was but a feeble strain, but on the north wind an answer came. Suddenly, along the pass, rang a peal of sixty thousand clarions, and the mountains caught up the strain and shouted it back again.

"King Karl! King Karl!" the echoes seemed to call to each other.

"Let us flee and save us!" cried the heathen. "These are the trumpets of France! Karl, the mighty Emperor, is upon us!"

Never was heathen but trembled at that name. Aghast for one moment the hosts of the Moslem stood, then, like hunted things, they broke and fled from the field.

As the infidels gave way in dire panic, Count Roland called to the archbishop:

"Let us give the heathen back their onset!" and he spurred his Veillantif after their flying numbers.

"Who spares to strike is base!" answered the valiant churchman; and wounded though he was, he joined in the pursuit.

"Leave not this Roland alive!" cried one of the fleeing infidels; and he turned and flung his javelin at the Christian knight. A hundred Moslems at once followed his lead. Weapon after weapon was hurled upon the dauntless Roland; but though his armor was all broken, and his raiment frayed, his flesh remained unscathed. Veillantif, his noble charger, was slain under him, and fell to the ground, pierced by thirty wounds.

The heathen vanished; and Roland, unable to keep up on foot, was left alone on the field. His first thought was to succor the good archbishop, who had been grievously wounded in the fight, so he turned back and searched till he found the faithful Turpin.

"The field is thine, and God's the glory," was Turpin's greeting to him; and even as he spoke, his head drooped upon his breast, and his pious spirit passed away. So died the great Archbishop Turpin, — a champion ever of the Christian faith with word and weapon.

Noble and generous always, Roland had thought of his comrade first. Now, left alone, his thoughts turned upon himself, and he knew from the pain in his brow that his end was at hand. Karl and his legions were still some leagues away; he might not hope to meet his Emperor again, but he desired much that Charlemagne should know that his Roland had died unconquered.

So he grasped his Durindana and his ivory horn, and recrossed the marches of Spain — as far as he had followed the fleeing heathen. There, on a mound between two great trees, he laid him down to die. Yet was his spirit troubled, for he knew that if he died thus,

his good sword might fall into unworthy and unknightly hands.

"Ah, my ill-starred blade!" he cried; "no longer may I be thy guardian. Yet never shalt thou know master who shall turn his face from mortal enemy."

So saying, he struggled to his feet, and essayed to shatter his blade upon a great rock. Many blows he smote with it, yet it broke not. Then Roland was sorely grieved. Once more he summoned his failing strength, and showered such mighty strokes upon the stone that the blade, unbroken still, was bent "past word to tell."

Then, for death was upon him, Roland laid him down in the shade of a pine. His sword and his horn he placed beneath his head, that Karl might know he had not surrendered.

And Karl, his Emperor, came and found him with his head upon his unsurrendered sword, and his face toward Spain.

— *Frances N. Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk.*

NOBILITY

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light about thy way be shed.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

— *Edgar Allan Poe.*

FRÉDÉRIC OF WARSAW

[Chopin]

It was the evening study-hour at Nicholas Chopin's boarding-school. Twenty-five lads belonging to the oldest families of Warsaw were assembled in the school-room, preparing lessons for the following day.

The place was large, well lighted, and comfortably warmed; good pictures hung on the walls, and racks of books filled every available nook. At the upper end of the room, near the master's desk, stood an open piano; and at the lower, a table bearing plates, cups, and wholesome refreshments which would be distributed among the boys when study-hour was over. Throughout the room great cheerfulness and comfort reigned, and the apple-cheeked boys at the desks showed that they were generously cared for under this kindly roof. They were mostly little fellows, ranging in age from eight to twelve years, and a merrier company one would journey far to find.

When Nicholas Chopin sat behind the desk, this hour was always a quiet one; for though he was indulgent with the boys out of school, furthering their enjoyment with all his heart, he was also a strict and thorough teacher, who would tolerate no disturbance from the pupils during lesson-time.

But to-night the master was absent, and the new assistant, a mild-eyed, pale young man, sat in Nicholas Chopin's chair and sought to keep the boys at their tasks. He had been among them but two or three days, and at the very beginning the pupils had decided

that this was his first attempt at teaching. His soft voice and worried look filled the boys with glee; and half their playtime was spent in making plans to mock and deride him. Until now, however, they had failed to carry out their mischievous schemes, for Nicholas Chopin had compelled them to treat the new assistant with respectful obedience. But to-night the master had gone from home, leaving his assistant in full charge of the school, and the boys threw all rules to the winds for the sole purpose of vexing the new teacher.

Instead of the usual stillness maintained at this hour, the room was a-buzz with whispers. The boys noisily shuffled their feet, rattled their papers, and tossed their books about on their desks. The teacher rapped sharply with his ruler again and again, but these warnings were greeted with impudent chuckles and laughter.

At one of the side desks sat Frédéric Chopin, the master's son, toiling at a much blotted copy-book. He was heartily liked by every boy in the house, and for some reason, whenever he spoke in his quiet way, the others obeyed his wishes without a syllable of complaint. John Skotricki, who had the strongest arms and legs at the school, was the ring-leader on the playground; but Frédéric was chief counsellor and fun-maker at all other times and places. Although the master's son, he enjoyed no special favor or liberty, but was held to the same line of duty prescribed for the other students. In the classroom he was not noticeably clever, for he was very bad at numbers, and it is doubtful if he could have found his own country on the great globe in the corner; but there was one thing that Frédéric

Chopin could do better than any other boy in the school, better than any other boy in Warsaw, — better, probably, than any other boy in all the country of Poland: he could play magnificently on the piano. So remarkably he played that everybody wondered, and strangers often came to the house for a glimpse of the young musician.

A year before, when he was nine, he had played at a great charity concert given in the city hall, and after the performance the people had surged by the stage to shake his hand and praise him; and in the excitement and pleasure of it all, he might have become very vain of his powers and success, but he remembered just in time that while he could play brilliantly on the piano, he could not jump as far by ten inches as John Skotricki, and that he did not know as much about grammar as the youngest pupil at school.

One boy who had attended the concert, and who loved music passionately, was the young Prince Radziwill. He decided that evening that he would like to know the boy pianist, and soon it was no uncommon thing for the prince's carriage to roll up to the Chopin school. Frédéric went often with the young nobleman to drive, sometimes even accompanying him home to the palace; but of these things he never spoke to the boys at school, and not one of them was jealous because Frédéric had become the prince's friend.

He practised diligently for many hours every day in his own room; but he never mentioned the subject of music to the other lads, and when in their company he was as happy-go-lucky as any schoolboy in Warsaw.

To-night, however, when he saw the new teacher's

face flush with displeasure in the noisy schoolroom, he felt a bit sorry, for he knew that the young man would prove to be a good-natured companion if he were not enraged at the outset.

Frédéric glanced uneasily about him from time to time, as the confusion increased, realizing that even the most patient of teachers would not long endure such rebellion. He, as much as any one, enjoyed the antics that kept the whole school tittering, and was strongly tempted to join in the mutiny; but he had promised his father to stand by the new assistant this evening, and he felt honor-bound to do it.

The crisis came when John Skotricki leaped from his seat and ran down the room in pursuit of a boy who had given him a cuff on the ear in passing. The teacher sprang up with an angry light in his eye, and flourished the ruler threateningly. Frédéric exchanged glances with the assistant, and threw down his pen with the announcement:

"Boys, if you'll all be quiet in your seats, I'll tell you a story."

The others, supposing that Frédéric was on their side, and that this was a part of the joke, folded their arms; and instantly the room grew so still that one could hear the ticking of the clock in the hall beyond.

Frédéric turned out all the lights, for "a story always sounds better in the dark," he explained. Then, seating himself at the piano, he began to speak, playing all the while music that helped to tell his story.

Every student rested his arms on his desk, and bent attentively to listen.

"Once upon a time there stood a great house on the

bank of a lonely river." (Here came a lightly running passage on the piano, like the rippling of water.) "A band of robbers riding through the country paused in the glade at nightfall. Seeing the old mansion by the river side, they decided to force an entrance at midnight and carry away the gold and jewels that were probably secreted there.

"They laid their plans carefully" (sounds of many gruff, deep-toned voices, one at a time, then all together in a rumbling chorus), "and at the solemn hour they had chosen" (twelve clanging tones), "they tied their horses farther up the dell, and marched, two by two, toward the house by the swirling river. Noiselessly they approached and surrounded the many-pinnacled dwelling, every robber choosing a window through which he would make his entrance. At the signal of the leader" (a high faint trill), "every man climbed to his window-ledge, sawed straight through the iron bars that protected it" (a steady rasping sound as of edged tools), "and ripped out the glass with the point of his dagger" (tinklings as of shattered crystal).

"Now for the treasures! Every man had one foot inside the house, and one hand on the inner sill, when, all at once, lights flared up in every room" (a reckless sweep of notes), "dogs barked fiercely, shouts were heard from the upper corridors, pistol-shots burst on the stillness of the night, and the robbers leaped from their perches, rolling over and over in the mud below" (loud discordant notes, and the *bang, bang* of the pistols mingled with the furious growling and yelping of dogs).

"Gaining their feet in a twinkling, the robbers fled

as swiftly as though wearing wings on their boots; and, reaching the horses in breathless fright, they swung themselves into their saddles and galloped madly away. Hour after hour they rode" (pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat of the hoof-beats), "through valley and village and glen. On, on they spurred" (pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat), "until they came to a deep, dense forest. Into its shadows they plunged, knowing that here they would be safe at last from the dogs and the men who lived in the house by the rolling river.

"They pulled up their horses and listened" (silence), "and listened" (silence), "but heard no pursuing feet. So, dismounting, they turned their horses loose to nibble at will, and, jaded by hours of reckless riding, threw themselves upon the green turf to rest. The scents of the flowers were sweet, the grass was deep and soft, the leaves overhead rustled, rustled, rustled, and ere long, in the cool of the summer's dawn, the weary robbers — fell — asleep."

So quietly had Frédéric spoken, so softly had he played as he described the woodland sounds, that, gently touching the final chord, he discovered, by the moonlight streaming in through the windows, that twenty-four boys, like the tired robbers, were fast asleep.

Stealing from the room on tiptoe, he summoned his sisters and the servants to bring in lights; then, stepping to the piano, he struck one crashing chord.

As though a bomb had exploded among them, the boys started from their slumbers, rubbing their eyes and staring stupidly at one another.

At that moment the clock chimed the hour of dis-

missal, and Nicholas Chopin entered the room; whereupon the pupils bounded from their seats with shouts of laughter over the musical spell that Frédéric had cast upon them.

When the cups and plates went around, the new teacher drew the master into the hall and told him how cleverly Frédéric had helped him to maintain order; but in the schoolroom the lads were waving their sandwiches and napkins, and cheering the master's son as a jolly comrade and a true-blue mate.

The city of Warsaw adored its composer, Frédéric Chopin. The residents detected hidden meanings in his playing of the piano which they believed would sometime be accepted beyond the realm of Poland.

He was young, handsome, and gay, and his companionship was sought on every side. Had not his breast been stirred by an impulse stronger than the mere desire for popularity, Frédéric Chopin would have developed into nothing more than an elegant young musician, the acknowledged favorite of his fellow-townsmen. But he was not content to end his career so tamely. He must see the world. He must conquer the public beyond his native land. He must play, he must compose, he must work and study to greater ends.

Accordingly, one day in November, at the age of twenty-one, he set out for Vienna. When he found himself actually leaving kindred and home behind, a flood of sadness swept over him.

"I shall never return," he sighed; "my eyes will never look upon Warsaw again!"

His friends responded lightly to these fears, and with their words of cheer he soon recovered his usual bright spirit.

He was escorted as far as the first day's travel would carry him by a score of affectionate friends; and at the end of a banquet given in his honor, he was touched to the heart by one of their number presenting to him a silver goblet filled with Polish earth, with entreaties that he would meet the world as a man, and keep his country in constant remembrance.

In Vienna he attracted much attention by his playing, and at the end of a year he was accounted one of the leading musical spirits of the city.

He had decided to pay a brief visit to his home and friends, when on his way he was horrified to learn that his beloved Poland had been seized by the Russians, that his country was in the hands of the enemy, and that Warsaw was converted into a camp of foreign soldiers. He dared not advance farther, as all absent Poles had been warned by the new Government to keep away from Poland, on pain of death.

Frédéric was nearly crushed by these unlooked-for tidings, and, only waiting to learn that his parents were safe and well, he set his face toward Paris. Here he decided to make his home, as had so many others of his exiled countrymen. Success in this city meant success in the world, and for this Frédéric Chopin labored through the following years.

His playing was so rare, so peculiarly delicate, that no one in Paris could approach him in his chosen style. One critic called him "the piano god", another, "Velvet Fingers"; and when his compositions were printed,

and the people could play them for themselves, they were nigh transported by his genius.

London vainly besought him to take up his residence there, but he steadily refused, remaining for the rest of his days in Paris, the pride of the Parisians and the idol of the many Poles who, like himself, were exiled from their native land.

When the end came, and the "velvet fingers" were stilled at last, he was buried from the Church of the Madeleine. Crowds of distinguished persons and homeless Poles attended the service, and the procession was numbered by hundreds. Finally, when his body was laid in the place prepared for it, one of his countrymen brought forth the silver goblet which for nineteen years the composer had fondly cherished, and, as the sweetest benediction he could offer, reverently took a handful of Polish earth and sprinkled it upon the body of Frédéric of Warsaw.

—*Harriet Pearl Skinner.*

HECTOR'S FAREWELL

"Oh, but I would be dead, with the dark earth mounded
to hide me,
Sooner than hear thy cries, and thy dragging away
as a captive!"

Thus spake glorious Hector, and reached for his boy;
but the infant,
Screaming with fear, shrank back in the arms of the
fair-girdled nursemaid,

Sorely bewildered at sight of his sire in guise so unwonted,
Fearing the bronze, and the horse-tail crest, as he furtively watched it
Swaying above on the top of the helm, and portentously nodding.
Then outright laughed the father, and even the woe-stricken mother.
Hector at once on the ground laid the glittering helmet, and straightway
Took the child in his arms; and, when he had kissed him, and tossed him,
Lifted his voice in prayer to Zeus and the other immortals:

"Zeus and ye other gods, vouchsafe that my son, this infant,
Grow to be, even as I am, a man of mark mid the Trojans,
Equal in deeds of arms, and a mighty captain in Ilios.
May it be sometimes said, 'he is greater far than his father,'
When he returneth from war, with the spoils of the enemies' captain
Slain by his unmatched hand, and glad be the heart of his mother."

Ceasing, he placed the child in his dear wife's arms, and she took him

Smiling amid her tears; and her husband saw with compassion,
Lovingly clasped her hand, and said in tender remonstrance:

"Timorous woman, I pray thee be not too downcast for my sake:
No man, before my time comes, is going to send me to Hades,
Nay, and none of our race hath the doom once fixed at his birth-hour
Ever escaped, I ween; the coward, no, nor the brave man.
So, go back to the house, and busy thy mind with employments
Suited to women, the loom, the distaff, and bidding thy handmaids
Keep to their work; the war will be cared for by men, and of all men
Chiefly on me of the Ilios-born now resteth the duty."

This said, Hector with haste snatched up his glittering helmet
Nodding with plumes; and his wife went hurrying homeward, but often
Turned she for one more look, then passed on bitterly weeping.

— *Homer.*

From "The Iliad," translated by Prentiss Cummings.

AMERICAN IDEALS

AMERICA'S WAR AND AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

Every great catastrophe turns our thoughts to the realities that underlie human life. We are moved to ask ourselves what is superficial and what is eternally true; what our efforts and our principles signify; whether we are like butterflies, getting what pleasure we can from sunlight and flowers, living a life of instinct, and dying when the least danger overtakes us; or, whether our lives should mean the building up of moral principles that shall make life nobler, better and happier, not chiefly for ourselves, but for those who shall come after us. As we look back over the long stretches of history we feel sure that the men who taught higher morals, enlarged the bounds of human sympathy, and did heroic deeds, have permanently enriched and ennobled human life. Where do such thoughts lead us in entering the present war?

We are witnessing the greatest catastrophe that has befallen Europe, certainly since the wandering hordes overran the Roman Empire and destroyed its civilization. After the fall of Rome social order had to be rebuilt from the foundations, ultimately on a higher plane, no doubt, but by a long and very painful process. For centuries we have been working slowly upward, with many obstacles from ignorance, from prejudice,

from short-sightedness, from selfishness, individual and co-operative; but still with a striving toward a better justice, more mercy for the unfortunate and oppressed, keener sympathy with suffering, and a fuller respect for the right of every man, woman and child to be treated, not as a mere tool in the social workshop or a pawn in the great game of national ambition, but as an end in himself, whose happiness, whose material — and above all whose moral — welfare should be the aim of civilization.

We are very far, as yet, from having achieved such a result, but this is the direction in which the best men have been striving to move. The question now is whether we shall continue to work for that principle or substitute for it the doctrine that the fruits of the earth belong to the strongest people, who may take them by any means within their power, however ruthless these may be.

The striving to make life more humane has not been confined to times of peace. In the case of war, also, an effort has for generations been made to mitigate, through the rules of international law, the injury and suffering inflicted; by protecting the rights of neutrals, by confining the operations to the armed forces of the antagonists, leaving non-combatants unmolested, forbidding looting, and sparing property not directly needed for military purposes. Mercy has even been extended to soldiers, — by the provision of the Hague treaty, for example, which was signed by Germany, — forbidding the use of poisonous gases in war.

In the present conflict the German armies have violated all these rules, not under stress of calamity, but

deliberately. Those who believe that Providence or a moral power rules in the affairs of men may well point to the fact that if Germany had not, in violation of a solemn treaty, invaded Belgium, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to bring the English people to the point of taking part in the war, however eagerly any British statesman might have desired it; that if it had not been for atrocities in Belgium, and the dropping of bombs from the air on defenseless towns in England, recruiting there would have been far less rapid, and the British Empire would not have put forth so gigantic an effort; that had it not been for the sinking of merchant ships on the high seas and the drowning of their crews, the United States would not now be in arms against Germany.

The Allies believe that the German military autocracy planned this war with malice aforethought, to enlarge the territory, enhance the power and expand the commercial prosperity of the nation. The German people have been taught by their rulers that the war results from an attempt by England to drive Germany, which strove for peace, out of a place in the sun; although those rulers supposed that England was in no condition to fight, and were obviously disappointed when she took part with France. But no one imagines that the United States planned the war, or had any share in bringing it on. Wholly unprepared for hostilities abroad, and contrary to our long-established principle of keeping clear of conflicts in Europe, we have been drawn in by violation of the rights of our citizens, and by the spectacle of barbarous treatment of neutrals and non-combatants. No one suspects that

we have any national ambitions to gratify, any lust of conquest to be fed; but we shall fight none the less vigorously from righteous indignation and for an ideal of civilization that we will not suffer the enemy to destroy.

No vast upheaval that lays bare the foundations of human society can pass away and leave things as they were before. Geological convulsions may destroy the soil formed by ages of silent growth and thickly falling leaves, replacing it by a barren waste; or they may heave upward veins of coal and ore or precious stones that, unsuspected, lay deep below the surface. This war cannot leave the world as it was before. The result must be either a worse world or a better one. If Germany should win, the principles of her government must triumph, the ruthless rule of force, exploiting the earth for the benefit of the strong, suppressing other peoples, and beating down small, weak or peaceful nations. If the result should be a drawn battle, a stalemate, with Germany in her present state of mind, the whole world will probably become a series of armed camps, preparing for another fray, and compelled by the very conditions by which they are faced to adopt the methods of warfare Germany has introduced, — that is, the nation in arms using every resource at its command and striving to destroy by every means the resources of the people to which it is opposed.

Can any one contemplate without horror a planet whose inhabitants devote their efforts to devising scientific processes for making it unfit for human habitation? Yet such is the result that we must at least contemplate if the present war should decide nothing,

leaving the belligerents with their former ambitions and principles, with fiercer hatreds and a better knowledge of what the next war will signify.

If, on the other hand, the side on which we are fighting wins, it may mean a better world, reorganized on a basis of justice and peace; and much of the result may depend upon us, both in the field and at the council table.

Let us be perfectly clear in our minds. We proclaim that we are fighting for democracy, but President Wilson has put it more accurately when he said that we are at war to make the world safe for democracy. We are not fighting to impose any form of government upon an unwilling people. That would be contrary to our principle of political liberty. If any people prefer to be ruled by a monarch it is their affair, *provided* they mind their own business, leave other nations alone and live peaceably with their neighbors. A military autocracy that goes forth conquering and to conquer, the world must subdue, or it will have no peace; moreover, the oppression of one race by another must, so far as possible, be removed.

We are at war to prevent any nation from imposing an autocratic military system on the world, or on any people; and when the Allies have succeeded in so doing, they, and any other peoples that sincerely desire a better and more peaceful world, must solemnly resolve that no such catastrophe shall occur again. For this purpose they must not split apart into discordant fragments or hostile groups, but must combine to police the world, and bring in a reign of international justice among men.

We often boast that we are both an idealistic and a

practical people, and in the reorganization that will follow this war we have the only chance we shall probably ever have to show these qualities on a world-wide scale. We are now a world power engaged in a world war, and we cannot, by shrinking into ourselves when it is over, evade our duty or shut our eyes to our own future security. In league with the other free nations of the earth we must set up an international court of justice, and a sheriff armed with such force as may be needed to summon offenders before the tribunal. By so doing we can fulfil a great destiny for our nation and bring peace and good-will among men.

— *A. Lawrence Lowell.*

THE UNFURLING OF THE FLAG — 1917

There's a streak across the sky-line
That is gleaming in the sun,
Watchers from the lighthouse towers
Signalled it to foreign Powers
Just as daylight had begun;
Message thrilling,
Hopes fulfilling
To those fighting o'er the seas.
"It's the flag we've named Old Glory
That's unfurling to the breeze."

Can you see the flashing emblem
Of our Country's high ideal?

Keep your lifted eyes upon it
And draw joy and courage from it,
For it stands for what is real;
Freedom's calling
To the falling
From oppression's hard decrees.
It's the flag we've named Old Glory
You see floating in the breeze.

Glorious flag we raise so proudly,
Stars and stripes — red, white and blue,
You have been the inspiration
Of an ever-growing nation
Such as this world never knew.
Peace and Justice,
Freedom, Progress,
Are the blessings we can seize
When the flag we call Old Glory
Is unfurling to the breeze.

When the cry of battling nations
Reaches us across the space
Of the wild, tumultuous ocean,
Hearts are stirred with deep emotion
For the saving of the race:
Peace foregoing,
Aid bestowing,
Bugles blowing,
First we drop on bended knees;
Then with shouts our grand Old Glory
We set flaunting to the breeze!

— *Clara Endicott Sears.*

THE SPRINGS OF NATIONAL ACTION

In workshops, factories, stores, the people of America have associated themselves in this great enterprise (war) until our nation, our peaceful and peace-loving nation, is to-day knit together in spirit, more harmonious in its aspirations, more effective in its occupations. We are more of a nation to-day than we have been in the whole hundred years and more of our glorious history.

I have stood at the camps and watched the boys who are preparing to be soldiers. I have seen them stream past by tens of thousands; some of them fresh-called to the colors from homes in remote places, far from the great rush of the world's events; some of them students from colleges; some of them engineers, men of occupations, professions, science; and as I have seen those youthful faces I have had a new realization of the springs of national action.

As I saw those men I could not persuade myself that all of them were deeply read in the history of the world; I could not persuade myself that they knew the ultimate nature of this conflict of freedom with autocracy in the world: but there they marched, with the sun shining on their faces, with flushed health in their cheeks, determination — a heroic quality — about them that simply pervaded the atmosphere.

I realized that it is not necessary for a man to be a philosopher or a scholar to be a patriot, that there is something subtle in the very character of our soil that goes into the system of those born upon it, and that

this great army of young men, reaching from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and now streaming across the Atlantic, are men who possess that subtle quality and are filled with the spirit of patriotism, and that when our forces actually join with those on the other side the battle will be won.

And that schoolboy a thousand years from now who reads the history of this age will read with admiration and throbbing heart of France, — leader in the world's civilization, that country through which Defoe said every great idea had to pass in order that it might be familiarized to the world, — he will read of that France, not prepared for this sort of struggle, devoting herself to the redemption of her freedom and protection of her soul.

When he comes to her glorious victory at the Marne he will experience such a thrill as we used to feel as we read the story of Thermopylæ and Marathon.

And when he comes to read of England he will have a realization of the English people which, I think, is slowly being brought home to us all. The English people speak of themselves as "muddling through"; but that schoolboy a thousand years from now will promptly see that that nation, with its terrible patience, was able to wait and co-ordinate its military and industrial strength until it arrived at a point when it could and did, with clock-like regularity, beat back the foe.

Then he will come to our entrance into the war, and coupling it with what he has been reading before, he will go back to the origin of our liberty and see the people of this continent, having wrought out their own

civilization, having elevated the individual man to a new dignity in world affairs, join the others, and he will realize that the victory will belong to the heroic quality of these united races.

I can see victory ahead of us; a victory in arms, it is true, but a higher victory than that. I can see the American spirit, the unselfish, uncorrupted, untainted spirit of America with which we have gone into this struggle, dominant in the world as the result of that victory.

I can see the peace that is to be made as the result of this great struggle; and it is a peace which brings us no selfish advantage, no national monopoly of the goods of the world, the possession of nobody else's goods and fortunes as the outcome, but an enkindling of a new spirit of justice; a peace after which the nations of the world will join hands in harmonious co-operation: a peace high and beneficent.

— *Newton D. Baker.*

BE STRONG

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes; the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

— *Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

PRESIDENT WILSON ON WAR ECONOMIES

The White House, April 15, 1917.

My Fellow-Countrymen:

The entrance of our own beloved country into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which has shaken the world creates so many problems of national life and action which call for immediate consideration and settlement that I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal with regard to them.

We are rapidly putting our navy upon an effective war footing, and are about to create and equip a great army, but these are the simplest parts of the great task to which we have addressed ourselves. There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice, it involves.

These, then, are the things we must do, and do well, besides fighting — the things without which mere fighting would be fruitless:

We must supply abundant food for ourselves and for our armies and our seamen, not only for them but also for a large part of the nations with whom we have now

made common cause, in whose support and by whose sides we shall be fighting.

We must supply ships by the hundreds out of our shipyards to carry to the other side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there; and abundant materials out of our fields and our mines and our factories with which not only to clothe and equip our own forces on land and sea, but also to clothe and support our people, for whom the gallant fellows under arms can no longer work; to help clothe and equip the armies with which we are co-operating in Europe, and to keep the looms and manufactories there in raw material; coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea; steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and there; rails for worn-out railways back of the fighting fronts; locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces; mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service; everything with which the people of England and France and Italy and Russia have usually supplied themselves, but cannot now afford the men, the materials, or the machinery to make.

It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever, and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and the women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace

and freedom just as truly and just as effectively as the men on the battle-field or in the trenches. The industrial forces of the country, men and women alike, will be a great national, a great international service army — a notable and honored host engaged in the service of the nation and the world, the efficient friends and saviors of free men everywhere. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of men otherwise liable to military service will of right and of necessity be excused from that service and assigned to the fundamental, sustaining work of the fields and factories and mines, and they will be as much part of the great patriotic forces of the nation as the men under fire.

I take the liberty, therefore, of addressing this word to the farmers of the country and to all who work on the farms: The supreme need of our own nation and of the nations with which we are co-operating is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs. The importance of an adequate food supply, especially for the present year, is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency, but for some time after peace shall have come, both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests in America.

Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land or that will bring about the most effectual co-operation

in the sale and distribution of their products? The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done, and done immediately, to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike, and upon the able-bodied boys of the land, to accept and act upon this duty — to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain that no pains and no labor is lacking in this great matter.

I particularly appeal to the farmers of the South to plant abundant foodstuffs, as well as cotton. They can show their patriotism in no better or more convincing way than by resisting the great temptation of the present price of cotton, and helping, helping upon a great scale, to feed the nation and the peoples everywhere who are fighting for their liberties and for our own. The variety of their crops will be the visible measure of their comprehension of their national duty.

The Government of the United States and the governments of the several States stand ready to co-operate. They will do everything possible to assist farmers in securing an adequate supply of seed, an adequate force of laborers when they are most needed, at harvest time, and the means of expediting shipments of fertilizers and farm machinery, as well as of the crops themselves when harvested. The course of trade shall be as unhampered as it is possible to make it, and there shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation's food supply by those who handle it on its way to the consumer. This is our opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy, and we shall not fall short of it!

This let me say to the middlemen of every sort, whether they are handling our foodstuffs or our raw

materials of manufacture or the products of our mills and factories: The eyes of the country will be especially upon you. This is your opportunity for signal service, efficient and disinterested. The country expects you, as it expects all others, to forego unusual profits, to organize and expedite shipments of supplies of every kind, but especially of food, with an eye to the service you are rendering and in the spirit of those who enlist in the ranks for their people, not for themselves. I shall confidently expect you to deserve and win the confidence of people of every sort and station.

To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employes, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the nation's life and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that those arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power. To the merchant let me suggest the motto, "Small profits and quick service", and to the ship-builder the thought that the life of the war depends upon him. The food and the war supplies must be carried across the seas, no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied, and supplied at once. To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does; the work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great Service Army. The manufacturer does not need to be told, I hope, that the nation looks to him to speed and perfect every process; and I want only to remind his employes that their service is absolutely indispensable and is counted on by every man who loves the country and its liberties.

Let me suggest, also, that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations; and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

SONG OF THE FLEET

We're faring with the fleet
Where the ocean billows beat;
Love sends on singing sea-winds his messages so sweet;
And speed our brave ships well
Where the ocean thunders swell.
The prayers and tears of Love are theirs, —
Speed well! Speed well! Speed well!

We're faring with the fleet
Where the isles rejoicing greet
The flag for which the patriot hearts of cheering millions beat;
And speed our brave ships well
Till shouts of victory swell;
The prayers and tears of Love are theirs, —
Speed well! Speed well! Speed well!

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

THE NATIONAL HEART

The child that stands upon the river-bank and sees the great steamer go by, sees only the long and graceful sweep of her decks, the revolution of her wheels, the rise and fall of her working-beam, the smoke pouring from her tall chimneys, her crowd of passengers, and the beautiful flag that floats over all. He does not dream of that heart of fire which throbs in her bosom, without whose mighty pulsations the boat would be only a mass of useless lumber. So, when we enter a garden, we interest ourselves only with that portion of it which occupies the sunlight and the air. Stems and foliage and flowers and fruits — these absorb our attention; while the under-world of soils and roots and vital chemistries in which all the secrets of the upper beauty hide are unthought of.

The heart of the people — the national heart — out of this are the issues of the national life. We talk of institutions, and policies, and statecraft, and international reactions, and imagine that we are touching grand realities and vitalities; and while we talk the national heart beats on and the national life flows on, and bears us all upon its tide.

There is probably no man so unobserving as not to have noticed a certain drift of events, altogether independent of apparent forces, — a certain drift that the wisdom of the wisest cannot account for — a drift that neither statesmen nor politicians can divert or arrest — for which, indeed, they are in no way responsible. Events march, or seem to march, in solid

column, pricking each other forward with crowding spears; and the men and the parties which pretend to marshal them, and which have a certain show of marshalling them, only run with them, or run before them, to avoid being crushed beneath their feet. Throughout the sad and terrible war which still engages the energies of this nation, there has been nothing more remarkable than this independent drift of events, baffling all attempts at prevision, breaking up all the schemes of the politicians, making folly to-day of the wisdom of yesterday, and showing how little the apparent actors in the great drama have had to do with its inspiration and the order of its combinations.

Now let each one measure, if he can, the influence of his home affections upon his individual life. How much of any sort of effort do you put forth that is not inspired, or suggested, or aided, by your love for the persons and the things that make up your home? Where do you look for your sweetest satisfactions? Where does your life center? Around what spot does your life revolve? Ah! when you lose home and that which home holds, do you not lose that which hallowed the name of the country? that which endowed the world with value? Nay, do you not lose that which made you valuable to yourself?

Well, a neighborhood is made up of homes, and, in the main, one home is like another in its characteristic influence upon the individual life. A town or a county is made up of neighborhoods, and a State is composed of counties and towns, and a group of States constitutes the federal Union. So we come, by a very

THE NATIONAL HEART

short path, as you see, to the conclusion that the nation is only a grand aggregation of homes, and that the mainspring of the national life is the love that inspires the home life. A nation is a thing that lives and acts like a man, and men are the particles of which it is composed. If these particles obey the law of their home life — each one pervaded and controlled by the power of home affection — then it is easy to see that home life enters very essentially into the constitution of the national life.

Where this home life thrives best, there patriotism — another offspring of the national heart — grows thriftiest. The love of country is one of the purest and most powerful passions of the heart, and is the constant companion of the love of home. Indeed, country is home in the largest sense, and the nation is the great family of which all of us are members. Country is the home of home itself — the setting of the jewel which we wear next our hearts. We claim as kindred all who were born under our own sky, all who are loyal to the same government, all who share the same national lot, and all who cheer the same flag; and we love the land which gives them and us a common home.

I say that this love of country and this national affection are only love of home and love of family enlarged, and that these loves always live and thrive together. The man who loves home best, and loves it most unselfishly, loves his country best.

— *J. G. Holland.*

YOUR LAD, AND MY LAD

Down toward the deep-blue water, marching to throb
of drum,
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki
come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim
appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash back from burn-
ished steel.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame the serried ranks
advance;
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way
to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep
by,
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great
ships lie;
The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear-toned
bugle-call,
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand, a
khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in
every glance;
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to
France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff
or blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in
proud review;

The same old Flag, the same old Faith — the Freedom
of the World —
Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks
unfurled.
Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's
advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way
to France.

The word rings out ; a million feet tramp forward on the
road,
Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers
strode.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on
smiling lips,
These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.
Nor even love may hold them back, or halt that stern
advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to
France.

—*Randall Parrish.*

CHANT OF LOYALTY

Firm as the furnace heat
Rivets the bar of steel,
Thus to thy destiny,
Flag, are we plighted ;
One are the hearts that beat,
One is the throb we feel,

One in our loyalty,
Stand we united.

Many a folk hath brought
Sinew and brawn to thee,
Many an ancient wrong
Well hast thou righted;
Here in the land we sought,
Staunchly from sea to sea,
Here, where our hearts belong,
Stand we united.

Ask us to pay the price,
All that we have to give,
Nothing shall be denied,
All be requited.
Ready for sacrifice,
Ready for thee to love,
Over the country wide,
Stand we united.

One under palm and pine,
One in the prairie sun,
One on the rock-bound shore
Liberty sighted.
All that we have is thine,
Thine, who hath made us one,
True to thee evermore,
Stand we united.

— *Elias Lieberman.*

AMERICAN IDEALS

The first thing that I see in our country's flag is the marvellous march of civilization — unparalleled in the world's history — across this vast and virgin continent; and accompanying that march I see the courage which enabled the pioneer to face the peril of wild beasts and brutish man, and the devotion to high ideals which enabled the farmer and laborer of every kind to endure the hardships of a toilsome, lonely and bare existence. Even in these days of our prosperity and material wealth I see the same daring and persistent determination to bend every force of nature to the use and comfort of man. And, united with this somewhat materialistic ideal, I see other and higher ideals, the realization of which depends largely upon material progress.

Education is one of those other ideals — an education which shall be extended to all boys and girls, no matter how poor or lowly they may be, and which shall carry them, if they have the capacity to utilize it, from the kindergarten through the university. In pursuit of this ideal the early colonists made the schoolhouse one of their very first buildings; statesmen of a later day have lavished the public land and public revenue upon the public schools, and public-spirited citizens have given vast sums of money to the promotion of lower and higher education alike.

Coupled with this ideal is another one — that education is to be provided for every boy and girl, not solely for the sake of their own development and prosperity,

but primarily that they may become good citizens, capable and desirous of rendering helpful service to others in both their public and their private life.

It is this great twofold educational ideal of which I think first, as I look upon the flag as it floats over schoolhouse and college. May the Star-Spangled Banner wave over every school building throughout our broad land, in city and country alike; and may the scholars who assemble beneath it see in it the best things for which it really stands, and determine that, as far as in them lies, those best things shall remain untarnished and undiminished.

Beside the schoolhouse the early colonists planted the meeting-house or church; and although there was a brief period of religious persecution in some sections of our land, it soon became a cardinal principle of our fathers that religion should be fostered by assuring to it entire liberty. No so-called religious wars have disgraced our country's history; and far from seeing in our flag the emblem of such warfare, I see in it the palladium of religious liberty, the emblem of freedom and protection to every form and manner of religious belief which manifests itself in peaceful and unpernicious ways. Protection of the church and chapel, the synagogue, the meeting-house of every kind, and promotion of the service of God and his children, for which they stand — such is one of the brightest stars in our flag's constellation.

America, the home of the homeless, the refuge of the exile and the outcast — such is another of our great ideals. Thousands and tens of thousands of emigrants from every clime and nation have poured into

our broad lands in an ever-increasing stream, finding homes for themselves and helping greatly to develop the country's resources. The reflection of this great fact, also unparalleled in the world's history, forms one of the brightest stars or stripes in our country's flag; and I have never seen the flag waving in a city of a foreign land without thinking of this world-hospitality for which it stands.

The successful inauguration of popular self-government — government of the people, by the people and for the people — this forms another and one of the proudest pages in our country's history. Immigrant and native alike are enrolled in the ranks of a common citizenship and march together to the polls, where heads are counted, and not broken as they are on battlefields, and where the people decide for themselves who shall make their laws and execute them, and usually, indeed, what laws they shall make.

Abraham Lincoln gave expression to this ideal when he said that no man was good enough or wise enough to rule over another man without that other man's consent. And although the people sometimes make mistakes and follow the wrong leaders, we can still accept as true another of Lincoln's sayings: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Is it not a truly glorious inspiration to see in our country's flag this lesson which it was first to teach the modern world, that the people can rule themselves, and that on the whole they will rule wisely and well?

Another political ideal which our fathers have

realized, side by side with that of self-government, is the ideal of union. Every township, city, county and state in our great continental domain is ruled by its own people; and yet, from Maine to California, from Dakota to Texas, we are all united in a single national government. This problem of *e pluribus unum*, of making one out of many, of creating a strong national government and at the same time leaving self-government in the hands of the people in their local communities, is one of the most difficult political problems which the minds of men have ever been called upon to solve. And yet how marvellously did our fathers solve it! How strong are the forces which bind our people together in the national Union, and how perfect is the governmental machinery which has been provided for their operation! In their presence disunion has disappeared a dozen times in our history; and in their presence even the battlefields of Vicksburg and Gettysburg dwindle into insignificance.

The Stars and Stripes themselves bear visible testimony to the triumph of this great American ideal; for while the thirteen stripes commemorate the union of the thirteen original commonwealths, a new star is added to the field of blue for each new State admitted to the Union, until at length there are forty-eight shining within its firmament.

It is the realization of the ideal of union in so marvellous a way that gives us great hopes for the speedy realization of the last American ideal of which I shall write.

One of our great secretaries of state, John Hay, who first became famous as a poet of the State of

Illinois, has expressed the true American feeling in regard to warfare among nations in these stern but wholly truthful words: "War," he said, "is the most ferocious and futile of human follies." It was this same great statesman also, who, in his instructions to our American delegates to the First Hague Conference, said, "Next to the great fact of a nation's *independence* is the great fact of its *interdependence*."

International peace and interdependence — such are the foundations upon which our ideal of internationalism must be realized. What country is better fitted to take the lead in the realization of this ideal; and what generation of American citizens can be more bound than the present one to strive their utmost for its realization? American history is rich indeed in the realization of high ideals, and the American flag is radiant with the reflection of them.

— *William I. Hull.*

THE AMERICAN BOY

What we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. — *Theodore Roosevelt.*

OUR HONORED DEAD

The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death; their names are gathered and garnered, their memory is precious; each place grows proud for them who were born there.

There is in every village and in every neighborhood a glowing pride in its martyred heroes; tablets preserve their names; pious love shall renew the inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that army of invisible heroes! Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with noble motives and more heroic patriotism?

— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief — death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side?

— *Alice Cary.*

FOUNDATION STONES OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Character

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

— *George Washington.*

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion,
Makes the thought
Start into instant action,
And at once plans and performs, resolves and executes.

— *Hannah More.*

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.

— *Marcus Aurelius.*

A man is what he is, not what men say he is. His character no man can touch. His reputation is what men say he is. That can be damaged, but reputation is for time; character is for eternity.

— *John B. Gough.*

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of the brain, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life.

— *Samuel Smiles.*

A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors. — *Howes.*

Brains and character rule the world. There were scores of men a hundred years ago who had more intellect than Washington. He outlives and overrides them all by the influence of his character.

— *Wendell Phillips.*

I'm called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me. — *Sheridan.*

Everyone is least known to himself, and it is very difficult for a man to know himself. — *Cicero.*

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good. — *Lavater.*

I have learned by experience that no man's character can be eventually injured but by his own acts.

— *Rowland Hill.*

Talent is nurtured in solitude; character is formed in the stormy billows of the world. — *Goethe.*

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character. — *Lavater.*

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.
— *J. C. Geikie.*

Character is centrality, the impossibility of being overthrown. — *Emerson.*

Character is higher than intellect; a great soul is strong to forgive as well as to think. — *Emerson.*

It is in men as in soil, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of. — *Swift.*

Character shows itself apart from genius as a special thing. The first point of measurement of any man is that of quality. This is that which we call character.
— *T. W. Higginson.*

Fame is what you have taken;
Character is what you give.
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live. — *Bayard Taylor.*

There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king. — *Samuel Smiles.*

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
Himself is his own dungeon. — *Milton.*

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.

— *Emerson.*

Education

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself. — *Gibbon.*

We should ask, not who is the most learned, but who is the best learned. — *Lady Montague.*

There are many things which we can afford to forget which it is yet well to learn. — *Holmes.*

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity.

— *Horace Mann.*

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family. — *Burnap.*

Education is a capital to the poor man and an interest to the rich man. — *Horace Mann.*

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained. — *James A. Garfield.*

Education keeps the key of life; and a liberal education insures the first conditions of freedom; namely: adequate knowledge and accustomed thought.

— *Julia Ward Howe.*

How can man be intelligent, happy or useful without the culture and discipline of education? It is this that unlocks the prison-house of his mind and releases the captive. — *Dr. Humphrey.*

Education is the leading of human souls to what is best and making what is best out of them; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. — *John Ruskin.*

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

— *James Beattie.*

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible. — *Sydney Smith.*

Every man has two educations: that which is given to him and the other that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself. — *Jean Paul Richter.*

A palace richly furnished is the mind,
In whose fair chambers we may walk at will;

And in its cloistered calm, serene and still,
Continual delight and comfort find.
— *Alice M. W. Rollins.*

The Vocation

The average man must earn his livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible place if he does not do so. — *Theodore Roosevelt.*

The best social service that the average man can perform is to do his regular work well. — *T. N. Carver.*

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.
— *Daniel Webster.*

Every man who studies along the fine and broad lines of commercial enterprise to-day must recognize the fact that a business career is a profession as noble in its way as that of the lawyer or the engineer. Men must be trained for it. — *John Wanamaker.*

If all the people of the United States were drawn up on a vast plain before you, three out of every ten would be farmers. — *Government Report.*

One talent utilized in a single direction will do infinitely more than ten talents scattered. — *O. S. Marden.*

If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?
— *Carlyle.*

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere. — *Longfellow.*

I would, then, have our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely, as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without. — *Ruskin.*

He that hath a trade hath an estate.
— *Benjamin Franklin.*

Each shall follow with cheerfulness the profession which he best understands. — *Horace.*

To business that we love we rise betime
And go to 't with delight. — *Shakespeare.*

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness. — *Emerson.*

Knowledge is power only when it can be made available, practical. — *O. S. Marden.*

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes. — *Disraeli.*

Life is an arrow — therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow —
Then draw it to the head and let it go.
— *Henry van Dyke.*

Let every one ascertain his special business and calling, and then stick to it, if he would be successful.
— *Benjamin Franklin.*

THE BUILDING OF A CITY

Let not our town be large — remembering
That little Athens was the Muses' home;
That Oxford rules the heart of London still,
That Florence gave the Renaissance to Rome.

Record it for the grandson of your son —
A city is not builded in a day:
Our little town cannot complete her soul
Till countless generations pass away.

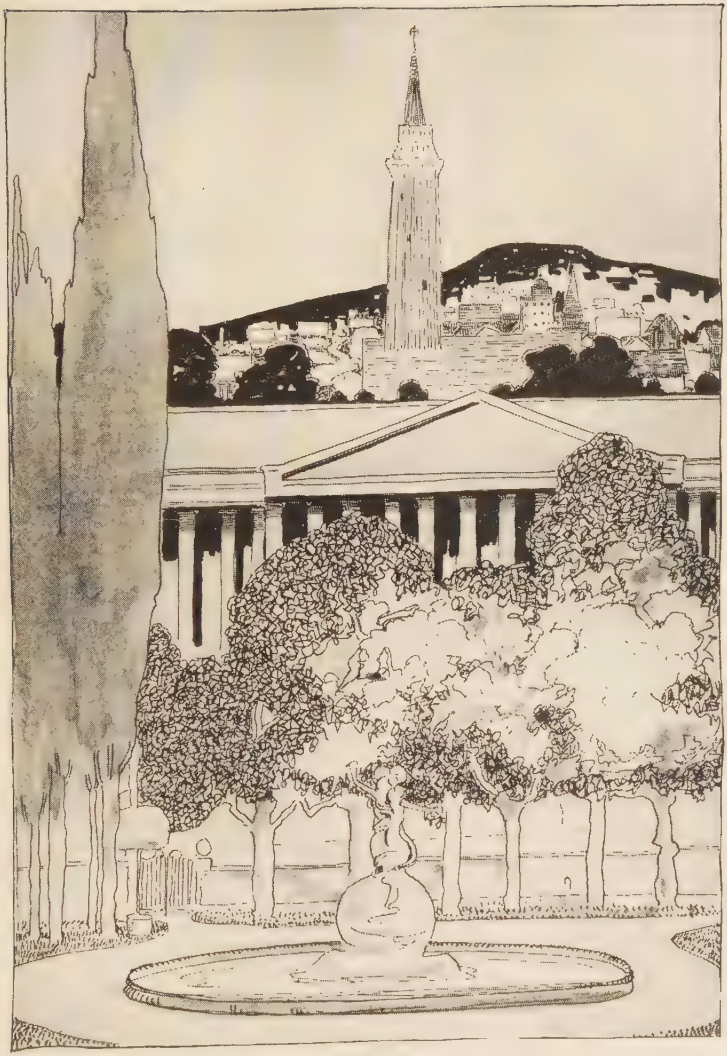
Now let each child be joined as is a church
To her perpetual hopes, each man ordained;
Let every street be made a reverent aisle
Where music grows and beauty is unchained.

Let Science and Machinery and Trade
Be slaves of her, and make her all in all —
Building against our blatant restless time
An unseen, skillful, mediæval wall.

* * * * * * *

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home —
Fair little squares, with Phidian ornament —
Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Songs shall be sung by us in that good day —
Songs we have written — blood within the rhyme
Beating, as when old England still was glad,
The purple, rich, Elizabethan time.



THE BUILDING OF A CITY

Say is my prophecy too fair and far?
I only know, unless her faith is high,
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,
Our little Babylon will surely die.

* * * * * *

We must have many Lincoln-hearted men —
A city is not builded in a day —
And they must do their work and come and go,
While countless generations pass away.

— *Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.*

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

— *John James Ingalls.*

AMERICANISM

If to be a Roman (in the days of its glory) was greater than to be a king, what is it to be an American now!

Think of it! *To be an American at the beginning of the twentieth century!*

Ponder over these eleven words for ten minutes every day. After a while you will begin to appreciate your country, its institutions, and the possibilities which both produce.

Realizing, then, that you are an American, and that, after all, this is a richer possession than royal birth, make up your mind that you will be worthy of it, and then go ahead and be worthy of it.

Be a part of our institutions. And understand clearly what our institutions are. They are not a set of written laws. *American institutions are citizens in action.* American institutions are the American people in the tangible and physical process of governing themselves.

The people are the government. What said Lincoln in his greatest utterance? "A government of the people, for the people, *and by the people*," are the great American's words. And Lincoln knew.

The real thing is found at the American fireside. This is the forum of both primary and final discussion. These firesides are the hives whence the voters swarm to the polls. The family is the American political unit. Men and measures, candidates and policies, are there discussed, and their fate and that of the Republic determined. This is the first phase of our government, the first manifestation of our institutions.

If you appreciate your Americanism, young man, show it by being a part of American institutions. Be a precinct committeeman, or a county committeeman, or a state committeeman, or a worker of some kind. If *you* do not, a bad man will; and that will mean bad politics and bad government.

You see, this whole question of good government is right up to *you*. *You* are the remedy for bad government, young man — *you* and not somebody else, not some theory. So be a committeeman or some sort of a "worker" in real politics. Help run our institutions *yourself*, or, rather, be a part of our institutions yourself.

If you have neither the time nor the aptitude for such active work, at least be a citizen. That does not mean merely that you shall go to the polls to vote. It does not even mean that you shall go to the primaries only. It means a great deal more than that.

"I have no time for politics," said a business man; "it takes all my time and strength to attend to my business."

That means that he has no time for free institutions. It means that this "blood-bought privilege" which we call "the priceless American ballot" is not worth as much to him as the turning of a dollar, or even as the loss of a single moment's personal comfort.

I know of nothing better for a young man's character than that he should become the admirer and follower of some noted public man. Let your discipleship have fervor. Permit your youth to be natural. But be sure that the political leader to whom you attach yourself is worthy of your devotion.

Usually this will settle itself. Public men will impress you not only by their deeds, words, and gen-

eral attitude, but also through a sort of psychic sense within you which illuminates and interprets all they say and do, and makes you understand them even better than their spoken words.

Make sure, then, that the captain whom you elect to follow is above all other things sincere. Insist upon his being genuine. See to it that he is intellectually honest. I do not mean that he should be honest in money matters alone, or in telling the truth merely. I mean that he should be square with himself, as well as with you and the world. When a public man is honest and in earnest, you know it — know it without knowing why.

It is safe to follow such a man as this even when you do not agree with all of his public views. You know that he is honest about them; and a man who is honest within himself will change his views, no matter how dear they may be to him, when he finds that he is mistaken about them. The first and last essential of the men who are to voice the opinion and enact the purposes of the American people is an honesty so perfect that it is unconscious of itself.

Natural conditions and the ordinary progress of industry and invention are making old methods inadequate and unjust. So keep abreast of the growing nation in your political thinking. Solve all American problems from the view-point of the nation, and not from the view-point of state or section. Consider the American people as a people, and not as a lot of separate and hostile communities. Be national. Be an American. Know but one flag.

— *Albert J. Beveridge.*

THE FOOTBALL GAME

The house championships had gone on until the Woodhull and the Kennedy emerged for the final conflict. The experience gained in these contests, for on such occasions Stover played with his house team, had sharpened his powers of analysis and given him a needed acquaintance with the sudden, shifting crises of actual play.

Now, the one darling desire of Dink Stover, next to winning the fair opinion of his captain, was the rout of the Woodhull, of which Tough McCarty was the captain and his old acquaintances of the miserable days at the Green were members — Cheyenne Baxter, the Coffee-Colored Angel, and Butsey White. This aggregation, counting as it did two members of the 'varsity, was strong; but the Kennedy, with P. Lentz and the Waladoo Bird and Pebble Stone, the Gutter Pup, Lovely Mead, and Stover, all of the scrub, had a slight advantage.

Stover used to dream of mornings, in the lagging hours of recitation, of the contest and the sweet humiliation of his ancient foes. He would play like a demon; he would show them, Tough McCarty and the rest, what it was to be up against the despised Dink Stover — and dreaming thus he used to say to himself, with suddenly tense arms:

"Gee, I only wish McCarty would play back of the line so I could get a chance at him!"

But on Tuesday, during the 'varsity practice, suddenly, as a scrimmage ended and sifted open, a cry went

up. Ned Banks, left end of the 'varsity, was seen lying on the ground after an attempt to rise. They gathered about him with grave faces, while Mr. Ware bent over him in anxious examination.

"What is it?" said the captain, with serious face.

"Something wrong with his ankle; can't tell yet just what."

"I'll play Saturday, Garry," said Banks, gritting his teeth, "I'll be ready by then. It's nothing much."

The subs carried him off the field with darkened faces — the last hopes of victory seemed to vanish. The gloom spread thickly through the school; even Dink, for a time, forgot the approaching hour of his revenge in the great catastrophe. The next morning a little comfort was given them in the report of Doctor Charlie that there was no sprain but only a slight wrenching, which, if all went well, would allow him to start the game. But the consolation was scant. What chance had Banks in an Andover game? There would have to be a shift; but what? . . .

The captain, looking indeed very serious, arrived, surveyed the group and called Stover out. Dink, surprised, jumped up, saying:

"You want me, Sir?"

"Yes."

Cockrell put his arm under Stover's and quickly drew him away.

"Stover," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. I'm not going to let you go into the Woodhull game this afternoon."

Stover received the news as though it had been the death of his entire family, immediate and distant. His throat choked, he tried to say something and did not dare trust himself.

"I'm sorry, my boy — but we're up against it, and I can't take any risks now of your getting hurt."

"It means the game," said Dink at last.

"I'm afraid so."

"We've no one to put in my place - no one but Beekstein Hall," said Stover desperately. "Oh, please, Sir, let me play; I'll be awfully careful. It's only a house game."

"Humph — yes, I know these house games. I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

"But I'm only a scrub, Sir," said Stover, pleading hard.

"We're going to play you at end," said Cockrell suddenly, seeing he did not understand, "just as soon as we have to take Banks out; and Heaven only knows when that'll be."

Dink was aghast.

"You're not going — you're not going —" he tried to speak and stopped.

"Yes, we've talked it over and that seems best. . . ."

"Oh, but I'm so light."

The captain watched the terror-stricken look in his face and was puzzled.

"What's the matter? You're not getting shaky?"

"Oh, no, Sir," said Dink, "it's not that. It — it seems so awful that you've got to put me in."

"You're better, my boy, than you think," said Cockrell, smiling a little, "and you're going to be better than you know now. Now you understand why you've got to keep on the side-lines this afternoon. You're too fragile to take risks on."

"Yes, I understand."

"It comes hard, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Sir, it does; very hard."

When the Kennedy and the Woodhull lined up for play an hour later, little Pebble Stone was at end in place of Stover, who watched from his post as linesman the contest that was to have been his opportunity. He heard nothing of the buzzing comments behind, of the cheers or the shouted entreaties. Gaze fixed and heart in throat, he followed the swaying tide of battle, imprisoned, powerless to rush in and stem the disheartening advance.

The teams, now more evenly matched, both showed the traces of tense nerves in the frequent fumbling that kept the ball changing sides and prevented a score during the first half.

In the opening of the second half, by a lucky recovery of a blocked kick, the Kennedy scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal, making the score four to nothing. The Woodhull then began a determined assault upon the Kennedy's weak end. Stover, powerless, beheld little Pebble Stone, fighting like grim death, carried back and back, five, ten yards at a time, as the Woodhull swept up the field.

"It's the only place they can gain," he cried in his soul in bitter iteration.

He looked around and caught the eye of Captain

Cockrell and sent him a mute, agonizing, fruitless appeal.

"Kennedy's ball," came the sharp cry of Slugger Jones, the umpire.

Dink looked up and felt the blood come back to his body again — on the twenty-five yard line there had been a fumble and the advance was checked. Twice again the battered end of the Kennedy was forced back for what seemed certain touchdowns, only to be saved by loose work on the Woodhull's part. It was getting dark and the half was ebbing fast — three minutes more to play.

A fourth time the Woodhull furiously attacked the breach, gaining at every rush over the light opposition, past the forty-yard line, past the twenty-yard mark, and triumphantly, in the last minute of play, over the goal for a touchdown. The ball had been downed well to the right of the goal-posts and the trial for goal was an unusually difficult one. The score was a tie; everything depended on the goal that, through the dusk, Tough McCarty was carefully sighting. Dink, heartbroken, despairing, leaning on his linesman's staff, directly behind the ball, waited for the long, endless moments to be over. Then there was a sudden movement of McCarty's body, a wild rush from the Kennedy, and the ball shot high in the air and, to Stover's horror, passed barely inside the farther goal-post.

"No goal," said Slugger Jones. "Time's up."

Dink raised his head in surprise, scarcely crediting what he had heard. The Woodhull team were furiously disputing the decision, encouraged by audible

comments from the spectators. Slugger Jones, surrounded by a contesting, vociferous mass, suddenly swept them aside and began to take the vote of the officials.

"Kiefer, what do you say?"

Cap Kiefer, referee, shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Slugger; it was close, very close, but it did seem a goal to me."

"Tug, what do you say?"

"Goal, sure," said Tug Wilson, linesman for the Woodhull. At this, jeers and hoots broke out from the Kennedy.

"Of course he'll say that!"

"He's from the Woodhull."

"What do you think?"

"Justice!"

"Hold up, hold up, now!" said Slugger Jones, more excited than any one else. "Don't get excited; it's up to your own man. Dink, was it a goal or no goal?"

Stover suddenly found himself in a whirling, angry mass — the decision of the game in his own hands. He saw the faces of Tough McCarty and the Coffee-Colored Angel in the blank crowd about him and he saw the sneer on their faces as they waited for his answer. Then he saw the faces of his own team-mates and knew what they, in their frenzy, expected from him.

He hesitated.

"Goal or no goal!" cried the umpire, for the second time.

Then suddenly, face to face with the hostile mass, the fighting blood came to Dink. Something cold

went up his back. He looked once more above the riot, to the shadowy posts, trying to forget Tough McCarty, and then, with a snap to his jaws, he answered:

"Goal."

— *Owen Johnson.*

TIRED OF KINGS

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

* * * * *

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great:
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

* * * * *

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

As children answer the call of their mother, so the children of France answered the call of their country.

The first shock was a fearful one. I do not think that in all history a single people ever remained more resolute and dauntless under the tempest of steel and fire that was unchained against us. We stood undaunted; but our hearts felt the impact of an avalanche of two millions of men.

The German machine was well organized. For forty years no cog was lacking in it. In that machine that knew not the rule of the individual, in which a man counted for nothing, in which the machine was all, in that machine all was ready.

And you know what happened. Serbia trampled under foot, murdered, simply because it was weak; Belgium summoned to throw open her frontiers to her invader, and refusing; hurling herself, in spite of her material weakness, in the full splendor of moral greatness and strength, because she would leave no stain on the pages of her history; offering up the blood of her children to save her honor. And England, unshakable as we were, because her signature was on a treaty and she would not betray her faith, she also rose with us.

But in the early days of the campaign we, the children of France, almost alone bore the onset of the avalanche. We do not pretend not to have yielded physically for a short space — yes, ever fighting, struggling against overwhelming odds, scattering the

corpses of our sons on the roads, we retreated along. We retreated tactically until the day when, under my Premiership, Marshal Joffre, who was then a general only, warned us, as early as the 23rd of August, that his battle-plan was fixed, and that he had communicated it to his generals; until the 4th of September (and by one of those happy coincidences of history that date was the birthday of the Third Republic) when our troops received the order to march forward, to march forward against the enemy, the invaders of our territory.

And then our poor soldiers, worn out by twenty consecutive days and nights of fighting, exhausted, without sleep, without proper food, after fighting day and night for all that period, answered the call of their chief. They rallied to his call and with smiling lips and radiant eyes along the fighting line, to the sound of the drum and clarion, marched against the enemy. And in the space of a few days fifty kilometers of French territory were freed.

And do you know why the soldiers of the Marne fought as they did? It is because they were the soldiers of a democratic army, in which the most capable man can climb to the top, in which the highest officers are the friends and comrades of their soldiers. And if they fought thus it was, let me tell you, because all the history of France was behind them, and was familiar to them, because they were the descendants of the soldiers of Valmy, who under the French Revolution had already saved France and the liberty of the world; because they were also the descendants of Charles Martel's soldiers who in the Plains of Poictiers

stayed the avalanche of the barbarians, and thus fulfilled the historic mission of France.

Doubtless, like ourselves, you entered this war under the sting of German insults, in order that the honor of the nation formed by Washington should suffer no humiliation, in order to avenge your dead and dying, the children and the women murdered on the desolate, bleak, high seas, at night, in winter, by the criminal hands of those we are fighting against together. You went into this war for that. But not for that alone.

Was it possible for you to see through the immense distances that separate us the frightful spectacle which unchained Europe shows; possible to see all the blood spilled; so many martyrs falling in a sacred cause; possible to count the thousands of dead, wounded, and sick; possible to count the mourning women, whose pride and sorrow are hidden under their black veils; possible to count one by one all our orphans; possible to contemplate such sights without deep emotion and a revolt of your souls; possible to see the Marne, Ypres, the Somme, Verdun, where a fraction of the French army held back a million men; and see, from far away, the lightnings of the tremendous battle rise above the immortal city to form the luminous beacon-light which illuminates the whole world; was it possible, I say, to see all this and not feel your hearts thrill and burn? No; it was not possible. And for months past I have been saying to myself that it was not possible.

When French democracy, which made the French Revolution, which gave directing thoughts to all

Europe, which long ago sent its flags, its generals and its soldiers to fight for independence, when that democracy was struggling for its life, could you stand aloof? No; that was the one thing impossible.

Come to us, then: come as brothers to the fight we are fighting for right and truth and justice. But remember well that out of this war must come the great lesson it holds. I have already said it is an empty and deadly dream for democracies to imagine they can live under purely ideal conditions and that they are threatened by no evil or perverse powers. If the democracies do not arm themselves for their defense; if they do not possess free men ready to seize the sword, not for conquest, but for the defense of their native land; sooner or later the imperial eagle will swoop down on them at an hour when it will be too late to organize resistance.

Consider our example. We are a people of forty millions of men. What are forty millions in comparison with the one hundred millions of the American people? But we were organized; we had a national force; we had officers, generals; we had a chief; all was ready, so far at least as any democracy can be ready; and notwithstanding, by a fatality, for some days it seemed as if we might be annihilated.

Therefore, let democracies arm in their own defense so long as in the wide world there remains a threatening autocracy. But it shall not long threaten. It is not to be believed that with all our coalesced forces we cannot crush an autocracy at which we have in these last years struck such powerful blows; it is not possible that the absolute monarchs who, in the Cen-

tral Empires, by their bloody whims dispose of the destinies of the world, should be allowed to continue.

We will reach them ; we will carry to their ears the cry of oppressed peoples ; we shall declare that it is unthinkable that the strong should forever oppress the weak ; we shall exact peace for all, liberty for all, equality for all.

And when we have won the victory of democracy, when as a free people we have brought our labors to full consummation, then all our thoughts will turn to the victims of this war. Together we will go to lay the palms of justice on the tombs of our children ; and you in your pilgrimage will repair to Mount Vernon to ask the great soul of Washington, founder of the Republic, father of your country, "Have we done well in doing this? Are you well pleased with your children? Have they rightly understood the glorious tradition you inscribed on our flag?"

And, rest assured, his great shade will arise to thank you, and to bless you. — *René Viviani.*

THE MELTING-POT

Men from the Northland,
Men from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed ;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and blue blood,
There shall be mingled :
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man.— *Israel Zangwill.*

FRANCE CONSECRATED TO WAR

I remember vividly the night before our arrival at Bordeaux. The port-holes were blinded, the lights extinguished in the saloons. In the sealed smoking-room, by the flare of one smoky lamp, groups were preparing to pass the night.

We stood on the forward deck, eagerly straining our eyes into the darkness to catch the first glimpses of the shore lights. For the last hour the night had trembled under strange, furtive glares. Were we accompanied by silent iron escorts, sweeping the mysterious waters with suspicious shafts from their cyclopean eyes, or was it simply the electrical disturbances in the overheated sky?

We waited, still straining ahead in the moist, errant night breeze, feeling the imminence of the stricken land ahead, as though a black curtain were interposed between us and France, country of shocks and sorrow, wondering what the morrow would bring with the rolling up of these tragic folds on the stage of cruel reality. I remember how acute was this sensation of dramatic suspense, and now that the journey was ending I felt almost a shrinking before the parting of the last veil, fearful of the spectacle which would present itself to me of the France which I had known and loved.

For, when I had thought of France, I had always thought of it as the happiest, fairest land on the earth's surface. I remembered it with the eyes of my early school days as a fairyland of childhood. I remembered

it as a land of disciplined beauty, of bright colors, of flowering window; a land of friendly animals, beside blue-bloused charioteers or running between the wheels in zealous loyalty to man. I remembered its many-tinted fields, its long, military lines of poplars marching by the white, smooth roadsides; its tranquil canals, so shaded and so peaceful; its great-hearted peasantry, singing and laughing, neither miserable nor oppressed, but free and rich, revelling in the beauty of nature and the joy of living.

I knew it, above all, for its love of generous and glorious ideas, and often, knowing it with a more intimate affection than those who knew only the frothy, mongrel mixture of all races and all parvenus that fatuously believe themselves the voice of Paris, I had passionately defended them from those of my own people who saw only the green passing scum on the surface, and knew nothing of the deep, clear depths below.

Yet, even with this reverent faith, that night on the threshold of the great test, I wondered — a little fearful. The nation of the freest, happiest people on the face of the earth had arisen to the test and performed a miracle — but after? Would the intelligence continue as firm as the imagination? Would its resolution remain as heroic, after the long, grinding months of soul exhaustion?

All these thoughts crowded into my imagination that last dramatic night, waiting there in the darkness, feeling the undivined horizon growing gradually closer, as scattering pin-pricks of light swept toward us above the mystery of the sea, until shafts of light

shot out from a dozen lighthouses and our ears awaited expectantly a following crash, as though these flashes of human lightning must indeed be followed by the roar of cannon-ridden Europe.

My first impression was, as I had feared, one of overwhelming sadness. The winding, incomparably beautiful approach into port, through historic vineyards running to the water's edge, combing the fields with their green ridges; faint, ancient lines of chateau and church spire; fair villages in red and white trappings; languid barks with colored sails — all were meaningless in my eagerness for the human note.

Everywhere such an absence of youth and sturdy manhood! Children and old men, and, everywhere, women! Such multiplied, insistent black blots of mourning against the rich, young green! Nearer the city, over the docks — and through the streets, this absence of men disappeared; only the world seemed in uniform, waiting for a bugle on the air to herd together, to take shape and march endlessly away.

In the station everything was swallowed up in this military note — a churning, curdling meeting of the waters. The long train was filling up with fresh red corpuscles to be pumped through the life veins to the menaced front. The confusion of uniforms was like the babel of tongues — dark-blue coats, blue-gray, khaki, red trousers, and the olive-green, sweeping folds of the Zouaves; officers in smart, pearl-blue shell jackets, and others gray and seared with service; bearded, ragged privates, with young, boyish faces.

In this bustle of departure, side by side, was the

sobering spectacle of destiny in the worn and stricken figures of the wounded — men on crutches, limping on canes, heads bandaged, arms in slings, an empty trouser-leg or a sleeve pinned up, crossing and recrossing those whose turn had now come to face the inexorable cast — those who looked at them steadily, thinking their own thoughts.

Through the young and the maimed a dozen white-robed, charming silhouettes of the ministering nurses of the Red Cross flitted in their busy tasks, bringing the wounded to rooms for temporary bandages, cutting away soiled cloths, substituting fresh, clean ones. In the dark station, so serious, so grim, and so quiet with its sudden military groups in shadow, these white-robed figures of young women had something so noble and so healing in the grace and dignity of their presence that they seemed to move amid the stern and unlovely grimness of war as the ethereal vision of an artist.

The train moved out to its long flight over the stricken land. A general and a young sergeant came into my compartment. The first feeling of sadness which had come over me, like a quick intake of the breath, or an uncontrolled rush of tears to the eyes, now deepened, as the memory of the crowds remained. Something had gone out of France for me — the laughter and the bubbling joy of life, which used to rise in high-pitched notes of excitement in every pleasant crowd. What had passed had struck too deep; what was coming lay too near.

Out of this pervading desolation, one impression detached itself, unexpected and gratefully surprising.

Though every detail was martial to the eye, the note of militarism was strikingly absent. There was no heel-clicking and clock-like saluting. Generals, colonels, captains, non-commissioned officers, and privates brushed by each other in the utmost simplicity, as though in the present necessity the etiquette of parade was too trivial to be noticed. With the growing sense of a nation's sorrow, there came side by side this dawning comprehension of the spirit of France in the perception of the fraternity and democracy in these armies of a republic.

In the dining-car we sat down, a party of four — a general, a plain soldier, and an under officer — without the slightest feeling of unease, the general answering a chance question I addressed to the private, scrupulously and politely offering us the first opportunity at each dish. This utter simplicity was too natural to be even noticed by them; it was an impression that was never to leave me, a feeling of the sympathy, charity, and the kinship of a great stricken family.

At every city, General X. drew my attention to converted factories, the red flare of furnaces leaping out of the obscurity, stacked heaps of iron tubes rising like honey-combs.

"Shells for the front, for our busy little 75s."

"And there are many women at work there?" I asked, perceiving, to my surprise, in this feverish insect activity, the faces of young girls.

"At least half, sometimes more." And he added reverently, "What women!"

The region of vineyards fell behind. We entered

a Land of Canaan, of glorious harvests. Never have I seen a more crowded land. Down to the iron boundary of the road-bed itself came the swarming fields of wheat and oats, crowding the smooth white roads, as though poised to swallow them up in the mad, leaping joy of production. Not a plot of ground fifty feet square but was doing its duty for the sons who loved and defended it. The fair land of France itself seemed fighting for its armies in this gold and green output spilling over the land — these young generations of the soil coming eagerly forth, like the young generations of men that would grow up to defend their homes in future tests.

Through the mellowing wheat the poppies drenched the field in sanguine stains — a vision of far-off battlefields! As deep as we could see, ceaselessly, beyond each succeeding horizon, this golden flood rolled gloriously away, rustling like a calm sea caressed by zephyrs, seeming to overrun everything, inundating the land, submerging clustered tree and farmhouses, while tiny villages far off seemed to sink beneath the rising tide.

Through this pervading abundance were dotted active, sombre spots of human beings, like thronging bees, tireless and greedy. Only, when seen close to, a generation was missing! Young women, wives, mothers, the old folks — so old and so bent at times that movement seemed impossible — the children of six to seven, boys of fourteen and sixteen; but of men in the mellowness of age, not a sign! Men there were, dotting the banks at every clustered hamlet — but bandaged, or on crutches — their duty done, or struggling back to strength and a new summons.

At every station at which we stopped — great city or village of a hundred souls — it was the same story — soldiers healed, or soldiers recalled, returning to the front, and, by their sides, women in black. Never shall I forget the look on the faces of those women, turning away to hide the coming tears, or standing immovable as images, staring sternly ahead, dry-faced, seeing visions, imprinting in their memories a last look to bear down the empty future.

At Poictiers, a score of boyish figures in clean, grayish uniforms were sprinkled in the worn crowd of shaggy veterans. I passed close to them. They were the recruits of nineteen, going off to their years of preparation; serious, exalted, boyish in face, standing apart to listen to the last calm words of exhortation from black-clad mothers who had given so deeply of their human store, so unflinching in their loyalty, so ready to give until the end, to keep the fair name of France untarnished! Already, through the tightening at my heart, there had begun a sense of exaltation, a surging pride in human nature, looking on these boys of nineteen, so reverent and so earnest before the sudden summons to manhood and the privilege of dying.

At Paris — the gay, joyous, electric city I knew — my first impression was of great multitudes suddenly hushed and sobered, a quiet, profound silence, yet, over all, a pervading calm and an inflexible resolve. Imagine, if you can, a whole nation confronted with the certainty of death on a fixed date; the certainty that irrevocably in one month it must perish, one and all, and how, face to face with the final reckoning, it

would set to work to prepare itself; the stillness and suspense in the soul, the wiping out of earthly vanities and petty contentions under the awed sense of a common fate. Imagine that, and you will realize the impression France made on me that first day.

For several days this sensation continued. Paris seemed like one great family united in a common grief. Bright colors were so completely absent from the avenues that it seemed a world in drab. Gradually, however, as I began to see underneath the surface, passing behind a hundred scenes, I perceived that this was not a life of stagnation, but a swarming existence of consecration. By the end of my first week in Paris the feeling of depression had completely disappeared, never to return again. Instead, I found a rare exaltation of the soul, a happiness at discovering unsuspected beauties in our common humanity. The feeling that remains to-day is one of thankfulness to have been privileged to live in such moments, to have known the heroism and the devotion of which men and women are capable.

This Paris was an orderly Paris — a strange city, without violence and crime, where women passed unprotected on their errands of mercy, along ill-lighted streets and parks of darkness, over obscure bridges looking down on the Seine, that flows like a river of the dead.

At each hotel, at each department store, a great tablet was displayed of the employes who had gone to their duty, and underneath, the record of each — wounded on such a date; mentioned in general orders; promoted; a prisoner; dead on the field of honor.

Along the Champs Elysées, by the Punch and Judy theatres and the merry-go-rounds, the children seemed to have come from one vast orphan asylum. Yet this open and reverent display of mourning gave a national solidarity, a feeling of unity in sorrow, that ran through all ranks and made the individual loss perhaps easier to bear, as it unified the inflexible determination to win in the end.

How many times during these ten days' waiting to go to the front did I receive the invariable answer to my question:

"And, after all, no flinching? The war must go on?"

"Till it is ended, once for all, Monsieur. We must think of our children."

"And you have not lost courage?" I asked involuntarily, moved at the spectacle of this patient toiling that hardly paid for the daily bread, which had gone on now such long months.

A mother gave me the answer — a mother who had given one son already and had another at Arras, in the bloodiest trenches.

"We women must keep up our courage, Monsieur, to encourage our men."

Not even America so ardently loves and longs for peace as France — peace for her children! Yet not a woman in the throngs I questioned gave me an un-Spartan answer. So inflexible is their pride of country, so consecrated their resolution, that if a ministry should attempt to betray France with an illusory peace, in the absence of men, the women, I believe, would rise and make a revolution! — *Owen Johnson.*

THE COMING OF THE AMERICANS

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"
—Wordsworth.

Yes, Milton or Shakespeare, or Homer even, should be living now. Material for an epic such as their hands alone have ever fashioned fills the air these days — like stellar nebulæ awaiting planetary creation and setting in beauteous order forever. We fain would entrust such a magic task to attested powers like theirs. But, lacking their return, may we not hope that an adequate soul will yet arise to envisage the epic of our day?

Such a voice must be looked for, in all probability, on the other side of the Atlantic. For no one in America can fully realize what the coming of our troops, now a million strong "over there", with millions soon to follow, has meant to peoples whose homes are or once were in the war's maelstrom. The practical military aid which this event, achieved across torpedoed leagues of sea, affords nations long wasted by unspeakable sufferings and losses, is readily enough conceived. But its meaning to their blasted yet unyielding hearts is inevitably beyond our power of full comprehension; and herein is the story's dramatic grandeur. This is a romance of the human spirit which will doubtless glow in the coming literature of France or Italy or Belgium, of England or racy Scotland — some day, when the widely variant genius of those lands shall have recovered power to gleam forth in full splendor.

Let the strange security of a child's mind against disabling gloom serve to give token of what may find full expression by and by. A thirteen-year-old girl in France was asked by her teacher to write a theme on the coming of the Americans to help drive out the invaders. This is what she wrote:

It was a little river — almost a brook. It was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice. The birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on its banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the difference which separated them was greater than that between the stars in the sky. It was the difference which separates justice from injustice. The ocean is so great that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, must drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view. But from one side to another hearts are touching.

ODETTE GASTINEL.

There is something Homeric in this writing of a child. What classic detachment, what freighted simplicity, what fulness of serene insight, with utter freedom from mention of revolting actualities, mark its rhythmic chasteness! What charm of deftly handled details is in these lines, exemplifying the dictum, "in description, how greatly the particular excels the general!" Nothing could more adequately gather up into words the awful array on the opposite banks of the little river than the brief lines about the difference separating those opposing hosts being greater than that between the stars in the sky — for "it was the difference which separates justice from injustice." And surely no words could give more consummate

interpretation, more genuine crowning, to her thought of the coming of the Americans, than the contrasting of the vast ocean with the little Yser, and the single added sentence, "But from one side to another hearts are touching." — *William Allen Knight.*

A PROPHECY

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Saw the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, in the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopt his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave, abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
"Go to sleep!
"Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
"Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
"You will not need them any more.
"Danger's past;
"Now at last,
"Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave

Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
  Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
"Farewell!
"Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
"Your souls shall be where the heroes are
"And your memory shine like the morning star.
"Brave and dear,
"Shield us here.
"Farewell!"

— *Joyce Kilmer.*

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

— *Katherine Lee Bates.*

NOTES

Lyman Abbott, D.D., was brought up in a home in which many books were written, as his father was the Jacob Abbott who wrote the popular " Rollo " books. Dr. Abbott is distinguished as a minister of broad views and is editor of *The Outlook*.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews is best known by " The Perfect Tribute ", her tale of the life of Lincoln, which may fairly be regarded as a classic. She is the author of a number of short stories that have attained great popularity. Among them are " Without Counsel ", " The Three Things ", " A Good Samaritan ", and " Better Treasure."

Louisa M. Alcott (1832–1888), daughter of A. Bronson Alcott, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but most of her life is associated with the home now known as " Orchard House " in Concord, Massachusetts, which she has immortalized in her brilliant and popular stories of home life, of which " Little Women " is, perhaps, the finest expression of her genius. Miss Alcott's entire life was spent in loving, happy devotion to the various members of her family circle — her beloved " Marmee ", her scholarly father, her talented sister May (" Amy "), Elizabeth (" Beth "), Anna (" Meg "), and her sister's children, " Demi ", " Daisy ", and " Lulu."

Her career might be briefly sketched as follows: A happy girlhood in a home of small means but much true culture in Concord, which has been described so vividly in " Little Women "; a sojourn in a hospital of the Civil War, which is described in " Hospital Sketches "; the writing of the novel " Moods "; a trip to Europe. Then came the publication of " Little Women ", which achieved great popularity and caused a demand for more books, a demand which kept the faithful, loving daughter and sister at her desk while she rapidly sent out " An Old-Fashioned Girl ", " Little Men ", " Work ", " Eight Cousins ", " Rose in Bloom ", and

"Under the Lilacs", which she wrote during her mother's last illness. "Lulu's Library", "Jo's Boys", the "Spinning-Wheel Series", and other stories were written later in response to an eager demand from an admiring public. The hold of these books upon the popular heart is due to the perfectly natural manner in which Miss Alcott treats her theme. There is not a note of affectation nor of insincerity in these easy, flowing narratives of wholesome home life, and, best of all, the life of the writer was one that can stand as an example to young people of the happiness and success that follow devotion to duty and the performance of a great task.

Katherine Lee Bates is a professor of literature at Wellesley College. Miss Bates has written many choice poems but is best known by "America, the Beautiful", which has been set to music by several composers and expresses in noble language the feelings of loyal hearts.

Albert J. Beveridge has served his country in the United States Senate and as an eloquent writer and speaker on matters pertaining to the welfare of the nation.

Martha Bruère is a writer who treats with humor, penetration, and authority the problems of home-management.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) has been called the poet of nature, and we remember him best by "Robert of Lincoln", "The Death of the Flowers", "The Planting of the Apple Tree", and "To the Fringed Gentian." "Thanatopsis" was written when Bryant was only seventeen, but it is nevertheless considered his masterpiece. Mr. Bryant was for many years the editor of a great New York newspaper, *The Evening Post*. He also made scholarly translations of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

Bliss Carman is a Canadian poet but much of his work has been done in Boston and New York. His verses are marked by delicacy of style and clear vision. Some of them are "Low Tide in Grand Pré", "A Sea Mark", "Songs from Vagabondia", and "April Airs." "Mr. Moon", in Book I of this series, is one of his delightfully fanciful poems of childhood.

Grace Coolidge is the wife of an Arapahoe Indian, and has spent many years among the Indians on their reservations. Her "Teepee Neighbors" gives clear pictures of present-day Indian life.

Dinah Mulock Craik (1825–1887) was an English writer of poetry and of novels. Her best known book is "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Prentiss Cummings was a distinguished scholar and man of affairs in Boston and Cambridge. His translation of Homer's "Iliad" was a labor of love for twenty years, and to it he brought a deeper knowledge of the Greek language than most of the earlier translators. He died in 1917.

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was born at Landport, England. He was fond of reading, and wrote stories when a tiny lad. His father became so poor that he was confined in the Marshalsea prison for debt. Charles was sent to live with a cousin who placed him at work in the blacking business. He stayed there two years, which were years of torture to the sensitive, refined boy. When his father's fortunes improved, he was sent to school for two years and then entered a lawyer's office. He did not like this life and studied shorthand and began to write articles for the newspapers, signing them "Boz." At twenty-four he published the "Papers of the Pickwick Club." This book caught the popular fancy, and Dickens all at once found himself famous. After this everything that he wrote was eagerly read. His "Christmas Stories", "David Copperfield", "Old Curiosity Shop", and "Nicholas Nickleby" have probably delighted more readers than have the works of any other author. Besides these he wrote many other novels in which he created a host of characters which are as well remembered as are any characters in real life. He achieved reforms in laws, schools, and other public institutions, through the pages of fascinating narratives. He died at his home called Gadshill when he was fifty-eight years of age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"The noble, the kind-hearted, the well-beloved Dickens."

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) spent her entire life in dignified seclusion in her pleasant home at Amherst, Massachusetts, where she wrote a number of original and striking poems which were published after her death. Her poems of Nature are attractive for their freshness of thought and charm of style. Among these are "The Moon", "The Grass", "Autumn", "The Rose", "Sunset."

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1813–1882) was the most distinguished of America's philosophers and writers of essays, and one of her foremost poets. He was also a popular lecturer. His dignified colonial home in Concord, Massachusetts, was visited by scholars from all parts of the world, and the great thinker was also the kind comrade and neighbor who befriended the Alcotts, Thoreau, the Hawthornes, and many others. In his essays are sentences that are as crystal-clear as proverbs. Some of his poems are of the highest beauty. Among these are "The Problem", "Each and All", and "Rhodora." Among the best known essays are "Self-Reliance", "Manners", "The Over-Soul", "Compensation", and many others.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman spent most of her life in Randolph, Massachusetts, until her marriage to Dr. Charles Freeman when she removed to Metuchen, New Jersey. Mrs. Freeman is famous for her faithful delineations of some phases of New England life. Some of her best known short stories are "The Revolt of Mother", "A Humble Romance", and "Young Lucretia." In "The Prop" is an impressive lesson illustrative of the evils of an unrestrained imagination, and of the power of a strong nature over a weak one.

John James Ingalls (1833–1900), an American politician, orator, and writer, was born in Middleton, Massachusetts. He graduated at Williams College, and began his public work by the practice of law in Kansas with which state his career was ever afterwards identified. In the United States Senate he was a fluent and frequent speaker. He wrote much for newspapers and magazines on public topics and on farming. He is, perhaps, best remembered by his inspiring poem "Opportunity."

Homer is the supposed writer of the Greek epics, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Where he was born is not known, nor even the date of his birth, which is given at different times from the eleventh to the seventh century B.C. It has been said that he was a blind harper who went about from place to place singing his own poems. Many scholars now think that these poems were not written by any one man. So distinguished a classical scholar as Mr. Prentiss Cummings has stated that the "Iliad" was the work of three great writers.

Though nothing is certain as to the life of Homer, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" will live forever, for they are among the noblest of all poems.

Joyce Kilmer was a newspaper writer, a poet, a critic, an American soldier, and a Christian gentleman. He was killed in action July 30, 1918, at the second battle of the Marne. A comrade in arms writes:

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners — all shook their heads sorrowfully, and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real — every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him. They all knew his verse. I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem ('Rouge Bouquet') Kilmer wrote in memory of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March."

William Allen Knight, author of "The Coming of the Americans", is a Boston clergyman and essayist who wrote this article as an editorial for *The Boston Herald.*

Sam Walter Foss (1858–1911) was a writer of dialect and home poems which touch a responsive chord in many hearts. In his best-known poem, "The House by the Side of the Road", he preaches the gospel of kindness to all human beings.

Nathaniel C. Fowler has written many books that are of value to young men. Among them is "The Boy Wanted." His advice is given in the form of epigrammatic statements.

Eliza Calvert Hall is the pen-name of Mrs. Obenchain, a Southern writer, who has created in "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" a character that is as real as any of the persons of our acquaintance and much more interesting than most of them. Mrs. Obenchain lives at Bowling Green, Kentucky.

J. G. Holland (1819–1881) was a distinguished writer and editor. Much of his prose writing was in the vein of "The National Heart."

Thomas Hood (1798–1845) is famous for his pathetic poems, as "The Song of the Shirt", "One More Unfortunate", "I Remember, I Remember"; and for his humor, as in his "Ode to My Infant Son."

William I. Hull is a professor in Swarthmore College and a writer upon subjects pertaining to the welfare of society. His essays are collected in a volume called "American Ideals."

Washington Irving (1783–1859) was an early American writer of note. He was born in New York City and his first work to attract attention was "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York." This was a humorous and burlesque description of the life of the early Dutch settlers of Manhattan, and is regarded as the work by which Irving will be longest remembered. Some of his other writings are "The Sketch-Book", "Bracebridge Hall", "Tales of a Traveller", "Life and Voyages of Columbus", and "The Conquest of Granada." Irving was a lovable man, who never married, but filled his home with dependent relatives for whom he toiled happily.

Owen Johnson is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, the editor and poet. Mr. Johnson's best stories for young people are the three famous Lawrenceville School stories. "The Football Game" is from the one entitled "The Varmint." The others are "The Prodigious Hickey" and "The Tennessee Shad."

In "The Spirit of France", the book from which "France Consecrated to War" was taken, the author compares the devastated France of the Great War with the happy France of his schoolboy days. He makes his readers see the courageous, cheerful Frenchman in his tragic environment.

Pierre Loti (Jean Viaud) is a distinguished and versatile French naval officer and writer of poetic prose.

A. Lawrence Lowell is the distinguished president of Harvard University and the author of several valuable and important works on government.

Amy Lowell, his sister, is a modern poet and critic. Many of her poems are written in "free verse."

Sidney Lanier (1842–1881) was born in Macon, Georgia. He grew up in the best traditions of the "Old South" and developed a passion for music, becoming an accomplished performer upon the flute. In 1861 he enlisted in the first Georgia organization to leave for the war front.

One thinks instinctively of Sir Galahad as Tennyson pictured him as one reads of Lanier struggling with ill-health and poverty, but, with a splendid poetic talent, writing musical verse with a high and pure ethical content. Lanier was always a lover of things beautiful, "a brave soldier riding on the quest of a spiritual knighthood."

The "Song of the Chattahoochee", given in this book, is one of his most charming ballads. After the boys and girls have read this poem they will like to turn to his lyrics, as "Life and Song", "The Stirrup Cup", "Evening Song", "Marsh Song", and "The Ballad of Trees and the Master."

Sir John Lubbock was an English naturalist and palæontologist who was born in London in 1834. He was the author of valuable and interesting books on natural history, among them "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World", "The Use of Life", "The Origin of Civilization."

Angela Morgan is one of the poets of the new day who writes of common things with beauty and force, and has a clearer vision and a happier method of making her vision seen by the world than have some of the writers of the time. Her "Kinship" takes high rank among significant poems of the age.

Louise Chandler Moulton was a favorite American poet and prose writer. She was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, in 1835, and died recently in Boston, where she was for many years one of the prominent literary women of the city. She was much esteemed in England, which she visited many times. Some of her well-known books are "Bed-time Stories", "Firelight Stories", "Ourselves and Our Neighbors", "A Garden of Dreams", "Lyrics and Sonnets."

John H. Newson is an authority upon building and building-material. His book, "Homes of Character", is an authoritative treatise upon all kinds of house-building.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), the Southern poet, is the first short-story writer of genius, the first American critic, and the first American to propound a new and valuable theory of verse-making. He established a form of detective stories which all workers in that line have imitated to a certain extent. In the realm of the fantastic and the horrible his influence has been widespread. In his own day he was regarded as a relentless but truthful critic, and he is credited with having raised the standard of the writing of his own and succeeding times.

His life was brief and tragic, but his work has endured, and as the years have rolled on it has been regarded more and more highly by discriminating critics of literature.

Amy Pope, **S. Maria Elliott**, **Isabel Bevier**, and **Bertha Terrill** are experts in household science, whose articles upon this subject, from which extracts are taken in this book, were first published in the Library of Home Economics published under the auspices of the University of Chicago.

Ellen H. Richards has probably done more for the cause of domestic science than has any other woman in America. A profound scholar, a scientist of note, an instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, she yet found time to plead effectively with voice and pen for better hygienic conditions in home and city, better cooking, and better home management.

Laura E. Richards was born in 1850 and is the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She has written many charming juvenile books which possess an unusual quality as regards their content and which are written with a high degree of literary skill. Among them are two exquisite books of fables, "The Golden Windows" and "The Silver Crown." "The Joyous Story of Toto", "Captain January", and "Queen Hildegarde" are among the volumes that are enjoyed by young readers.

F. F. Rockwell is an authority upon gardening. His book, "The Garden of Small Fruits", is very helpful to the man with a tiny amount of land.

Clara Endicott Sears touched the popular heart when she wrote

her stirring poem, " The Unfurling of the Flag in 1917 ", in the days when America was plunging into the great conflict for the rights of the world.

Harriet Pearl Skinner, in " Boys Who Became Famous Men ", has told the stories of the " boys " in a fascinating narrative.

Dallas Lore Sharp was born in New Jersey in 1870. He was at one time in the ministry, but since 1902 has been connected with Boston University as a professor in the Department of English.

He writes of the common things in the great out-of-doors in such a manner as to invest them with charm and significance. He makes us see how interesting are the simple happenings in the fields and woods, and he interprets the ways of the wild folk for us in a way to make us regard them with a better understanding and with kindlier eyes.

Frank L. Stanton, a Southern poet and journalist, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. He has for many years been connected editorially with the *Atlanta Constitution*. His verse has distinct literary merit, presenting faithfully the folk-lore and crude poetry of the Southern negro. His famous poem on the flag is familiar to many American boys and girls.

Wendell Phillips Stafford's " America Resurgent " breathes the new spirit of the American crusader so eloquently that boys and girls will wish to learn this noble poem which describes America with her " helmet full of stars."

Jane Taylor (1783–1824) was from a literary English family. The two sisters, Jane and Ann, composed several volumes of poetry for children. Among their poems is the well-known " Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Jane Taylor is also the author of the familiar story of " The Discontented Pendulum."

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer is an authority upon the artistic laying out of grounds and gardens, and her book, " Art Out of Doors ", gives expert advice upon many phases of landscape gardening.

René Viviani is remembered in America as the eloquent ex-Premier of France who visited this country in company with Marshal Joffre at the time of America's entrance into the war. His description of the Battle of the Marne gives a vivid picture of the

terrific task of the gallant French soldiers in hurling back the Germans and in protecting Paris from their first great onslaught.

Mary E. Waller is a writer who has spent much time among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where she secured the local color for her famous novel, "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus." Her "Daughter of the Rich" is a most interesting story, showing the good received and given by a rich girl in a humble home.

Charles Wagner, a Frenchman (1851–1918), is best remembered by his wholesome and, at one time, very popular book, "The Simple Life."

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892). This famous and greatly beloved poet was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was a Quaker, a reformer, and one of the early Abolitionists. After 1840 his home was at Amesbury, near Haverhill. Among the most characteristic of his poems are "The Eternal Goodness", "In School Days", "The Barefoot Boy", "Snow-Bound", "Voices of Freedom", "Among the Hills", and "Songs of Labor."

Theodore Wolfe was a physician of Ledgewood, New Jersey. Two of his books that are well known are "A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors" and "Literary Shrines."

Woodrow Wilson. The magnificent response of the entire nation to President Wilson's War Economies Proclamation, and to the famous utterances that followed it, is proof of the power of a great democracy to act swiftly and efficiently; it revealed the confidence of America in her Commander-in-Chief at the time of the Great War.

William Wordsworth (1770–1850), the first and greatest English poet of Nature, wrote the sonnet "Upon Westminster Bridge" in 1802.